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The Medical Pickwick

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A Monthly Literary Magazine of
Wit and Wisdom

Ira S. Wile, A.B., M.S., M.D., Editor

1921
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Initial letters, devices and tail pieces by Mills Thompson and Mildred McM. Blanchett.

GRADUATION CEREMONIES AT MONTPELIER IN 1675.

The manner of making a Doctor of Physic is this: First, a procession in scarlet robes and black caps—the professor took his seat—and after a company of fiddlers had played a certain time, he made them a sign to hold, that *he* might have an opportunity to entertain the company, which he did in a speech against innovations—the musicians then took their turn. The Inceptor or candidate, then began his speech, wherein I found little edification, being chiefly complimentary to the chancellor and professors, who were present. The Doctor then put on his head the cap that had marched in on the beadle's staff, in sign of his doctorship—put a ring upon his finger—girt himself about the loins with a gold chain—made him sit down beside him—that having taken pains he might now take ease and kissed and embraced him in token of the friendship which *ought* to be amongst them.—John Locke: Diary.

ADVANTAGES POSSESSED BY THE MODERN SURGEON.

The surgeon of 1800 had little more knowledge than had Hippocrates of the chief causes of danger after operations, such as suppuration, pyaemia, or tetanus, and groped wildly for means to avoid them. He had no clinical thermometer, and could only guess at temperature and fever; no hypodermic syringe; no anaesthetic; no definite knowledge of the importance of blood-saving or of the best means of doing it. He knew nothing of plastic surgery, of tenotomy, of the ophthalmoscope, or of the use of the microscope in diagnosis, and had only just learned how to ligate arteries and to treat ordinary wounds in a simple and sensible way. The really great surgeon of that day was bold, cool and skillful, could perform most of the great operations, such as amputation, ligature of large arteries, removal of tumors, Caesarean section, and the like, but such men were few and far between.—John Shaw Billings (1895).

"THE CHIEF."*

(Lord Lister.)

His brow spreads large and placid, and his eye
Is deep and bright, with steady looks that still.
Soft lines of tranquil thought his face fulfill—
His face at once benign and proud and shy.
If envy scout, if ignorance deny,
His faultless patience, his unyielding will,
Beautiful gentleness, and splendid skill,
Innumerable gratitudes reply.
His wise, rare smile is sweet with certainties,
And seems in all his patients to compel
Such love and faith as failure cannot quell.
We hold him for another Herakles,
Battling with custom, prejudice, disease,
As once the son of Zeus with Death and Hell.

—William Ernest Henly: In Hospital.

*A pen-portrait of Lord Lister.

TWO OLD ENEMIES.

"Here, you, Mr. Crepehanger, keep off'n my beat till I get this pack o' happiness delivered, can't you?"

OFFICIAL INSTRUCTION OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

THIS journal, being of a humorous nature, seems a proper medium in which to discuss a subject which has its serious side also. Quite frequently, perhaps regularly, I have received clinical case records, more or less interesting. A footnote explains that these records are published weekly at a price which might be attractive to those interested in their tenor, but which is equal to that of quite large professional journals. However, they are also reprinted by the State Department of Health and apparently distributed gratuitously. Also, the U. S. Public Health Service co-operates with the latter in some way not specified, except that it issues through one of its surgeons, a letter emphasizing some points of the clinical report.

Now the question arises as to just why there has been a partnership of a federal service, a state health department, a hospital in another state, why the particular case of fatal congenital syphilis was selected and why I should be favored, gratis, with a communication decidedly outside my line of practice. Being a very modest man, the last question is easily solved: I am simply a unit known momentarily to a clerk who prepared a stencil from a directory list, the stencil taking care of me for the future. This explanation, however, raises other questions: Is the distribution of this and analogous reports gratis? Let us not be too mercenary and inquire, individually, how much we pay for the compliment or how much the medical profession pays and how much is ultimately assessed on the public generally. But the question remains whether the expense borne by the public and by the profession as part of the public, is justified.

As a further indication of my modesty—not to boast too much about this virtue, but, having so few others, some little arrogance on this point may be pardonable—I may say that my medical studies and experience have never been such as to give me more than a very rudimentary knowledge of hereditary syphilis, or syphilis of any kind, or even of venereal diseases in general. Thus, I am a good test of the value of this sort of professional education, in estimating whether it is worth the public expense incurred. After careful reading of the pamphlet, the one thing that stands out as a new point of information, is that a skin eruption in hereditary syphilis on the eleventh day after birth is exceptional and that the earliest symptoms—from the context, implying the eruption—commonly occur in the second week as well as in the third and fourth, these three weeks accounting for the majority of instances. It is tantalizing, not to be informed on just what day between the eleventh and the fourteenth, the change from a rarity to a common phenomenon takes place. However, my ignorance of the general subject, paradoxically, qualifies me to offer some criticisms of the report, considered as an educational propagandum for the unenlightened. Without in the least implying a therapeutic dissent, the definite prescriptions of mercury with chalk, 1 gr. t. i. d., calomel ointment, and 33 1/3 per cent. argyrol and glycerin, each, for nasal instillation, should be more thoroughly discussed. Either the recipients of educational matter of this sort do not need it or they need more definite instructions in dosage, choice of medication and, especially in regard to whether the best general average treatment is being presented or whether the details are determined by peculiarities of the particular case.

The statement: "February 6 . . . culture from the eye showed staphylococci. February 9 double paracentesis was done. Three days later he was in wretched condition. Two large furuncles developed on the back" leaves one rather in doubt as to what cavities were opened. If the eyes are referred to, the allusion is rather too sketchy to be a safe guide for the inexperienced. From the discussion, apparently prompted by questions from students, it is made plain that the baby died of "erysipelas and the infection, presumably staphylococcus, complicating the congenital syphilis," but one is left in doubt as to whether the staphylococcus infection was independent of the erysipelas or whether the latter is regarded as of staphylococcus nature. I am not attempting a mere criticism of words. Anyone not fairly well versed in the theory of bacteriology would gather the idea that the staphylococcus was the cause of the erysipelas and anyone not thoroughly conversant with laboratory work to date would be in doubt as to whether erysipelas is now regarded as including such infection, either generally or by those giving the clinic. Just who gave the clinic is not definitely stated, but it is definitely stated to have been edited. Otherwise it might be placed in the "dictated but not read" class.

It occasionally happens that one is tempted to discuss a paper remote from his own line of practice on account of some point in which divergent lines coincide. The writer may be pardoned for the somewhat old-fashioned view that a milk and water mixture containing about 12 per cent. of a proprietary starchy food is not exactly appropriate to the third week of life. He may also be pardoned for admitting his own inability and questioning the ability of others to diagnose "slight excess of fats, slight to marked excess of soaps" from the examination of faeces, especially when also stated to be microscopically negative. If the examination for fats and soaps was chemic, why not state so and give the percentages? The form of statement suggests the Schmidt method of inspection of the chemically treated slide mount, which is not conclusive unless very marked.

The letter accompanying the report contains the most banal and trite observations. If it were taken as personal, one might be insulted by its implication of ignorance. If needed by the profession at large, the task of instruction by propaganda may be abandoned as hopeless. What would be more to the point would be compulsory attendance on post graduate schools or revocation of licenses.

A. L. BENEDICT, A. M., M. D.

Buffalo, N. Y.

SHAKESPEARE OR?

In recent years much doubt has been cast on the authenticity of Shakespeare's plays. Mark Twain's work, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" which appeared in England in 1909, says that one can find out nothing about Shakespeare, and presumably for the very good reason that he had no history worth preserving. "Nothing even remotely indicates that he was ever anything more than a distinctly, commonplace person . . . a small trader in a small village that did not regard him as a person of any consequence, and had forgotten all about him before he was cold in his grave."

An English writer, Sir Edwin Durning Laurence, in 1910, wrote: "Bacon is Shakespeare." In this work he showed that Shakespeare could not possibly have been the author of the plays that bear his name.

To quote from his pamphlet, "The Shakespeare Myth:" "The Shakespeare myth is now destroyed. Does any educated person of intelligence still believe in the 'Tar Baby,' the illiterate clown of Stratford, who was totally unable to write a single letter of his own name, and of whom we are told that he could not read a line of print. No book was found in his house, and neither of his daughters could either read or write.

* * * * * * * *

"It has been proved that the six so-called signatures of Shakespeare were written by various law clerks, and it is now admitted that there exist no other writings which can even be supposed to be from his pen."

This writer points out that "Shakespeare's name never appeared upon any play until he had been permanently sent away from London, and that his wealth was simply the money—£1,000—given him in order to induce him to incur the risk entailed by allowing his name to appear upon the plays. Such risk was by no means inconsiderable, because Queen Elizabeth was determined to punish the author of Richard the Second."

The plays, he says, show that the author was a man of culture and education, familiar with the classics and with law, and having a most intimate acquaintance with society and Court life.

This description would not apply to William Shakespeare, the petty tradesman, whose only literary output must have been his weekly accounts (sent out by his clerk).

"A careful examination of the First Folio of 'Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies,' 1623, will prove that Bacon signed the plays in very many ways."

He points out numerous cryptograms in "Merry Wives of Windsor," as "Hang hog is latten for Bacon, I warrant you." Again in "King Henry the Fourth," where the second carrier says, "I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be delivered as farre as Charing-crosse." (Part I, Act II, Scene I.)

SIDNEY HOPE.

HOW WE TAKE TROUT ON LAKE KEUKA

IT was night. I was fishing for lake trout in one hundred and twenty-five feet of water off Bluff Point, on Lake Keuka. During the afternoon I had carefully examined the main line, and leaders, and gangs, on my Seth Green rig, and found everything in fine condition. It was nine o'clock when I lighted the gasoline lamp that rests in a socket twenty inches above the gunwale of the boat. It was now eleven o'clock, and not a solitary nibble yet. My watch was out of commission and I had put an alarm clock before me in the back of the boat.

Then he struck. The line was torn from my fingers; I grabbed it again and pulled. As I pulled I realized he had either broken the main line, or was running towards the surface, because I could not feel the weight of the four ounce sinker. I leaned my head over the side of the boat and looked down expecting to see the end of the broken line, and was just in time to catch a half a cupful of water which he threw in my face as he rocketed out of water and landed with a thump on the top of the lamp. For one instant I saw the single gut leader slide along the top of the round cap on the lamp, and in that instant I realized if it fell between the lamp and the boat, the battle was lost. As he struck the water the leader fell on the outside and the fight went on.

There was now more than a hundred feet of slack line between him and me, and slack line is just the thing one does not want on a mad trout. As rapidly as possible I pulled in the slack and the instant he felt pressure he broke water again sixty feet away. Then more slack line and he was running madly towards bottom at an angle that would place the line across the bottom of the boat. I had taken one oar out and with the other oar turned the boat around, then the line again under pressure ran freely.

Will he ever stop? The main line was two hundred and fifty feet long, and as I pushed the box out with my foot I glanced in it. Heavens! Not more than ten feet left. I grabbed the wooden box to which the end of the line was tied expecting to toss it out. Then he stopped running and sulked. If he started away again the chances would be in his favor, for I would be compelled to throw the box overboard, and nothing is so hard to find as a small object on a lake on a dark night. To add to my troubles the lamp burned dimly, the blow from his tail had broken the gas mantle. Then he chugged. I once saw a trout chug. I was fishing at Crosby on Lake Keuka and hooked a large trout on the top leader, toward the end of the fight he chugged. I looked over the side of the boat and there in perhaps fifteen feet of water he was backing up and swinging his head from side to side. This motion seems to loosen the hooks more than any other I know of, and trout at that time often escape.

Under pressure he gradually gave way and I pulled him in until I could see the top leader, then he broke water, ran a dozen feet and broke again landing an oar's length from the boat. He seemed to be tiring, but turned and rushed straight to the bottom. With one hundred and twenty-five feet of line in the boat to play on I felt safe. Glancing out I saw a string of large bubbles come to the surface, a sure sign of distress on his part. Then I drew him slowly in, this time I got hold of the top leader.

I have a shelf four inches wide and eighteen inches long running parallel to and flush with the gunwale of the boat, and on this shelf I lay the gangs of hooks with the (Alewive) minnow attached. As the leaders came in I placed the gangs on the shelf with my left hand, laying them from left to right, the main line and balance of leader I let fall in the bottom of the boat.

If a fish ran when half the leaders were in I used to pick up the gangs of hooks with my fingers and throw them out, but a year ago I learned a lesson I shall never forget. An ugly trout was rushing toward bottom and as I reached to pick up the gang he got there first and drove a hook into my thumb to the bone; since then I snap them out with my fingers.

I now had three leaders in (he was on the seventh leader down) when he broke water for the fifth and last time. There he lay a dozen feet away slowly turning from side to side.

If my light would only hold out a few minutes longer, the decision would be against him. Then he righted himself and swam directly towards me and I realized he intended to pass under the boat. He was swimming in three feet of water and my gaff which lay in its place at my right hand was but two feet long. Grabbing the end of the handle and reaching out well over the side I jabbed downward until my elbow was in water and

pulled. I hooked him in the belly between the fore-fins and lifted him into the boat. As I rapped him on the head I looked at the clock, it was 11:27. What a beautiful fish! A landlocked salmon weighing ten pounds and measuring seven and three-quarters inches across the square tail.

This was the second trout I had caught in a week that broke water five times, the other was a rainbow trout and weighed five pounds.

I pulled to shore, tied on a new mantle, filled the lamp and went fishing again. When the east was changing from gray to rose I started for camp. I had caught four more trout that averaged a little more than five pounds each.

After breakfast I slept until ten o'clock and then took the fish to the hotel. I could not get the landlocked trout in the half-bushel basket with the rest of the fish so I carried him in my hand. As I neared the hotel someone called to me, it proved to be a young doctor (the doctors held a convention at Keuka that week). "Heavens! What a fish!" he exclaimed. "Do you mind if I show him to a friend of mine, a physician?"

He took the trout and went out the back door of the hotel. I waited. Twenty minutes after I looked out the window and there stood the little doctor with the landlocked salmon in one hand its tail curled up on the gravel walk, in the other hand he had a steel fly pole with fly attached to leader, while a few feet way was the friend manipulating a kodak.

Then I thought of the deer heads and elk heads and moose heads I had seen in doctors' offices, and wondered, just wondered.

J. D. BUCKLEY.

R. D. 2, Penn Yan, N. Y.

The First Heavier-Than-Air Machine to Carry a Passenger.

MARRIAGEABLE WOMEN

WHAT, if anything, is being done to prepare the present generation of women for marriage and motherhood?

It is not unusual to find in the offices of physicians young women in their teens who may or may not be contemplating marriage, seeking advice as to the prevention of conception. I say not unusual—I might say it is usual, a matter of every-day occurrence. This type requires a mental preparation as well as a physical and all types require the physical.

From what springs this effort to escape the responsibilities of life?

It is not altogether the fault of the younger generation themselves. It is due in great measure not only to the general restlessness of the times, but also to the lack of discipline on the part of those in the home.

They start their training, not according to the biblical adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," but according to the gospel of idealism governed by love, when as a matter of fact a bunch of hickory sprouts, a black walnut ruler or the end of the old tug found in the barn are the landmarks along the royal road, applying perhaps more to the sterner stuff of which boys are made.

In the schools again there is the same inability to govern, owing to the advanced theory that the teacher should not lay hands upon the child.

Along physical lines the training is more than efficient, it is a mockery, particularly in the public schools, although in some schools honest efforts are being made to overcome the inertia long existing in this branch which realizes that healthy bodies mean healthy minds. After the school age comes the age of mating.

Young women then begin to figure on how to get the most with giving the least and this has not been helped by the modern idea of the extension of suffrage.

At the time when this idea was in a stage of crystallization the author labored with one of his friends, a very dear character, and a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, his labors being directed toward influencing the priest to come out against universal suffrage, but his labors were in vain, for the good priest became the friend of universal suffrage and in my opinion thus an enemy of women, instead of their friend.

The author spent some time in hunting for what he thought would be an irrefutable argument to present to the priest. He finally went to him and said: "Father ——, within five years from the time women will have obtained suffrage you will find a bill presented at Albany legalizing abortion and it will be carried by the vote of these same women you are working for, and you, a priest of the holy Catholic Church, will be thus made particeps criminis in the sanctioning of a sin which your own church recognizes under all circumstances as abhorrent."

Those who are aware of the efforts of our legislators know that the signs of such a bill being introduced are as plain as the handwriting on the wall. What with Margaret Sanger's propaganda and the efforts being made towards birth control, such legislation cannot be far distant.

God bless the old-fashioned mother, puritanical though she may have been. She developed her daughters along sane lines towards ultimate marriage and motherhood. Women of that type were to become the mothers of leaders of men, and thus themselves, through their sons, to make the world a better place to live in, leaving the development of the cabaret type of women to the really unsexed.

One of the latter type was in the author's office recently having become infected with both syphilis and gonorrhea at the age of 15 years. She is now married and, I have no doubt, perfectly loyal to her husband, and she will remain so just as long as conditions are pleasant. She made it her boast that she could not cook. "What, me cook for a man? Am I a slave?" Of such types are too many growing girls, although this may be an extreme case. Still we see enough of those of the same type but not so extreme to make us pause and mark time.

Some mothers seem to think it is a mark of aristocracy if their dear female offspring of marriageable age cannot stand up, as I recently heard a mother say at a fashionable wedding: "My dear daughter cannot stand long, we must find a seat for her." A casual glance at daughter disclosed not an over-dressed young female; on the contrary, she was much under-dressed; had about as much clothing on as a turkey ready for the oven, but the ever encasing corset was there as a support.

How can we develop along physical lines with such an interference with motion, circulation and physiology? Before we can even attempt to develop the perfect woman,

women themselves must see the utter futility of our efforts with such a handicap and we must have women night riders or women Klu-Klux who will burn all corset factories, and then by patience and practice will the ultimate end be reached.

The author's ideas are in a state of complexity and can be best expressed by quoting from a recent article by the aged English philosopher, Frederic Harrison:

"I am far from denying this vast material progress, but this social improvement has not been gained without grave evils and cruel loss to good things and worthy persons. The tremendous upheaval, spiritually, morally and intellectually, has wrought incalculable mischief. The social betterment of labor has been won too often by violence, selfishness and greed, and usually by no cry but that of more money and bitter suspicion.

"The World War has changed everything and in the end has ruined much of good and of promise. The churches have not yet shown any power to restore religion to its true place as the guide of human life. The boom in education has not brought any nobler literature, any greater art, any purer drama, any finer manners. Serious literature is being choked out by the increasing cost of printing, the abolition of a leisured class able to study in peace and to produce from its learning, and by the mad whirl of modern existence.

"The result of this chaos in spiritual and moral training is a manifest loosening of the canons of moral life, defiance of discipline by the young and ambitious, mockery of age and all the lessons of age; worst of all, the sacrifice of the family as a moral institution and the degradation of marriage to be, a temporary partnership entered into as a frivolous mode of getting a good time and to be cast off as easily as a lodging which is not convenient. . . .

"I am a pessimist. This world is made of infinite complexity, and humanity has incalculable powers of recuperation, but the immediate future of this kingdom —nay, of Western civilization—is in real peril of collapse. The seizure of power by untold millions as yet neither morally nor intellectually trained to rule, threatens revolution, anarchy and famine.

"I have been all my life a resolute opponent not only of the accession of women to political responsibility, but of all forms of assimilation of women's activity to that of men. I adhere to everything I have ever said of this. Are women, now that they have equal votes, doing anything to check the sacrifice of the family, the degradation of marriage? They now struggle to be barristers, to deluge the press with short stories, to thrust men from clerkships. The true task of woman is to moralize and spiritualize the world of man; to bear, train and humanize the coming generation."

ALBERT M. JUDD, M. D.

THE WANT

Bread does not fill the want—
The cry is not for meat;
One may remain a figure gaunt,
Despite the things to eat!

These cannot satisfy
The hunger-stricken heart;—
Feed it a love that will not die,
And watch life's red blood start!

RALPH M. THOMSON.

Savannah, Ga.

THE BUSY BIRD.

Sing Lo suggests as a title for Phifer's cartoon on page 6:

THE BIRD THAT KIDS THE WORLD.

SELF PITY

Why descend to grunting,
What's the use to mope?
Love delights in hunting
Down the foes of hope;
Everyone must labor,
And must sip some rue,
And perhaps your neighbor
Is worse off than you.

What's the sense in sighing,
Why despair impart?
Life is fond of trying
To reward a heart;
Time may bring distresses,
Age drains sorrow's cup,
But the soul that blesses
Lifts another up.

RALPH M. THOMSON.

Savannah, Ga.

FROM HOUSE SURGEON TO GENERAL PRACTITIONER

The first act of this little tale takes place in the ward of a hospital. Behold the House Surgeon in his full glory. He is making his morning rounds accompanied by the Junior doctors, head nurse and pupil nurses. As he passes from bed to bed he gives his orders.

"Have Dr. Stone do a blood count on this patient."

"Let this man have a high enema."

"Order a hypodermoclysis for this patient."

"A Murphy drip for Mr. Kelly."

"Have Dr. Young cut down Mrs. Pott's cast."

He signs his name to these orders and strolls on to the next ward.

Let us follow our friend the House Surgeon into Act Two.

He is now a practicing physician, duly licensed to practice medicine and surgery in the State of ——, ready to contribute his share to the relief of suffering humanity. But suffering humanity does not seem to be in any particular hurry to avail itself of his services.

It is now 11 a. m.—his office hour. We find our friend seated at his desk reading the Memoirs of a Physician. A knock at the door. Full of hope and expectations, he jumps up to open it only to admit a salesman who sings to him the praises of the wonderful baby food his firm puts out. Another knock. This time it is a book agent with a new system on medicine for which he will have to pay in installments for the rest of his life. The newsboy is the next caller.

His telephone rings and a voice says: "Is this Kelly's saloon?" "No, this is not a saloon, this is a doctor's office." Someone at the door again. The newcomer wants to sell our doctor a beautiful wall-plate with a book on electro-therapy free to each buyer. His phone rings again. A call? No such luck. Someone trying to sell him stocks. The biggest money-making proposition in the world. Next comes the letter carrier with letters containing advertisements for some drug or food or automobile.

Yet no patient in sight. As our friend sits back in his chair, during a resting period free from annoying salesmen and wrong telephone numbers, he recalls his first professional call. How he told the people that he could not get there before two hours. How he packed his bag with almost all the instruments in his office and waited for the two hours to go by. How he was up against it when all he could find the matter with his six-months-old patient was a temperature of 103 and nothing, apparently to account for it. How he wished he were back in the hospital where he could order blood counts and urines done, and have enemas given. Some fall from House Surgeon to general practitioner.

M. J. KUTISKER, M. D.

WHEN YOU VISIT THE SICK

Don't start in by telling the invalid how well he looks; this error will not create harmony between you.

Don't tell him he is missing a lot while he is ill; this will not make you more popular either.

Don't forget to tell him he is lucky to pull through at all.

Don't tell him you suppose he got cold that stormy day when he went out in all the slush without his rubbers; he caught it the night he took his sister to a lecture.

Don't forget to remark what a miracle it was that he escaped double pneumonia.

Don't make the mistake of telling him he will soon be back at work again; express the opinion that it will be a long, long time.

Don't exclaim—no matter what else you may do: "Hello, old man—if you hadn't told me, I'd never dream you'd been sick at all!" This is the final straw and something no man could ever forgive.

KITTY PARSONS.

WHAT A YOUNG DOCTOR THINKS ABOUT

Whether it would be advisable to cultivate the acquaintance of the young lady with warts on her nose whom he met at a dance.

Whether it will be his sad luck to encounter another automobile accident this week.

Whether Mrs. Vanderplush is a sugar pill patient or really has something the matter.

Whether Mrs. Green's expensive illness will continue a few weeks longer.

That he will never marry a trained nurse himself.

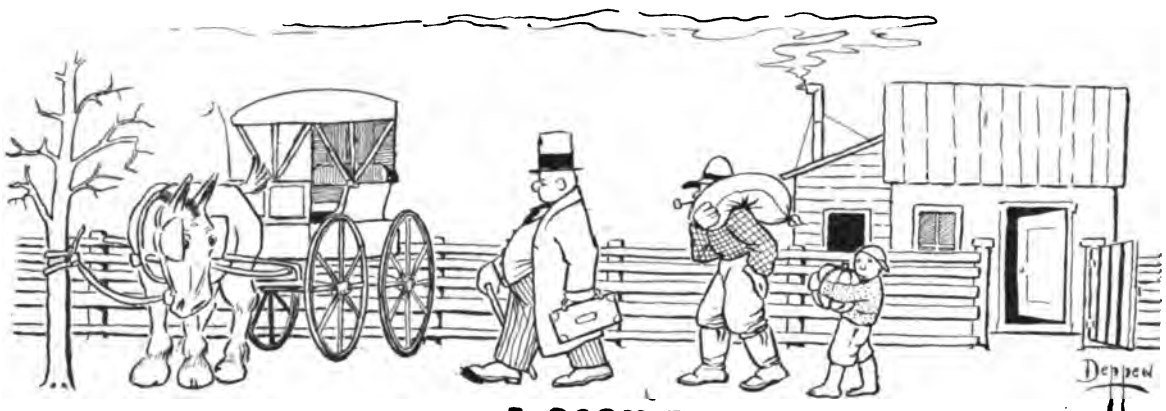
If Mrs. de Casher will be likely to ask him out to another good dinner soon.

What the chances are that the rest of the Smith children will catch the measles from little Willie.

Whether the landlord will call again Monday for the rent.

Whether the pretty girl with the blue eyes will come in for some more medicine for her sore throat.

KITTY PARSONS.



A CASH FEE.

ALTRUISM

Because he is a crippled wight,
A frail, deformed, pathetic sight,
  Who waddles on his hands and knees,
  From some incurable disease;—

Because his speech is thick and slow,
His shriveled muscles soft as dough,
  His eyes are sunken, and to view
  His skin presents a waxy hue;—

Because the blue veins, from the stress,
Appear to bulge in wretchedness,
  And all his ligaments and bones
  Creak in discordant undertones,—

The healthy of the land arise
To say a blessing in disguise
  Would come to him, could he but hie
  Away to some lone spot and—die!

Such are the thoughts of those who crave
To dump his body in the grave;—
  As if, despite his lot, so grim,
  Life, too, did not seem sweet to him!

RALPH M. THOMSON.

Savannah, Ga.

LURES

This is the lure of the city
The lure of the flashing lights,
And the burden sweet of the ditty
That rings through the star-lit nights.

Come if your days are weary,
Mine the bewildering sights;
Day may be ever so dreary,
But eve has its fill of delights.

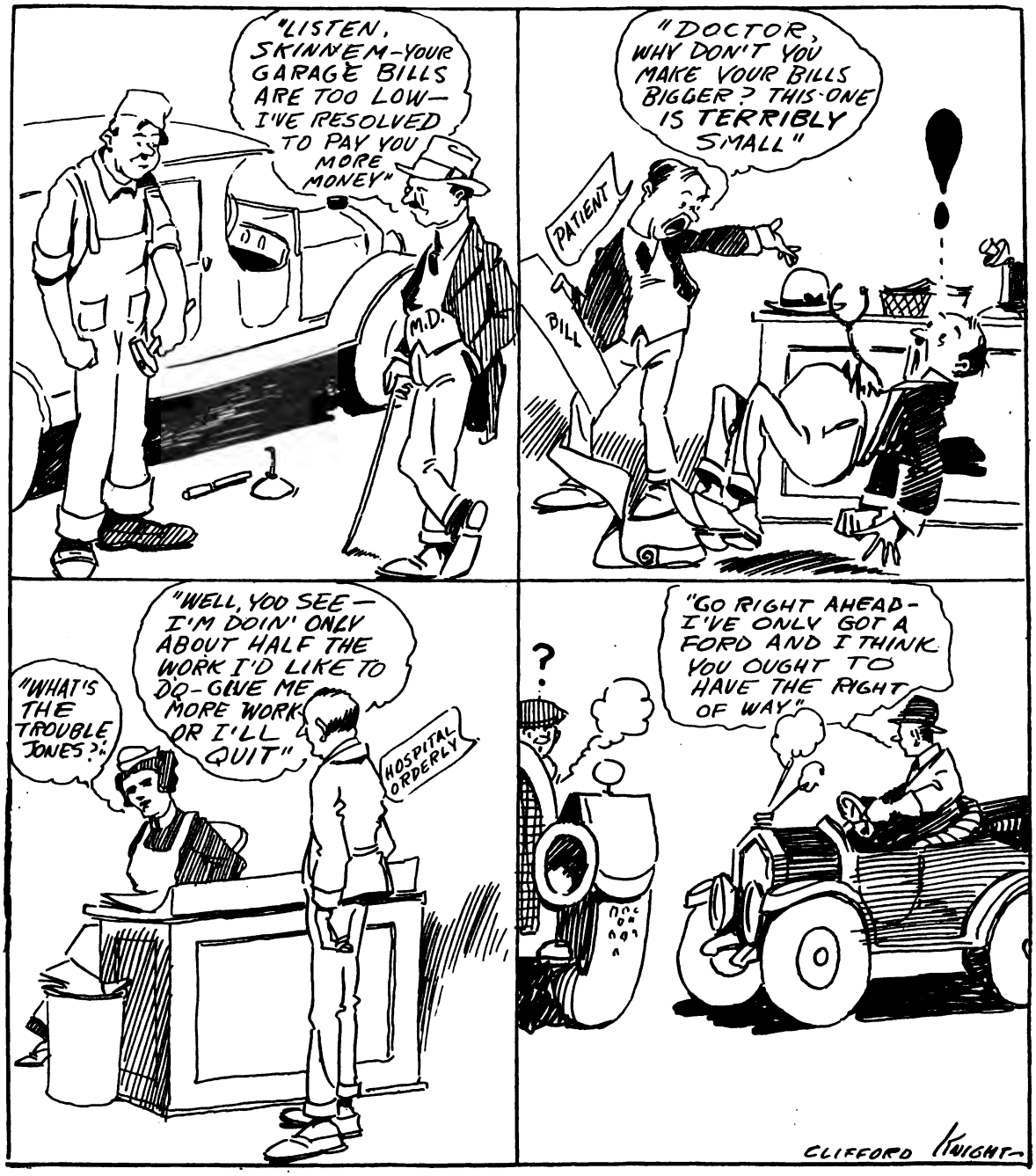
Skies may be dull in the morning,
Suns may be hidden all day,
But the lights of the night come scorning
The dull, dim light of the day.

This is the lure of the wilderness,
This is the lure of the plain;
The call of the hazy mountain-heights,
The cry of the foaming main.

There is rest on the misty mountain,
There is rest 'neath the orchard's shade,
There is lulling voice in the fountain,
There is perfume in flowers that fade.

EDWARD WILLARD WATSON.

WAYSIDE SURGERY.


"LISTEN, SKINNEM-YOUR GARAGE BILLS ARE TOO LOW— I'VE RESOLVED TO PAY YOU MORE MONEY"
M.D.
"DOCTOR, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE YOUR BILLS BIGGER? THIS ONE IS TERRIBLY SMALL"
PATIENT
BILL
"WELL, YOO SEE— I'M DOIN' ONLY ABOUT HALF THE WORK I'D LIKE TO DO-GIVE ME MORE WORK OR I'LL QUIT"
"WHAT'S THE TROUBLE JONES?"
HOSPITAL ORDERLY
"GO RIGHT AHEAD- I'VE ONLY GOT A FORD AND I THINK YOU OUGHT TO HAVE THE RIGHT OF WAY"
?
CLIFFORD KNIGHT

IRRESOLUTE RESOLUTIONS.

HIS FIRST CASE

CHAPTER 8.

"You Must Never Falter, *Never*, on Account of Death."

HE same morning at the breakfast table, during the discussion of the reception at the Darl mansion, Mrs. Ganey made a remark that was intended for Fred.

"That girl ought to pick some steady man and marry him," was her comment.

"You're right, as usual," chuckled Tom. "I agree with you. Who are you talking about?"

"Justina, of course. She's the only girl in the village fit for a man to marry."

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that," objected the storekeeper, "but she's certainly the most desirable. I don't see why some man don't pick her out and marry her—that would be more like it ought to be done. She can't go around picking out men."

Mrs. Ganey looked at Fred to see if the conversation was interesting him, but, if it was, he did not show it. He was diligently attacking a piece of ham.

"The men are afraid of her," she answered. "There's not a young man in the village who wouldn't give everything he owns to have her for a wife, and I almost know that not one of them has ever asked her to marry him."

Mrs. Ganey was right, for the young men of the village, and the country around it, were afraid of Justina. Not one of them had even had the nerve to ask her company steadily. She was a jolly friend to everybody, but she was not of the gushing kind, and she had a faculty of holding them in the distance, which trait she exercised in a remarkable manner. Many young men were numbered among her admirers, and for each of them she always had a nod, a smile and a pleasant word. Some of them asked to come and see her, and she usually assented, but they found the visit quite formal. There is a vast chasm between ordinary friendship and intimate friendship, and none of them dared to cross it.

Fred listened to this information with interest so intense that it would have surprised even the Ganeys, if they had known. If the other young men of the village were afraid of her, well and good; give him a little time and he would show his fearlessness by asking, at least.

A month slipped by, a hot July. There was not much work to do, for the community remained healthy, yet he did considerable driving over the country to see sporadic cases of injuries and minor illness. Only one case required his constant attention, a visit each day. Justina went with him nearly all the time. Often, while driving over the hot, dusty roads, he would cast shy glances at the girl by his side, and each glance produced a sigh, not audibly, but silently. He could hardly wait for sufficient time to elapse to ripen their friendship to a point where he would feel at liberty to speak the words of love. Sometimes these thoughts would so fill his mind that he would be lost in reverie.

"What on earth are you thinking about?" she asked. one afternoon while they were on their way to see the Riley child.

He sat up with a jerk and looked at her quizzically. "Nothing," he answered. "Why?"

"I've asked you three times if you didn't think pneumonia was contagious?"

"I'm sorry," he said, gluing his eyes onto the road again, "but I didn't hear you. No, I don't think pneumonia is particularly contagious."

"It must be wonderful," she mused solemnly, but with a deep touch of humor behind it, "to be a professional man, and to be able to concentrate your mind on your work, regardless of the presence of your chattering friends."

"Yes, it is," he answered. "Sometimes I forget to eat."

"That's a broad statement and a reckless one for a man to make," was her light reply. "It would have to be proven before I could believe all of it. I will ask Mrs. Ganey how many meals you have missed on account of losing yourself in meditation."

Fred laughed, but did not answer.

Justina's question regarding the contagiousness of pneumonia was a natural one of late, for she was taking quite an interest in helping the young physician in his work, and this fact partially explained the willingness with which she accompanied him so frequently.

At every house where it was feasible for her to do so she went in with him, watching his methods of examination and treatment, helping him dress cuts and bruises, learning all that she could gather and retain. Her presence acted as a relief to many anxious mothers who could not remain in the room while the doctor was removing a splinter from the child's finger, or, worse still, cauter-

izing a nail hole in the foot. In such cases Justina held the child and assisted in every way possible.

One reason why she did this was a natural love for the work—there was something about it that interested her deeply. But, deeper than all this, was a feeling that she would eventually be required to take up some kind of work to help increase the meagre income of the household, and nursing is both lucrative and honorable, and could be done in her own community. Already people were talking of her ability in this line.

That same evening, as dusk was falling rapidly over the quiet village, Fred and Justina sat in the House of Dreams playing checkers by the light of a lamp, while Mrs. Everett sewed. The game was half over and Fred was beginning to feel that another defeat was to be scored against him, when, suddenly, an automobile dashed up and stopped.

"Doctor!" came the cry.

Fred rushed to the doorway and answered: "Yes."

"Doc, come quick. I think my wife is dying," almost screamed the man, and Fred recognized the voice as belonging to Sam Johnson, whose wife he had visited that day, some three miles northeast of town, a case of indigestion. "I'll take you in my car."

"Have you room for me?" asked Justina.

"Yes, hurry."

They piled into the car and drove to Fred's office, where he procured his medicine case and a stomach tube; then they started on their mad rush through Lover's Lane, past the house of Henry Bean, under the railroad and up the hill, and onto the prairie country, with the throttle wide open and the muffler cut out, the engine roaring like a hurricane. Only a few words were spoken at the beginning of the ride, when Sam Johnson explained how his wife had been better in the late afternoon and then suddenly became worse. Finding the telephone out of order, the excited husband had started with the car.

"Did she eat anything?" asked Fred, raising his voice above the roar of the engine. "I told her not to, nor to drink water. I didn't want her to take a thing into her stomach."

"I don't think she did," said Sam. "Not that I know of."

No further words were spoken during the remainder of the ride. Sam Johnson sat over the steering wheel with his gray eyes fixed on the road, watching the point far ahead where the lights pierced the darkness and brought out the bushes and trees along the roadside in sharp relief. Fred sat behind him huddled in the seat, his hat pulled down to his ears in order to keep it on, for the top was down and the speed of the car produced a violent breeze. Justina, bareheaded and her hair flying in the wind, sat in a tense position clutching the bow of the lowered top with her small white hand.

It is not necessary to tell of the battle with life and death that night. For hours they worked with the stricken woman, using the stomach tube and stimulants. The young physician's finger frequently sought the pulse, to find it barely perceptible and extremely rapid. The temperature was low, the skin was cold, the pupils were dilated—death was close.

"I know she has eaten something," declared Fred to the patient's sister. They were in the kitchen where he had gone for some water. "An empty stomach does not act that way."

The woman, white with fear, wrung her hands helplessly. "She did," came the confession, "but she made me promise not to tell. She ate just a little piece of bread and meat; she was *so* hungry, and her stomach hadn't bothered her any since you left."

He frowned with anger—too angry to reply at once.

"Can you save her, Doc?" asked Sam Johnson, who was sitting by the table holding two frightened children in his arms, and the question was asked in such pitiful tones that the anger of the young physician abated immediately.

"God knows I'll try," he replied, shaking his head in doubt, "but I'm afraid not."

Tears came into the hardened farmer's eyes. "Do your best, Doc. We can't afford to lose her—the kiddies and me."

Fred and Justina did indeed work most of the night, until, in the still, small hours of the morning, a change came. Fred, his fingers on the wrist, placed his other hand across the brow and felt the warmth of life returning. "She will live," he said.

Sam Johnson took them home and Fred left the car at the Everett house, lingering in the yard, under the light of the big, round moon.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" he asked. "My nerves need toning down."

"Certainly not," she agreed. "Let us sit down and enjoy the cool breeze. I can't sleep for awhile."

As he filled his pipe her keen eyes noted the trembling of his fingers, although the movement was slight.

"This has been a strenuous night, hasn't it?" he asked. "If that woman had died—and she came nearly doing it—my reputation would have been seriously strained."

"No, no, you exaggerate," Justina assured him. "Your nerves certainly are unstrung to make you talk that way. A death would not endanger your reputation. It might hurt your practice some—I'll admit that—but the more sensible people would not hold you responsible. Old Doctor Pugh lost lots of cases, but people kept right on having him. They knew he was not to blame."

"He was older," protested Fred. "He had been here for years, and his reputation was well established. I am young; I am new to the people; my ability has not been tested, for I have had no really difficult case until tonight and—"

"And you won!" finished Justina in joyful tone.

He spoke slowly: "Yes, I won; but it was too close to be comfortable. The thought of what might have been makes me wince."

The girl placed her hand on his arm and gazed straight into his eyes. "You must not think of such things," she commanded with a firm voice. "You are not divine; you can't change the destiny of nature; you are only human—some people will die. Even if they do, you must not worry over it. You have a great work to do, a fine future ahead, and you must never falter, *never*, on account of death! When such things happen you must think of those who are still suffering and who look to you for help.

"But this patient is not dead. You have saved her, and, instead of being gloomy over what might have happened, you should be full of joy for what *did* happen. It's the hour that depresses you, for everything over the entire earth seems at a low ebb at this time of night—perhaps the stillness is the cause of it. The morning sun will bring cheer and our little world will awaken to talk about what you've done tonight. . . . What was that?" she cried out, springing to her feet.

"Only a cat," he said, smiling in spite of himself. He arose, too. "Your nerves are wrought up, also, I fear."

"Of course they are," she confessed, "but I am a woman, and one should expect it of them."

"I disagree!" He took a step toward her, extending both arms and dropping them again. "Justina!—I beg your pardon—Miss Everett, you don't know how much your words have helped me. Yours is really the stronger sex in times of trouble. A man needs a woman's help when he's downhearted and ready to quit. I—"

"I'm glad I've helped you. And you may call me Justina—everybody else does, and I'd rather you would, too."

The hour of night, the hushed silence over the moonlit earth, the gentle breeze that lazily passed, all combined in conducing to the passion that welled up within Fred Forson's heart. How could he live any longer without this girl to cheer and comfort him? He stepped close to her and would have taken her in his arms, had she not put forth a restraining hand.

"Doctor! You must get some sleep. Good-night."

She went into the house.

* * * * *

The next day it was necessary for Henry Bean to go to Oliva to obtain repairs for a broken mowing machine. He was to go on the noon train and return on the evening train. At the time of actual departure from the house he managed by careful maneuvering to leave by way of the front door while Mrs. Bean was busy in the kitchen, and he was soon hurrying through Lover's Lane with a good sized package under his arm. It was wrapped in newspaper—his old violin.

He had never heard the last of his venture in violins and he knew that he never would hear the last of it as long as there were two of them in the house, and, besides, Julia had threatened to sell one of them if she got the chance. He greatly feared that it might be his precious Stradivarius instrument that would suffer this fate and he was determined to forestall any such calamity. A pawnshop in Oliva served as the place for final disposition of the hated instrument, and three dollars extra money in Henry's pocket gave him the wherewithal to have a glorious time while waiting for the train, which, otherwise, would have been monotonous.

He arrived home in a happy frame of mind and after the chores were done and the evening meal disposed of he felt musically inclined and went to the bedroom to get his treasured violin from the lower dresser drawer. When he opened the drawer his heart jumped and his eyes bulged out and a thrill shot through his body. It was gone! his Stradivarius was gone!

He was a suspicious man by nature, and more so by domestic affliction, so something told him that a grave disaster had befallen him. But he was cautious. He returned to the dining room where his wife was reading, and after standing awhile in thought he concluded to open negotiations with a kiss. He stepped forward as boldly as his trembling legs could carry him and implanted the salutation squarely on the chubby cheek.

"Well, for the land sakes!" was the abrupt exclamation, as the startled woman pushed him away with one hand and wiped her cheek with the other. "What's

got into you?—a body'd think you were too foolish for —I mean too old for such foolishness!"

He saw that his manner of approach had not been as successful as he had hoped for, and he was doubtful what course to pursue next. It was evident that the time was not ripe to mention the subject of violins, so, having nothing better to do, he took up reading for his evening's entertainment. Henry Bean read little, but that little was on rather heavy subjects, usually a selection from an ancient encyclopedia bequeathed him by his father along with a trombone which Henry had never been able to master.

Now he opened the volume containing the subjects under the letter S, and turned to the name uppermost in his mind—Stradivari, maker of violins. He perused the article twice, with the result that his musical inclination was increased rather than abated.

"Julia, my love," he called pleasantly.

"Huh?"

"Where's my violin?"

"In the closet."

Henry knew better; he had disposed of the closeted violin. His voice was shaky as he asked: "Where's the one I got from Bob?"

The ponderous Julia ceased her reading and fixed her eyes on him. "Now, see here, Henry Bean," she said, emphasizing her words with jerks of her forefinger, "you take the fiddle you find and be content with it, because it's all you've got, and, moreover, it's all you're going to get!"

He stared at the forefinger. "Where did the other one go?" he gasped.

"I sold it."

There was a dead, depressing, ominous silence—broken only by the loud ticking of the clock. Henry repeated the words huskily, as if in echo:

"Sold it?"

"Yes! Sold it!"

He swallowed fast. He shook as if with a chill. He felt faint. "Who'd you sell it to?" he asked.

"Lem Hardesty."

Then, as if the matter was settled, she continued with her reading, unmindful of the emotion that filled the heart of her nervous husband, for he was bravely holding back the tears that threatened to come.

"What's Lem want a fiddle for?" he blurted out.

"How do I know?" she scowled. "To saw on, I reckon. What's anybody want a fiddle for? Answer me that! Now, quit bothering me; I want to read."

He arose quickly, procured his hat and went outside where there was room in the big outdoors to give vent to his feelings. He started to walk, caring not where he went, having no intentions of going anywhere, but anxious to get away and think. Soon, he found himself at the edge of the village, and not wishing to meet the village folks he turned at the Ganey house, unseen by Mrs. Ganey and Mrs. Everett, who were sitting on the porch, as he knew by the sound of their voices, for dusk had fallen and he could not see them behind the vines. He did not go back. Instead, he continued on, passing behind the house, across the fields, and was trodding slowly through the vacant plot of ground east of the Everett home and opposite the House of Dreams, when he heard Justina scream.

"Stop that!" came the sharp command in a strange masculine voice that Henry did not recognize.

He stopped and listened. The scream had been a shrill one, but very short and quickly cut off, due, as Henry thought, to the obeyance of the harsh command. It was not repeated, so he started on his way, when there came sounds of a violent struggle. The nervous little man made haste to crawl through the wire fence and run to the doorway of the House of Dreams.

He saw there the dimly outlined figure of a man, who was holding one hand tightly clasped over the girl's mouth and trying to trip her with his foot. Justina was struggling desperately and fighting like a fiend. The man's back was turned toward the door. Without a moment's hesitation Henry crouched, took a flying leap and landed on the fellow's back, pinning his arms firmly to his sides. Both of them went to the ground, Henry underneath, still holding his opponent with an iron clutch.

But Henry was no match for his powerful antagonist, who with one terrific wrench broke loose and jumped to his feet, and would have struck the little man a mighty blow, had not Justina caught his arm in time to prevent it.

Then a new ally arrived. Napoleon, the big brown dog, had found inhospitality at the Ganey household, and had decided to come home. His canine instinct told him that a battle was in progress, and a battle was to his liking. A whiff of the interior of the leafy room sufficed to inform him that a stranger was in their midst —not Henry, for he knew Henry well. He gave a sharp bark, knowing that Justina would quiet him with a rebuke if her visitor was one of her own choosing, but, instead, he heard her ringing welcome:

"Good dog—good old Napoleon!"

He rushed to combat. None could see what actually happened, but the strange man fled into the darkness, shouting between the snarls and barks: "I'll come back some day, Miss Justina, and you'll pay for this."

The girl clutched Henry's sleeve tightly. "Please, Mr. Bean, don't say anything about this," she pleaded. "I don't want mamma to know of it. I'm very thankful for what you've done, and, some day, perhaps, I can repay you. But please don't tell a soul. Can I trust you?"

"Sure," he answered. "Who was that fellow?"

"He's a stranger in Astuna. He came to see Colonel Darl on business, but his real purpose for coming was for other things. His name doesn't matter. You will keep silent?"

"Yes."

She turned her head quickly. Then she released her hold on his sleeve and shoved him from her. "Go!" she whispered. "There comes mamma now, through the back gate. Don't let her see you here."

(To be continued.)

WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D.

Ottumwa, Iowa.

PICKING HIS TEETH

GASOLINE.

If you yourself burst upon the world in the transition time between Dobbin and Henry you know just how it was. Although they kept you pretty busy, you and friend horse, still you did a respectable lot of reading in odd moments, both medical and secular. Ten miles an hour was great speed in those days, but at that speed you were capable of discussing something more important than tire mileage and gasoline economy. You even had a reasonable knowledge of contemporaneous medical science. But from the day you learned to pilot your first motor vehicle you've degenerated, you've contented yourself with a lower plane. Indeed, this is the sad price we have paid for automobile luxury and the dissipation such luxury carries with it. What book can hold the doctor at home of an evening when there's nothing to do but load in the family and go out for a spin?

The odor and atmosphere of the library which our fathers cultivated in their day was an incentive to good reading. The fumes of the garage merely remind the doctor that he must go and have the clutch adjusted.

"It's no use. I have no ambition, no appetite—I need some of that goat lymph."

THE BAY PACER LOWERS THE TWELVE MILE RECORD

AFTER the gaunt stage-driver had packed a handful of the toothsome alfalfa into his capacious cheek, he leaned back in his seat with a sigh of content. Thus we rode for miles —the silence broken only by the creakings of the stage, the droning of the mid-August insects and the ruminations of my companion.

Suddenly he started to speed up his muscles of mastication and shifted his succulent quid from one side of his face to the other several times. Then he sat up suddenly and after deluging a perfectly innocent grasshopper who sunned himself on a cobble by the wayside, drawled:

"See that clump of hemlock south of the Chin on Old Baldy?

"Well, that's the place where the millionaire from New York shot his daughter."

Shocked by the nonchalant manner in which this filiacide was recounted, I so far forgot the rules of the game as to fire a volley of questions at Sile and the effect was what I might have expected—profound silence.

Realizing my mistake, I dismissed the subject and did not again refer to it. After we had worn out the commonplace topics of discussion, Sile ceased his ruminations abruptly and as if there had been but one subject under consideration, resumed: "and the darn fool had hunted and fished from Maine to Californy.

"You see it was the first season we had open season on deer. The critters had got so thick that Lige Shattuck shut three on 'em up with his calves one night and never knowed it ontil he went out to feed the next mornin'.

"I was town representative that Fall and I introduces a bill in the legislature to make an open season on deer and bear and to put a bounty on hedge-hogs. When deer get so thick they eat up your young orchard and when you find a bear in your swill every mornin' it's time to pass a law for the protection of farmers and let game take care on themselves.

"That Fall most of us Mountain fellars had eat so much deer meat that every time we heard a shot or a hound givin' voice we'd jump twenty foot from a standin' start.

"Of course, there was some restrictions in that there game-law, but as Chank Button was game warden and the deer was thick and—well, so long as the boys didn't waste none of the meat and got it salted or dried afore it spoiled—there was nothin' said.

"When Lem Blaisdell see them city fellers unload their Gatlings and gear outen the stage to the Junction House: 'I told you, Sile, it was too good to last,' he says.

"Among the crowd that come up to hunt was this millionaire gink and his daughter. He'd lost his wife when this girl was a kid and she'd just come out of the convent and as they'd no kin but each other, they intended to take their vacation together.

"Friend, that was about the most alive lass I ever see.

"Right up on the seat aside me drivin' the Bronchos, sleeves rolled up like a haymaker.

"Some on 'em throws up the City to you every time they speak, but this one had praise for everything and for everybody and you knowed the way she spoke it that every word come straight from the heart.

"When we made the turn to Big Bend it was most sundown and, Mister, you'll never read outen a book how she raved about clouds, color tones and scenery.

"She wa'nt satisfied just for her to see it, neither. We'd all have to get enthusiastic about it.

"She'd give me my reins and she sat there with her hands in her lap just drinkin' of it in. I guess she thought I didn't show much heat as she says: 'Mr. Cheney, when you see that beautiful sunset amid such a rugged landscape, doesn't it bring feelings of gratitude to your heart that God made this world so lovely?'

"Her eyes was a-shinin' and her voice almost broke she was that tore out about it, so I thought it wa'nt no kind of use to make her feel any worse by tellin' her how often I cursed that rugged scenery when I was shovelin' myself outen snow drifts, so I says: 'Miss Bennett, I love that sunset every time I see it evenin's, because it reminds me of the fried eggs and stewed tomatoes I'm goin' to have for supper.'

"I never did have much use for women in the woods and after what happened I hain't changed my mind none.

"Bennet left her on the shoulder of Old Baldy on a

runway where she couldn't do much harm and crossed over to the Hog Back where the deer marks was thick.

"Instead of stayin' where she's put she gets restless after an hour or so and starts out to investigate on her own account.

"Seein' a rabbit she onslung her camera and starts a snappin' of him.

"Along about noon Bennet ketches a glimpse of that there brown sweater tother side a hummock and plugged her in the left shoulder with a 30/30.

"When we was a-framin' of them there game laws I did my best to get in a clause for the protection of hunters, but them legislators just give me the laugh, they did.

"I wanted to make the law impose a heavy fine for shootin' a farmer, a smaller one for shootin' blooded cattle, a still smaller one for hired men and so on down the line, but they won't take me serious. They see their mistake now when these big business men unlimber their centimeters and kill a man over in the next county."

After delivering himself of this wisdom, Sile resumed his ruminations. Then as if to make up for his long silence he burst forth into a hearty laugh: "Most of them hunters from the City stays to Blaisdells and me and Lem has a vise out back of the barn and we unloads all of them fifteen mile cartridges of the bullets and puts in candle grease.

"I'll have to admit these fellars knows more'n we do or we'd have them workin' for us, but they do seem to go plum crazy in the woods.

"Oh, yes. I most forgot about the girl. Well, when her father got her back to the Junction House, we didn't know which would die first, as he had to tote her four miles in his arms and when I tell you he was bigger round that he was up and down, you'll understand he was no Marathon runner.

"Doc Ben lost some time gettin' his tools packed and the bay Pacer hitched, but we got a message in about ten minutes that they'd made a start.

"My Mandy had just finished her training to the Hospital and was visitin' in Hypotown and he brung her along.

"You've seen that pacer in action and I needn't tell you that up to now I hain't seen her equal. She's the fastest twenty mile hoss that ever looked through a bridle and I'll back that statement with my back pension.

"She was raised by a farmer out Intervale way and holds the records yet as a wagon-smasher and she'd kick the stars outen the sky she was that high-strung.

"The farmer hadn't roadin' enough for her to do and take it from me, she was no plough hoss, that pacer. Doc Ben traded for her and the first month Hypotown was about evenly divided as to whether Doc would kill the Pacer or whether the Pacer would kill Doc.

"Some of the busybodies wanted him took for cruelty to animals, but the majority of the citizens was of the opinion that if either on 'em had to be arrested it had orter be the Pacer.

"Did she ever run away after Doc got her? Surest thing, you know. She was runnin' away all the time, but as she was headed the way Doc was goin', he just let her run along and went with her.

"Kick? That mare wa'nt naturally mean—just high-spirited—and the doctor business was excitin' enough all the time and she didn't have time to think about bein' ugly and I swan in two months she knowed more'n lots of folks around here.

"You see that Intervale farmer didn't understand her and she didn't understand the farmer. He licked her for her own good and she distributed his wagon and harness along the highway, just to show her appreciation.

"There's lots of high-strung women just like that hoss. Yank 'em and abuse 'em every time they cross you and you're in hot water all the time and they get ugly and irritable.

"Use 'em well, praise 'em up, and pet 'em a little when they deserve it, but give 'em their head when they have a spell on 'em and, friend, they'll do a lot more than two men and a boy and do it cheerful. Just keep 'em between the fences with a good, steady hand on the reins and you've got something you can be proud of every time.

"Inside of two months that Bay Pacer would foller Doc like a dog and stand without hitchin' a week a-waitin' for him. It pays, young fellar, to be patient with a hoss and a woman.

"Doc didn't try to hold her down to no speed limit and consequently the records they made for cross-country racin' still stands.

"She was bred both ways for speed, weighed a thousand pounds standin' still and two ton a-goin' and when I tell you she took all these here hills on high you'll understand she had lung power to burn.

"Well, as I says, we got word in ten minutes that they'd started and we begun to get things ready for him.

"She come up over the Hog Back like a rabbit and

when they passed the Blaisdell place on the Fork, Lem says she begun to cut, shuffle and deal for a level start. She mixed her gait for a rod or so ontil she found her stride and then she settled down in that sand and started to race.

"Most any hoss can go a quarter to top speed but it takes one that's bred in the purple to hold a steady gait for four miles without a skip luggin' two passengers and a heavy road-cart.

"Now there'd been a cloudburst on Old Baldy the day afore and Rattlin' Brook was on the rampage. She was a runnin' bank full and had swept out all the bridges clear to the Lamoille.

"Of course, everybody thought Doc knew we was ferryin' but this town is full of hind-sighted fellars and the first thing we knew that outfit was headed straight for the River.

"Whether Doc tried to stop we never knew and he ain't said, but Mandy claims that Bay never shied nor hesitated but took the plunge and afore she had time to get frightened they was climbin' the opposite bank, Doc holdin' her on with one hand and drivin' with tother and there was twelve foot of water in the River that day if there was an inch.

"'Twas all up hill from Rattlin' Brook to the Junction House, but the Pacer blowed into the yard, lopin' like a scairt rabbit and not even winded.

"While Doc was a-helpin' Mandy to get out and onstrappin' his old black bags from the bottom of that cart, that watch-eyed critter was lookin' right around at him as though she was tellin' him that she'd done her part and now it was up to him to deliver his'n.

"How long did it take them to get here? Well, that's a pint that's not really settled yet. You see it's six mile over the Hog Back, four more down to the Fork Road and two from the Red Mill up to the Junction House and we all agreed it must have throwed her offen her stride some goin' through Rattlin' Brook.

"Lige Shattuck always holds, and he kept track of 'em all along the line by telephone, that from the tole he'd got the message that they'd made a start ontil he see 'em blow into the Hotel yard that it was just 50 minutes, but Chank Button made it 45. They ain't no auto made it less than an hour yet for that Hog Back is one awful climb.

"Come over to the store tonight and we'll have 'em thrash it out. That's one of the town topics that always starts an argument and if Lige should happen to bring his map with him you'll see the whole thing set down in black and white.

"You'd orter see the millionaire look at that outfit what hove into the Hotel parlor. Doc carryin' two big black bags and Mandy luggin' the tin trunk they biles the instruments in, still when he sees Doc strip down to the undershirt and trousers, take up his belt a few notches and start to wash up he felt better, but when he sees him gettin' things biled and ready and orderin' everybody out only them that's needed, Old Bennet lay back on the couch and made up his mind that perhaps this was a real doctor after all.

"We have doctors round here who are satisfied to feel pulses and peddle out sugar pills and if the critter gets better the neighborhood is about evenly divided as to whether he got well because of or in spite of that candy medicine. Then if anything serious really happens, these doctors load the patient up on dope and whiskey and tote him 50 miles to the nearest Hospital, and by the time he gets there he's glad to die and the Hospital Doc takes the blame.

"But, as a general thing, it's the chances to do big things that makes the big doctor. We'd telephoned for five different doctors and three on 'em agreed to come right away, but Doc Ben had the job done and was out rubbin' down the Pacer afore any of 'em shows up.

"Mr. Bennet paid 'em for coming', but they looked to me like the sparrers that's left when the boss sparrer flies off with the bread crumb.

"Yes, sir, I can see where a poor doctor and a good hoss might win out over a good doctor and a poor hoss and if I ever start doctorin' round these parts—Oh, yes—the gal—

"Well, from the time the old man brung her in offen the mountain, she never spoke. She was bled white and most on us thought it wa'nt no use but Doc Bly don't seem to think so. He was as busy as a summer boarder settin' on an ant-hill, with a wrap of pisen-ivy round her neck, pokin' a wasp's nest with a fish-pole.

"He dressed the two holes in her shoulder-front and back—injected ether and camphor and such stuff into her with a hypodermic, and it's just here that ordinary doctors would quit, but Doc Ben opened a vein in her arm and put in a quart of salt and water and even then she didn't revive a mite.

"Then he made up his mind that what she needed was blood and called for volunteers. After he'd looked us all over he decided that no one would do but Mandy as they were about of an age and he lays them side by side, on the parlor table and opens an artery in Mandy's

arm and joins it with a goose quill to a vein in the Bennet girl's arm.

"When the millionaire sees his girl comin' back and tryin' to smile to him he run out where us fellars was and busted right out cryin' like a kid.

"Bimeby the daughter asks for him and he goes into the room where they have her in bed all fixed up and he goes over to Mandy and puts his hand into his pocket, but the Doc stops him 'Money don't buy such service, Mr. Bennet,' and I snum if the critter don't start to bawl again ontil they have to put him out of the room.

"When the Bennets went back to New York nothing would do but Doc Ben must go along to look after the girl. The old man was director in one of them big Hospitals there and he said that Doc Ben was too big a man to be wastin' his time ridin' over these hills and that he had a future and all that.

"He said with Doc's knowledge he ought not to have to use makeshifts in emergencies, but to have all the tools and fixin's they have in the city.

"Was we sorry to lose him? Say, I've been to funerals where there was more merriment than there was to Hypotown the mornin' he left for New York.

"We knew it wan't no use askin' Doc if he was comin' back. I never asked him a straight question but once.

"When he come to Hypotown first I met him on the Fork one day and I says: 'Just what is the matter with old Miss Blaisdell?'

"He looked at me a minute without answerin', then he p'inted toward Black Bridge and says: 'How long will it be afore the mullets start to run?' I never went back to that subject. It want none of my business nohow.

"Well, Doc stayed down to New York three months and what Bennet didn't do for him couldn't be did, that's all.

"He had a great chance to be one of your high-buck doctors and he thrun it away. Him and me was settin' out on my woodpile whittlin' one day last summer and he told me all about it.

" 'Sile,' he says, 'there's hundreds of the best doctors in the world down to New York, like stall-fed race horses. Never had a chance to show what they can do and when their chance does come they'll be too old or too discouraged to take it. They need a good flesh-carpenter or two up among you careless fellers and I guess I'll stay.

" 'Besides, Sile, I must admit it. I was lonesome. The mountains have got me. I missed the daylight song of the thrush on Peaked Hill—the sound of Rattlin' Brook—the wild animal tracks in the newly-fallen snow —the—Oh, pshaw, I guess I'm a fool and haven't got any ambition.'

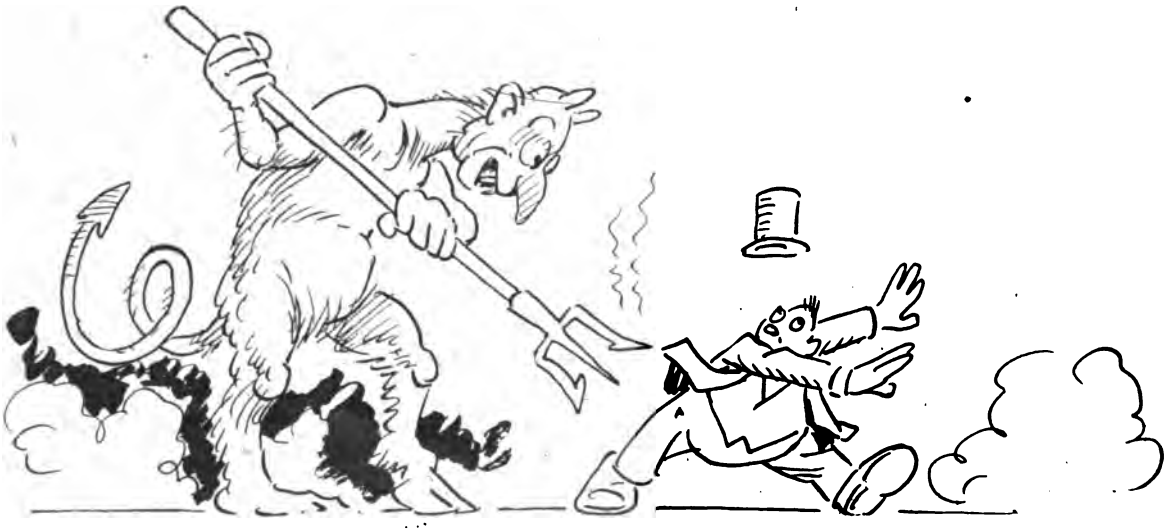
"Sure, he brought a wife back from New York with him. Said he never thought much about girls afore the accident. Had met hundreds of 'em but never knew one afore that was fine right through to the core."

"What? The millionaire's daughter?

"Why, no. He married our Mandy. I thought I told you she went along to nurse the Bennet girl."

EDMOND J. MELVILLE, M. D.

St. Albans, Vt.



BOTH WAYS FROM THE MIDDLE*

In the good old medical days when the family doctor was king,
When his patients just opened their mouths and gulped down all the stuff he might bring,
When nobody questioned his word as he sat on his medical throne
(For they knew, as he meant them to know, that he knew all there was to be known),—
How easy it must have been then to practice the medical art
When they treated the man as a whole, without taking his works all apart!
What a joy to have lived when a lancet, and half a score powders and "simples"
Were all that you needed to treat all diseases from jaundice to pimples;
When nature's abhorred submarine—the appendix—could blow us to bits,
Till a submarine chaser came up, since which time we have given them Fitz;
When the nihilist had not arrived, nor the isms of scoffers heretic,
When calomel still had the call, followed closely by tartar emetic!
Whereas now we must have in our case fifty-seven rainbow-hued kind of pills,
Those old chaps could make quite a stir with their blue mass and gamboge and squills.
We may talk of enzymes and hormones with an accent and look supercilious,
But those old fellows beat us a mile when they coined that life-saving word "bilious."

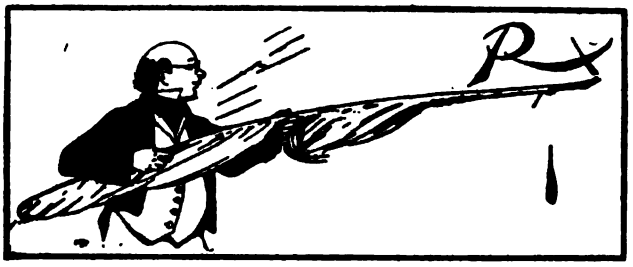
The first thing they did for a man was to draw off a pint of his gore,
And if that didn't finish him up, then they'd come back and bleed him some more.
As the "humors" that ran in the veins were considered both deadly and numerous,
In a humorous vein they depleted the vein that was nearest the humerus.
At the present high prices of drugs we have one thing at least to console us;
When our pills cost us three cents apiece, just think what 'twould be for a bolus!

How different far is our lot in these degenerate days!
No longer we hitch up old Dobbin and calmly jog round in a chaise.
Now we go out to the ice-cold garage and tie some hard knots in our liver
Or get myositis or maybe neuritis as we crank the cantankerous flivver.
Though Dobbin was slow he would pull you through sandbanks and snowdrifts and mire,
And you didn't get nervous prostration for fear of a blown-out tire.
It was easy to smooth the way then, if things began to go hard,
For the harness took neats-foot oil and the wheels just a little plain lard;
But today there isn't a thing that the oil trust does not levy toll on;
Our cylinders take a good share and the rest goes into our colon!

No specialists then! The old Doc knew it all, with no one to dispute,
From the wen on the crown of the head to the corn on the sole of the foot.
With a true Christian Science he healed those folks that now seek Mother Eddy;
It was real mental cure, for the pills which they thought did the work were brown-bready.
We today with our pathies and isms and our multiplication of schools
May well wonder if time will disclose who have wisdom and who are the fools.
Let us be optimistic and hope that the truth will at last come to light,
For our neighbors may not be all wrong and ourselves not entirely right.
And right here let me say a good word for a school we may not all endorse
(As a man who owns automobiles may see mighty good points in a horse);
Osteopathy gives us a clue to all ills which have followed the race—
Since poor Adam waked up and saw Eve we've been nagged by that rib out of place!

HERBERT L. SMITH, M. D.
Nashua, N. H.

*Transactions N. H. Med. Soc., 1917. Read at the Banquet, May 17, 1917, at Concord, N. H.



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JANUARY, 1921.

BROWSING.

"THE Idiot, yes, hum, let me see—The Idiot, oh yes, by that Russian, what's his name, hum, oh, yes, Fedor Dostoieffsky, hum, yes, let me think, hum—No, Madam, they're all sold and it is impossible to get any more until April. You might find one over at Slight's store, but there has been a big demand—hum, now, let's see, Doctor, The Idiot, oh, yes, there are a few copies here somewhere, if I can recollect, hum, do you want it immediately? I'll look it up if you care to stop in tomorrow? All right, let me make a note of that so I won't forget it. The Idiot. . . ."

And even if they had forty copies at the same or lower prices right around the corner at Slight's where everything was in apple pie order, who'd want to buy at Slight's when it was at all possible to do business with Miss Abbott? Her little store was straining and groaning with books, a wonderfully varied and attractive stock, and from the remote time of a fire in the building which had left the little shop sadly damaged but not destroyed, Miss Abbott had never found time or opportunity to get things back in a semblance of even her pristine orderliness. Wherefore you entered the Abbott book shop not to buy a book as one buys a package of compressed air called breakfast food, but to browse a while, and if you happened on anything pleasing, to help yourself to it and hand Miss Abbott the price if she was not too busy to bother as you passed out.

Browsing in the Abbott shop you sometimes found yourself in collision with some other browser. It was amusing, to a spectator, to watch two browsers gradually approach until suddenly they realized they were in collision. Both would look up in surprise and strive absently to utter a word of apology. Then presently they would be exchanging gossip over the books or telling of fortune or ill fortune in the quest of something in particular which Miss Abbott had utterly forgotten to unearth as she had promised.

What joy is book buying when you can do it in that delightful manner! And how hateful the same pursuit becomes when you have to repeat the title several times in order to make some impossible clerk understand what you're driving at, and then stand on your heels while the clerk wraps it up! The very idea of wrapping up a book is repulsive to anyone who has ever known the happiness of browsing and the thrills one gets from feeling of the book or glancing at it or smelling it as one carries the precious plunder home.

Miss Abbott was generally to be found puttering about the shop as late at ten o'clock most nights. So you generally plotted your strolls to include a stretch along that way, in the hope of finding the shop open. It was indeed a strong incentive to adhere to your salutary vow to take at least five miles of oxygen on the hoof every day.

There is something akin to an Abbott book shop in every town. Look around for it if you haven't already come across it. You'll find endless contentment in browsing there in leisure moments.

MOTORS VS. BOOKS.

WE of the gasoline era are frankly not so well read and therefore not so cultured as our fathers were. The automobile may save a doctor's professional time, as the dealer points out when he sells the doctor a small or trial size car. It squanders his leisure, because it brings within his reach and the reach of his family so many diversions or dissipations which were rarely available in the old phaeton days. The horse or horses had to have some rest, and while they rested the doctor had an opportunity, if at all so inclined, to delve into books. The gasoline buggy is tireless as well as horseless. It is a constant temptation to frivolity.

SUMPIN TO RUB ON.

Mammy: "I tole you to fetch me something for dis lumbago I'se got so bad. What for you bring dat washboahd?"

Rastus: "De stoah man he said dis heah's de best thing to rub on."

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FEMALE OSTEOPATH

IN a famous picture by William Hogarth, under the title of "Three Undertakers," appear three famous charlatans of the 18th century. One of these is a notorious osteopath or bonesetter. Bonesetting had had the same philosophy as the osteopathy of Still without its visions and occultism. It was not as well mobilized as in the 19th and 20th centuries, but enjoyed as much popularity and vogue. In 1736 the attention of English fashionable society was diverted to the proceedings of "Crazy Sally of Epsom," as she delighted in designating herself. "She was a fat, ugly, drunken woman, known as a haunter of fairs, about which she loved to reel screaming and abusive in a state of intoxication. This attractive lady was a bonesetter and so much esteemed was her skill in her art that the City of Epsom, the English watering place, offered her five hundred dollars a year to reside there."* The *Daily Advertiser* (July 28, 1736) says: "But the attention of the public has been taken off from the wonder-working Mr. Ward (a quack) to a strolling woman now at Epsom who calls herself 'Crazy Sally' and hath performed cures and bone-setting to admiration and hath occasioned so great a resort that the city offered her $500 to continue a year."

"Crazy Sally" awoke one morning and found herself famous. Patients of rank and wealth flocked in *from* every quarter. An Epsom swain, attracted by her gains, offered marriage. She was the daughter of a Wiltshire bonesetter named Wallin. She accepted the proposal and became Mrs. Napp under which name she was afterwards known. After a fortnight's honeymoon, in the course of which Napp thrashed her soundly, he decamped with $600 of her earnings. She found consolation in the homage of the fashionable world since she had become a notoriety of the first water. Every day the public journals had new "facts" about her. "The cures," remarks one sheet, "of the woman bonesetter of Epsom are too many to be enumerated. Her bandages are extraordinary neat. Her dexterity in reducing dislocations and setting fractured bones wonderful. She has cured persons who have been twenty years disabled and has given immediate relief to the most difficult cases. The lame come to her daily and she gets a great deal of money; persons of quality who attend her operations making her presents."

Poets sounded her praises, as for instance:*

> Of late, without the least pretense, to skill
> Ward's grown a famed physician by a pill.
> Yet he can but a doubtful honor claim
> While envious death oft blasts his rising fame.
> Next traveled Taylor fills her with surprise,
> Who pours new light upon the blindest eyes.
> Each journal tells his circuit through the land,
> Each journal tells the blessing of his hand.
> And lest some hireling scribbler of the town
> Injure his history, he writes his own.
> We read the long accounts with wonder o'er;
> Had he wrote less we had believed him more.
> Let these, O Napp, thou wonder of the age,
> With dubious arts endeavor to engage,
> While you irregularly strict to rules,
> Teach dull collegiate pedants they are fools.
> By merit, the sure path to fame pursue,
> For all who see thy art, must own 'tis true."

Mrs. Napp continued to reside in Epsom, but visited London once a week. Her journeys thereto were performed in a splendid chariot drawn by four horses, with servants wearing showy liveries. Most of her cures were made of hysteric and neuropathic disorders diagnosed as from "bone dislocations" or "fractures." Sir Hans Sloane of "illuseum" fame was gulled into having the case of a niece with spinal hysteria diagnosed as a "fracture which stuck out two inches and lasted seven years."

Diagnosis of hysteria as organic disease by physicians has always been a source of quack revenue by "cures." The secret of quackery, as well said by Oliver Wendell Holmes, is hope kept alive. But the diagnosis of hysteria or neuropathy as organic disease is too frequently the cause of the pessimism which in despair resorts to the quack to cure the "incurable."

Once Madame Napp the bonsetter attended the theatre and sat between Taylor the popular quack oculist and Ward the drysalter of popular "pill and drop"

*Jeafferson—Book About Doctors.

*Gentleman's Magazine, August, 1736.

fame. This led to the Hogarth painting and produced the following epigram:

When Napp to the actors showed kind regard,
On one side Taylor sat, on the other Ward.
When three mock persons of the drama came,
Both Ward and Taylor thought it hurt their fame.
Wondered how Napp could in good humor be.
"Zounds," cries the saucy dame, "it hurts not me—
Quacks without art may either blind or kill,
But demonstration proves that mine is skill."

Drugless quackery then as now had a vogue. Quackish denunciation of drugs often lies behind eye cylinder quackery and allied drugless procedures and operations.

On the stage at the same time as the epigram a song was sung, the play enacted was the "Husband's Relief" written to decry regular medicine, while nominally hitting at operations and drugs.

You surgeons of London, who puzzle your pates
To ride in your coaches and purchase estates,
Give over for shame, for pride has a fall,
And the doctress of Epsom has outdone you all.
What signifies learning or going to school
When a woman can do, without learning or rule,
That puts you to nonplus, and baffles your art,
For petticoat practice has now got the start.
In physic as well as in fashions we find,
The newest has always the run with mankind.
Forgot is the bustle 'bout Taylor and Ward
And Napp's all the cry and her fame's on record.
Dame Nature has given her a doctor's degree
And she gets all the patients and pockets the fee.
So if you don't instantly prove her a cheat
She'll loll in her carriage while you walk the street.

The quack in all ages, remarks Carlyle, comes in for his. This is particularly true of drugless quackery and reflex charlatanism.

JAMES G. KIERNAN, M. D.
Chicago, Illinois.

PUZZLE PICTURE.
Pick Out the Country Doctor and the City Specialist.

THE MOUTH ORGAN

On Going to the Dentist.
(*By our own Opal Whiteley.*)

Today I did have such queer feels in my teeth. It was not satisfaction feels. It was not the feels I feel in the back part of me when the mamma does spank spanks. That is warm tingling feels. These feels in my teeth were deep, dark threatening feels. I did go to the dentist in a quick way.

The dentist who wears a white coat and is kind to patients did screwtineyes me. He has an understanding heart. He took a can-opener on a long string, it had an interest look. He said in a serious way, Open wide. I did not have satisfaction feels to screwtineyes that can-opener, for it did make a singing sound like hornets. I made pain-squeals. Then I said to myself, this was the tragic day when good and great Duke Wilbert Robinson met his fate at the ball park, and as he was brave I must be brave, too. I said also to myself, good Marquis Battling Levinsky was knocked cold by a French carpenter, and made no moan. And good King Alexander of Greece was bitten by a monkey and did not repine. So did I console myself by thoughts of brave heroes. The dentist who wears a white coat and is kind to patients said you have an ull sir ated tooth, but I may be able to save your life. I did have satisfaction feels. Then I went home on a sub way. Now I sit here and print.—Christopher Morely in the New York *Evening Post.*

Dentist (to professional humorist): "It is wonderful how men in your work manage to see the funny side of everything."

IMPORTANT NEWS!
Dr. R. Auerbach
and
Dr. L. Kamenetsky
inform their many friends that they are as before in their Dental Office
at 551 Claremont Parkway
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Yours for good dentistry,

Dr. R. Auerbach

and

Dr. L. Kamenetsky,

551 Claremont Parkway, Cor. Fulton Ave.

NATHANIEL LIEF, D. D. S.

New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Towne: "Did you find Dr. Longwind's lecture interesting?"

Dr. Towne: "Yes; what I heard of it. He exhibited his new vaccine, said to contain eight million bacteria—but I left when he started to count them."

SLAP-O-GRAMS

Looking backward over more than four decades of medical study and practice, I find I have missed a lot of fun by taking so many things seriously when I should have been laughing . . . It is not yet too late to laugh. Mayhap, there are those who will join me in a chuckle or two. And, it may be, there will be food for somber reflection in some of the reveries which are to follow.

Dost recall, brother, that elegant gentleman in the Prince Albert coat with rose in button hole, who initiated you into the mysteries of therapeutics? What a wonderful man that professor was, to be sure! Human suffering fled before his eloquence like dew before the sun. The grave had no terrors for his fortunate patients. Death himself went rattling to the nethermost parts of the bottomless pit, the instant he saw the Prof. reach for pencil and prescription blank.

In those days there war about 2,500 diseases to which human beings were subject. (Think of the genius of the fellows who invented all that!) The dear old Prof. said "Pouf!" and each and every one of those diseases melted away before his remedies like a dollar's worth of milk tickets since old H. C. L. struck us. And how we "ate it up!" Why should we fear to tackle the worst that pathology had to offer? Every remedy the wise old Prof. presented for our consideration was a specific for every disease in the category. As the remedies outnumbered the diseases, a hundred to one—"pouf, pouf!"

Do you perchance remember when homeopathy was making such inroads into practice that we had to cast about for therapeutic compromises? Well, just about that time, our Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics got hold of Binger's Therapeutics, a work which showed one how he could drink the broth of the homeopathic devil without really eating the gentleman. In these riper days I'd like to meet the fellow who "sicked" that book on to the dear old Prof.—not that I believe in murder, exactly, but I'd like to make that bird eat some of Binger's words.

Later came another "straddler," T. L. Bunkem, who, like Binger, was an F. R. S. L. R. C. P., etc., etc. This fellow was so fascinating that every time he tried something on the dog, I followed him and tried it out on my fellow-man.

I don't know what happened to the dog, but I do know what happened to my fellow-man. He escaped with his life only by grace of the fact that T. L. B. was gifted with a wonderful imagination.

Be it confessed there was a soul of good in the mess of therapeutic bunk from overseas. I discovered thus early that the rules which apply to a healthy "bitch setter with red hair, two years old and weighing forty pounds," did not always fit a sick "man, aged thirty-two, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds." Fortunate is the doctor who getteth this point early in his career.

How we used to deride poor old Hahnemann and his similars and high potencies, to say nothing of some of his organic remedies of animal origin. Come to think of it, I *did* do a bit of laughing in the old days. Here are some of the things that appealed to me as especially funny: "In typhoid fever, if the patient has an impulse to get out of bed, give bryonia; if to jump out of bed, hyoscyamus; if to change beds, arsenicum; if to spring up suddenly, belladonna and nux. Pain in the point of the jaw demands baptesia; dropping of the jaw, lachnan; falling of the jaw, arsenicum; hanging of the jaw, lycopodium; sinking of the jaw, secale."

And I remember one queer old chap who gave *Trit. chancrum durum of high potency for syphilis!*

But I have lived to see funnier things bearing the stamp of "regularity."

Once I fell from grace and lapsed into verse in an appreciation of homeopathy. Just a few lines of that poetic gem:

With aspect semi-clerical,
His sugar pellets spherical,
He darkly hints are loaded down with deadly triple-exes,
There's nothing like a fetich
That is palatably sweetish,
With an added charm of poison, for the grannies of both sexes.

His remedies, by decimal,
In dose infinitesimal,
He doles out to the women-folk of city, farm and village,
Thus practicing with sedulous
Design upon the credulous,
Depending for a livelihood on sugar-coated pillage.

Looking over the medical literature of the present day, I regret that Hahnemann cannot come back to

earth and have a laugh with the rest of us. (This with apologies to Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge and the rest of the wonder-workers.) Organic remedies galore, autovaccines *ad infinitum*—and what shall we say of the "potency" of radio-active substances?

Then there was dear old "Eclecticus" Thompson, founder of the long, gray-whiskered theory of therapeutics—founder also of a system of medical colleges in which the curriculum was so short that the diploma was printed on the back of the matriculation ticket. Wouldn't that old fellow enjoy "hisself" if he could but return to earth? (Again, apologies to Conan Doyle, Oliver Lodge, *et id genus omnes.*)

And what a hilarious time the "regular" Fathers of Medicine, Hahnemann, and old Whiskerando Thompson would have together, could they but read the requirements of our state boards. *Three boards—Regular, Homeopathic, Eclectic!*

Funny old world, isn't it?

AMBITION.

On surveying the road by which I traveled, I am impressed that there have been more absurd and ephemeral fads in regular medicine than outside of it.

Declat's "nascent" phenic acid, for tuberculosis; the Lister Spray to shoot "bugs" on the wing; Bergeon's method of "curing" tuberculosis by pumping sewer gas into the highways and byways of the human economy (a Chinese stink pot warfare on germs); castration as a remedy for prostatic hypertrophy. The Battey operation (well named) of oöphorectomy for—well, for every symptom that ever disturbed a female victim of surgical ambition. But why pile Pelion upon Ossa?

The worst of it is that all of our fads have been commercialized. To be the first to gain fame—and practice—by the "new method"—ah, there's the thing!

By the way, brother, what would the public say if it knew the facts regarding the Battey operation? What, indeed—

INHIBITION.

It always will be a matter of pride with me that I probably was the pioneer in attacking the oöphorectomy fad. About 1887, I believe, my "Communication from Jack the Ripper" appeared in the Medical Mirror. Pretty raw stuff it was, but an honest attempt to imitate Voltaire's method of correcting an evil by laughing it off the earth. Here is a brief excerpt from that old time effort:

> Now as I write I mind me well,
> Of a surgeon friend, whose years are tender,
> Who doth with modest mien the story tell
> Of forty cases since September,
> Of erratic ovaries and vagrom wombs,
> From various pelves cut away—
> Their owners long consigned to tombs,
> Whilst he his trophies doth display
> At learned medical convention,
> That marvels much, yet fails to ask
> What points he brings to its attention,
> That justified his gruesome task.

Let us not felicitate ourselves; the undiscriminating surgeon with whom fee and "indication" are synonymous, still is abroad in the land. And otherwise trustworthy men, who ought to know better, are removing ovaries of which a portion, at least, might be preserved. When will every doctor learn that the minutest particle of ovarian tissue may serve for hormone production?

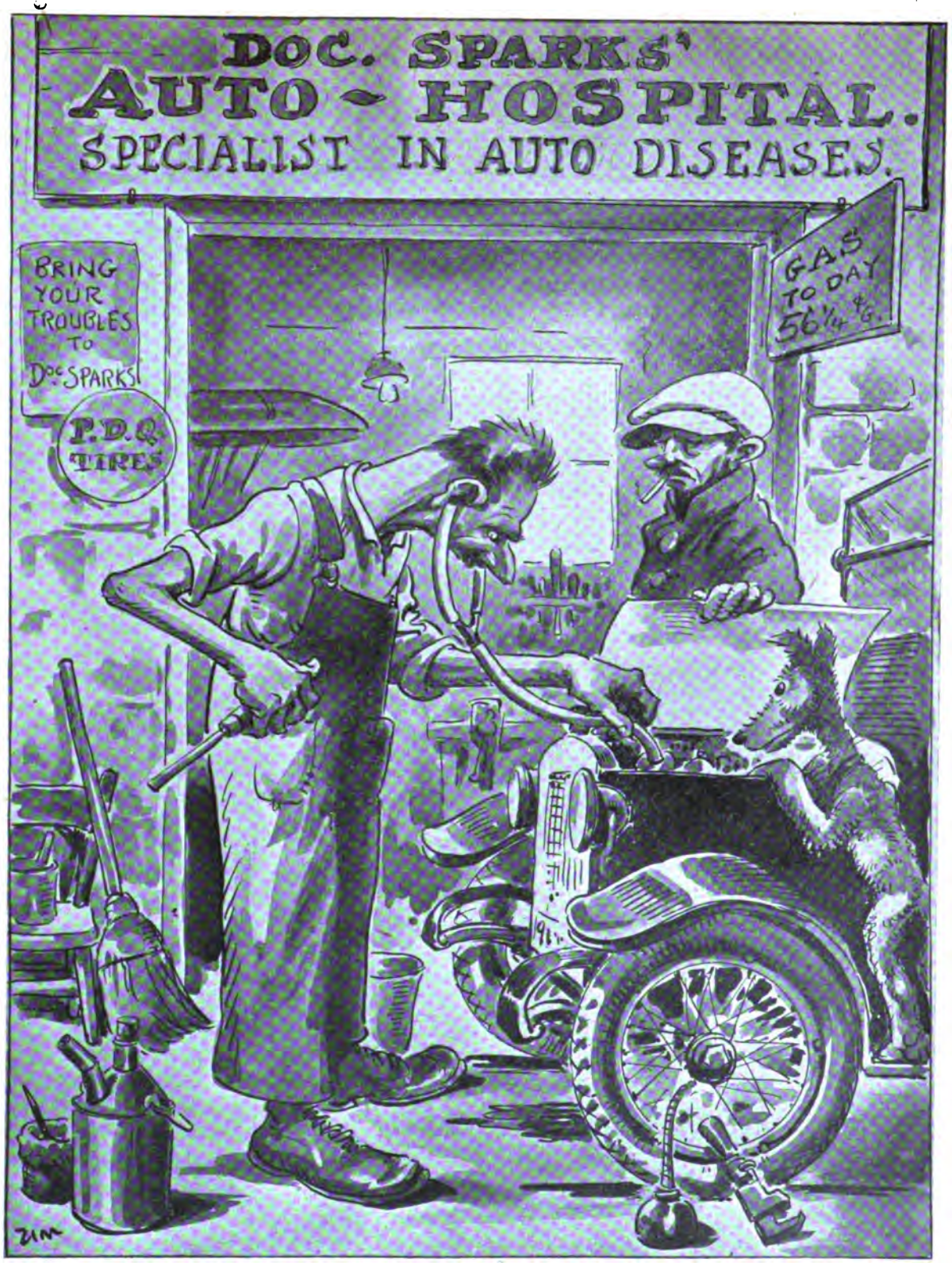
Ever ask yourself the "why" of medical fads and fancies? There always is "a reason" for things. Orthodoxy disintegrates by reason of its own inherent defects. What is true of religious creeds also is true of medicine. From our own deficiencies are born therapeutic fads and fancies. From the loins of our failures spring the devils of doubt and the imps of quackery.

The time and powder we have wasted on ethics and medical legislation against quackery—which has hit the decent and competent fellow far oftener than it has the irregular—might have been employed in more useful work. Some of our state laws for the regulation of medical practice would disgrace an aggregation of morons. We howl at quackery and the "pathies," and confess that it doesn't make a bit of difference how the sick are treated. The applicant for a license may take his choice between regularity, homeopathy and eclecticism—and the range of selection will grow and grow as time goes on. Meanwhile, if a scientific gentleman of a quarter of a century's experience wants to locate in another state he is confronted by an examination for a license. (Most of the quacks were forehanded and took out licenses in numerous states before the laws went into effect.)

The sick man is not content with abstruse etiologic and diagnostic opinions. What he wants is relief—and he wants a "short cut" at that. When you hand him technicalities, he, like Chimmis Fadden, wants to know: "What t'ell?"

G. FRANK LYDSTON, M. D.

Chicago, Ill.



"Doc" Sparks, who has relinquished a large practice to specialize: "From the way she wheezes, Harry, I'd say she has spasmodic asthma complicated with hardening of the arteries which impairs her circulation, leading to irregular heart action, indigestion and mal-assimilation. You'd better leave her in the observation ward and if she can stand it we'll operate on her."

TO A HOSPITAL-BORN BABY

(Apologies to George Macdonald.)

Bilkins: Gosh, I forgot to ask the doctor if he charged double rates in a case of this kind.

The reason why the patient did not get his medicine at 10 o'clock sharp as the doctor ordered.

"Where did you come from, baby dear?"
"Out of the 'Oprating' into Here."

"Whence came those tiny fingers blue?"
"So cold in the hall when I came through."

"What are those speckles 'neath your skin?'"
"Some of those dreadful germs crawled in."

"Where did you get that little tear?"
"Too many people coming to peer."

"Why does your head slant up so high?"
"Somebody pushed it when I came by."

"How did you get those eyes so bright?"
"I was scared by 'Seein' things at night.' "

"Whence that mouth with its three-fold twist?"
"Trying three ways to swallow my fist."

"Where did you find that curled-up ear?"
"Those nurses 'chinned' and it came to hear."

"Whence that solemn, long upper lip?"
"I thought I'd smile and it gave me the slip."

"Where did you get that fuzzy hair?"
"Picked off the stork 'cause my head was bare."

"Why do you scowl and look so 'mad'?"
"They tell me I look just like my dad."

"Why did you come to *me?* It's queer!"
"My tummy was empty—so I came here!"

GEORGIANA CHEESMAN.

New York, N. Y.

THE HUMOROUS LETTER.

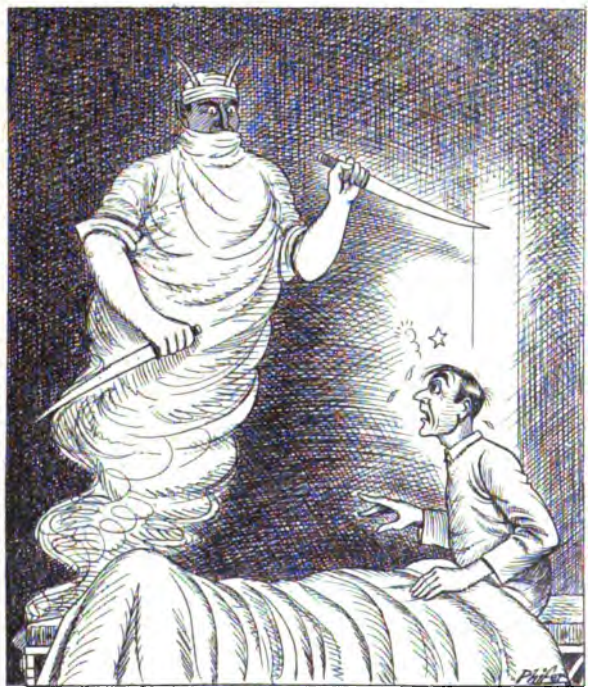
A CERTAIN unwise man devoted himself for a spell to a line of business based on spectacular advertising and a huge correspondence through the mails. Much of his business was done with doctors.

His letters were full of humor. He brought in, in the drollest manner, such expressions as these:

Beg to advise . . . Your esteemed favor of even date . . . It is hoped . . . opportunity you can ill afford to miss . . . there has been brought to our attention . . . We trust you will give same your careful consideration . . . Thanking you in advance.

Physicians and others who were favored with the gentleman's acquaintance by mail may be pleased to learn that he is taking a prolonged rest in Atlanta where "it is hoped" he will remain for not less than fourteen years.

Letter writers should be warned by this sad case and strive to say it just as they would if the other fellow were right there listening.



The Genesis of Shock—Just Before the Operation.

CAPILLARY ATTRACTION

DON'T TALK SHOP.

THE MEDICAL PICKWICK purports to be a magazine of wit and wisdom made by and for doctors and their friends. Therefore we do not mind occasional shop talk in the contributions. But we cannot allow the magazine to be utilized for propaganda purposes by persons who are interested in other trades. For example, when an aspiring author submitted a very good story beginning like this:

> "Virginia Termoyle tripped down the broad stairs, quietly swept up the hall and stood for a long moment boring the distinguished-looking caller through and through . . ."

—it was difficult to decide whether to send Virginia a vacuum cleaner to lighten her work or to summon an ambulance, but we hit upon a way out of the dilemma by advising the author to submit his story to *Casual Housekeeping* or *The Carpenter's World*.

A POPULAR REMEDY.

Mrs. Mooney: "Saints alive, Mrs. Clancey, phwat did yez giv that good-fur-nothin' ould man of yours to make him worruk loike that?"

Mrs. Clancey: "Yeast cakes, Mrs. Mooney, yeast cakes. Try thim on that poor ould sloth of yours and mebbe he'll come to agin."

WHIZZERINKTUMS

WHEREIN MEDICAL ETHICS IS MENTIONED.

A little more than two years ago, Dave Macht, a physician of eminence, was studying opium and its so-called "minor" alkaloids. In a moment of Christ-like pity he have to a world of pain his discovery of the therapeusis of benzyl benzoate. Before he proclaimed the therapy of benzyl benzoate it was known and used only in the perfume trade. His discovery may prevent the forming of thousands of dope fiends in the future. To Dave Macht, of Johns Hopkins Medical School, come fame and murmurs of appreciation from the world, which applauds. To the pharmaceutical houses come cheques for the capitalization of this discovery, and none applaud more bravely than these who must endure the jazz of the cash register bell. But we started to discuss medical ethics . . . you finish the discussion.

NAMES IS NAMES.

We note that whenever you find a doctor with one of these compound names, such as G. Whiffington Wott, he is just that kind of a fellow, any way you take him.

AGE.

I miss you when you're away, dear,
The house so quiet seems,
The Ghost of Silence sits upon
My shoulder, with his dreams.

I smoke and think and ponder long,
The Ghost moves not at all;
Except to jump and look around
When noisy children call.

Soon you'll return and banish him,
My thoughtful, cheerless Ghost,
And rooms will ring with happy song,
When I'm once more your host.

LILITH, OF THE VILLAGE, WRITES TO GILES.

Dear One:

Thank all the little incensed gods that I shall soon be finished here, as my routing ends in another week. Next season, the bureau has promised that my lectures on Life as it Is shall be given in larger cities. I have not written often, because I am seldom in the mood to write. This town is hell, Giles, to one who would live the Free Moods. Of course, I have been the usual wonderful attraction to the town dwellers, largely, I think, on account of my bobbed hair. Imagine, Giles, a mother who snatched away her baby because I had picked him up and was playing with him. He gave me a sticky kiss, just as his horrified mother tore him away. She said nothing, but her eyes told volumes. I was a Thing Apart, a Wild Woman—my hair was bobbed!

Yesterday, in the postoffice, a red-faced bumpkin sidled up to me and almost tore his cloth hat to pieces by embarrassed fumbling, while he asked me what were the chances of "settin' up" with me some night. I told him to go home and burn his rubber collar and that incensed him enough to become bolder and offer me a ride in his Ford!

The women stare, but they swallowed avidly what they could understand of my lectures. *I* don't understand all I say, put putting words together for rhythm very often becomes confusing—but it gets by, and the Chautauqua people are mad about my success.

Send me some cigarettes, Giles, dear. Buy them at our old shop and have them monogramed. They go big in the smaller places. With a hail and farewell, for the time, and longing to see you.

LILITH.

MORE MONKEY BUSINESS.

There are many ways to die. There is the heroic death of a soldier; the duel of honor; hari kari. These we consider with solemnity. But the average man who read that a King had died because of a bite of a monkey suspected a catch somewhere and looked for the wheeze. The monkey, in the popular mind, is the comedy animal of creation. This has been emphasized of late years by those who have used his "interstitial" glands to annoy the aged. You can't get away from the comedy in all this monkey business—the Greeks would have written much comedy about the subject many, many years ago had they known what we now know about hormones. Darwin was right. Often in our daily walks and associations we suddenly discover the Missing Link. Ho, hum, not to mention Hi, Ho!

EXECUTIVES.

Nine out of ten men owe success to their friends. In spite of efficiency systems numerous executives hold down jobs so long as they kow-tow to the man higher up. There are mere figure-heads. The above is a blunt truth. But there are other kinds of executives, men whose minds are attuned to whisperings that cannot be heard by the ordinary man. This type requires imagination and feeling and belief to arrive. He is emotional and likes quick steppers to do his personal work. His reactions are so quick, and so short-circuited that he commonly calls them hunches. To this type waste means cost, and lack of speed and planning mean waste. He is never rule-bound and if he wants a hurry-up message delivered to Garcia he will be excessively irritated if you wire in and ask approval of the route.

Said the trombone player to the leader of the country brass band: "What piece are we going to play next, Bill?" The leader replied: "The Stars and Stripes Forever." "Gosh!" exclaimed the trombone player, "I just got through playing that one!"

It is an old joke, but illustrative of the manner in which many of the dear Pee-pul work.

"Life, Liberty and the *Pursuit* of Happiness." Happiness lies in pursuing it—one cannot overtake Happiness. It is just ahead.

OLD ULTIMATE CONSUMER.

A word for Old Ultimate Consumer, I say! Cheers and tears for him! Mr. Toastmaster, he sits here embarrassed tonight, and nervously and uncomfortably arranges his tie because I am going to talk about him, and say things that will make his ears red. Sir, and Surrounding Potentates and Nobles, gaze upon the man who Won the War! Gaze upon the man who gets an inelastic salary and who is one of millions that is not profiteering, never has profiteered and never will profiteer! Cream of the milk; I should say that he is the fat and water soluble vitamines of all national growth and advancement. Who pays the bills—all of the bills? Why, Old U. C. He may groan at taxes and cuss the strikes, but he pays the increased rates for coal and he is the lad who is putting railroads back on their paying basis and who keeps public utilities going. When everything pops open, it is Old Ult who steps into the breach, hitches up his belt and contributes his mite to the Red Cross. Gentlemen, Old Ult is the man who elects our president, who runs our country and he hasn't one little bit of use for the Bolsheviki! But *he* has been sovietized and has had his leg pulled until it snaps when he walks. The wonderful thing about Old U. C. is his faith in the future. His motto is "Everything will come out all right, don't worry." U. C.! stand up, you son-of-a-gun, face an admiring crowd and let them see who is paying for this banquet tonight! It's you, Old Ult, so drink hearty of apple cider. (Cheers for Old Ult!)

THE THRIFTY POKER PLAYER.

(A Soliloquy)

Ah! there you lie, my dear, asleep,
And on your alabaster face,
Slicked up and toiletted so deep,
I seem to note a graven trace
Of purpose, set 'gainst your old Pet.
You waited long to share the win,
But fell asleep. I'll raise your bet.
Some bills I'll hide, not let you in—
You'd take too much. Excuse the grin—

These hundred francs in Palm Beach suit;
You'll never think of seeking there.
And fifty in this army boot—
Now fifty in the helmet where
You'll never look, and in this book
Another hundred francs I'll hide.
Your husband, dear, is not a crook,
But you are not the same dear bride,
So sleep on, hon', Pet's not pie-eyed!

ANATOMY.

Medical students nowadays can learn more of feminine anatomy by observing the passing crowd than by wasting time in the dissecting room.

OF SCIENTIFIC INTEREST.

In Judge Taylor's column in the *Chicago Tribune* was reported the case of a lady who was struck on the bounce in a golf match. The fellow who was shot in the fracas required an operation, but being struck on the bounce probably could cause nothing more than ecchymosis.

Why do some men wear toupees? There is a memory value, according to psychologists, in possessing a head that is as free of hair as an egg. Besides, a toupee fools no one but the wearer. To be remembered is to be advertised. Therefore, if you have such a head, polish it with floor wax, cultivate your idiosyncrasy and stand out from the crowd. Never mind what your critics say—critics belong to the ordinary run that comes in gross lots.

SING LO.

GREAT MOMENTS IN THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes Writes His First Humorous Poem.

THE PRODIGAL AND THE BOB VEAL

IN northern Judea, not far from the market town of Samaria, dwelt a well esteemed and fairly prosperous old farmer, who had two sons, John and William. John, the elder, was sober, industrious and a dutiful son to his father. William, the younger, was lazy and inclined to be vicious. But the old man loved William more than John.

When William became of age he went to his father and said:

"Father, you have often told John and me that when you died you intended to divide your property equally between us. I do not feel that I have any call to be a farmer, but believe that I would succeed in business, and I wish you would give me my inheritance now, and let me go to Jerusalem, where with that capital I could easily make my fortune."

The old man could not refuse his favorite son. He took from the bank the savings of his lifetime and raised more money on a note, and gave it all to William with his blessing.

William went to Jerusalem on the early morning train. There he fell in with a fast crowd who made him acquainted with the town. He hit the high spots industriously and kept on hitting them until all his money was spent.

When he was down and out, unable to raise even the price of a glass of beer, and compelled to sneak a bite from the free lunch counter or starve, he bethought him of his father and how easy the old man was, and he decided to go home and make a strike.

John was mowing in the upper meadow when he spied William coming over the hill in the distance. He saw that William walked slowly and did not appear snappy and prosperous. He guessed the rest. He said to himself:

"There's Bill come back again, and I bet he has come to touch the old man. We haven't yet finished paying off the note Dad borrowed money on to give to Bill, and here he's back for more. The old man is so soft that he will surely put a mortgage on the farm to get Bill more money to blow in, and I shall be left out in the cold. It is up to me to get busy and think up a hellish scheme." So saying he stuck his scythe upright in the ground and hot footed it home, thinking up the scheme on his way.

He found his father, who had been growing feeble of late, sitting under the old apple tree back of the house, reading the "Weekly Tirbune."

"Pop," he said, "who do you suppose I saw just now coming over Meadow Hill?"

"Surely not William," said the old man with tremulous eagerness. "We have not heard from him since he went away,and I have feared that he might have met with misfortune in the great city, but perhaps he was waiting to tell us of his success."

"It's Bill, all right," said John, "but I guess he has had hard luck, for he looked seedy, as well as I could make out in the distance. So I hurried home to prepare you. If it should be so, that Bill is on his uppers, I thought you might like to do something special for him in the way of a welcome so that he would not feel so bad about it."

"Yes, yes, my son, surely so. And it is very thoughtful of you to bring up the matter. What shall we do?"

"Well, Pop, you know Bill was always fond of eating. Now, if we have a little spread for him, something extra, it might help to take away the sting of his coming home like this. There is that fat calf which I was going to take to market tomorrow; what is the matter with killing it and making a feast for William?"

"Do so, my son, do so, and I cannot tell you how happy you make me by your loving and thoughtful care for your brother."

John went out to the barn and killed, not the fat and well-grown calf, but another calf which was unwholesomely young, was bob veal in fact. He knew that his brother had a weak stomach and he trusted to the bib veal to knock him out. That was his hellish scheme.

The old man met his prodigal son with tears of joy, and fell on his neck. He told him how glad he was to see him back, and did not comment on his ragged and starved appearance. He also told him of the feast which John had prepared in honor of his return, and William's mouth watered in anticipation, for he was very hungry.

At the feast William gorged himself on the bob veal, and that night he was taken with a fierce attack of indigestion, which turned into appendicitis.

The local physician, after some delay, made the diagnosis and had him taken to the hospital in Samaria.

There he was operated on by the best known and most expensive surgeon in northern Judea. Complications set in and he had a stormy convalescence and it was not until after many weeks that he was sufficiently improved to be taken back to the old homestead now heavily mortgaged to pay the expenses of his sickness. There he slowly regained his health.

His old father, badly broken up by anxiety for his son, died soon after William was brought home from the hospital.

John, burdened with the heavily mortgaged farm, his invalid brother and his guilty conscience, took to drinking hard cider, under the influence of which he rapidly degenerated.

While John was thus degenerating, a remarkable change took place in William. He became industrious and frugal, and by the time that John sank into a drunkard's grave, he had succeeded by enterprise and hard work in paying off the mortgage on the farm. He continued to be industrious and frugal and in time became the wealthiest farmer in the neighborhood, and notoriously the most tight fisted, and when finally he died at a good old age, he was a director in the local savings bank and a deacon in the church.

E. E. CORNWALL, M. D.

Brooklyn, New York.

YOU GUESS THE TEMPERATURE.

The Dawn of Modern Medicine—An Account of the Revival of the Science and Art of Medicine Which Took Place in Western Europe During the Latter Half of the Eighteenth Century and the First Part of the Nineteenth. By Albert H. Buck, M. D., New Haven. Yale University Press, 1920.

Readers of this journal may recall a long review by the present writer published in PICKWICK at the time that Dr. Buck's earlier work, "The Growth of Medicine," appeared about three years ago—a review from which the publishers have done our journal and the reviewer the honor to quote in their advertisements of the book. Dr. Buck, whose energy and capacity for hard work and diligent research do not seem to be at all limited by advanced years, has now followed up his earlier and larger volume by the present one, entitled "The Dawn of Modern Medicine," which may for all practical purposes be considered a continuation of "The Growth of Medicine."

The author's brief preface reveals the interesting fact that much of the rare material for this book is gathered right in our own country, in the library of Transylvania College at Lexington, Kentucky, which, just a century ago, had purchased in Paris many valuable medical books which are now quite rare and inaccessible.

Some of the objections that were made to Dr. Buck's earlier books apply with equal force to this one. The "Dawn of Modern Medicine" is no more a connected, systematic medical history than was "The Growth of Medicine." It is, indeed, like the latter, rather a series of separate essays of medico-historical interest. They appear to be written, not as parts of a consecutive, well-thought out treatise, but have the appearance rather of papers previously and separately published, and now gathered together into one whole.

"The Dawn of Modern Medicine" takes for its scope mainly the medical history of the eighteenth century. Whether Dr. Buck, if years and energy permit, intends to discuss in a subsequent volume, the still more modern phase of medical history, we do not know, nor do we know whether, when the earlier volume appeared, the author already contemplated the present sequel. The book under discussion, however, removes the reproach which the present writer leveled against "The Growth of Medicine," that it made no serious attempt to discuss events after the seventeenth century, and therefore was of limited value to the very class of readers for whom it was intended.

Let us begin with the illustrations, which are numerous and excellent, many of them being quite unusual. Many of the portraits are from that well-known storehouse of information, Pettigrew's "Medical Portrait Gallery."

The very first chapter places us greatly in Dr. Buck's debt, for in it he discusses a character little mentioned in the usual treatises on medical history—Théophraste Rénaudot." The whole chapter will amply repay careful study. To most of us it will probably be our first introduction to Rénaudot, who, it is evident, was a remarkable personage. He was a genuine philanthropist, who introduced in France something much akin to our present dispensary and social service systems. It is gratifying to note that his native town of Loudon has honored his memory with a monument, which is shown in one of the illustrations.

The succeeding chapters are occupied with discussions of various phases of eighteenth century medicine and with biographical sketches of many of the great figures. In prefacing his account of Johann Christian Reil, the author's unfeigned surprise at learning that good scientific work was being done in Northern and entral Germany in the eighteenth century is certainly *naive*. The brief account of Reil, however, gives much that is of interest. But why men of such divergent types as Reil, Hahnemann and Hufeland should be discussed in the same chapter it is beyond the present writer's power to imagine.

The chapter on Swiss physicians is, of course, largely devoted to Albrecht, von Haller. What Dr. Buck says about him is interesting, but not new. A splendid portrait of Haller accompanies this sketch. Further on we find some discussion of Johann Peter Frank and his treatises on public health and related topics. Frank is revealed not only as an extremely industrious investigator but as an absolutely honest one. We read also about Dieffenbach and Langenbeck in the pre-antiseptic and pre-aseptic period of surgery.

A whole chapter is given up to Van Swieten, who well deserves it, and this is followed by an account of the Vienna School, of which Van Swieten was the forerunner. There is much worthy reading concerning the Vienna Medical School, Vienna hospitals, specialism in

Vienna, teachers like Prochaska, Rokitousky and Hyrtl, and similar topics.

In a chapter on Italian physicians of the eighteenth century, we read much that is instructive concerning Baglivi, Morgagni, Scarpa, Spallanzani and Galvani, all of them men who have certainly made their impress upon the history of medicine. Whatever is written of the history of the triumph over smallpox should always attract attention among medical men. Dr. Buck tells the story in an interesting way. Then there is the ever new and ever interesting history of Priestly and Lavoisier and the discovery of oxygen. Dr. Buck passes in review the great names in English medicine of the eighteenth century—the Hunters, Brokie, the Bells. He then crosses over to France and describes the careers of Bordev and Bichat, Lemounier, Cabanis, Vicq-d-Azyr (whose "foramen" will serve to immortalize him), Bayle, Coroisart and others. The invention of the stethoscope by Laennec, the differentiation or typhoid from typhus fever occupy succeeding chapters. In discussing French surgery of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Dr. Buck is right to denominate as the "golden age of surgery in France" the period during which Jean Louis Petit, Chopart, Desault and Dupuytren flourished, although this is by no means to reflect on the high state of surgery in France ever since. In the specialties, Demours, Descemet, Delpech and others have all done work to make their names remembered.

The two great names in military surgery, Larrey and Desgenettes, likewise receive adequate discussion.

Not the least interesting portion of the book consists of the chapters on hospitals and medical schools in Paris, "La Maternité," the "Faculté de Médecine," the Hotel Dieu, the Charité, the Salpétriere—all names to conjure with in medical history. With a chapter on Trousseau, the book comes to a close except for a brief bibliography.

In this volume Dr. Buck has given us a pleasing sequel to the "Growth of Medicine," which despite some defects of plan and execution, is complete in itself, gives an interesting résumé of the medical history for the period which it covers and ought to be read by all to whom the history of medicine is a never-failing sourse of delight.

HERMAN T. RADIN.

New York, N. Y.

AS LIFE SEEMS TO MANY OF US.

The Medical Pickwick

VOL. VII FEBRUARY, 1921 No. 2.

STAFF-NURSE: OLD STYLE.

The greater masters of the commonplace,
REMBRANDT and good SIR WALTER—only these
Could paint her all to you; experienced ease,
And antique liveliness, and ponderous grace;
The sweet old roses of her sunken face;
The depth and malice of her sly gray eyes;
The broad Scot's tongue that flatters, scolds, defies;
The thick Scot's wit that fells you like a mace.
These thirty years has she been nursing here,
Some of them under SYME, her hero still.
Much is she worth, and even more is made of her.
Patients and students hold her very dear.
The doctors love her, tease her, use her skill.
They say "The Chief" himself is half-afraid of her.

W. E. Henley.

THE INDISPENSABLE FROG.

What does not humanity owe to that paragon of animals from a physiological point of view? Consider! The "missing link" of the capillaries was found in its lung by Malpighi. The first accurate descriptions of red blood corpuscles by Swammerdam, and later by Leeuwenhoek, were made on its blood. Is not the basis of the physiology of muscle established on experiments on its gastrocnemius? Did not Pfluger establish that oxydation does take place in the tissues and not in the blood by his famous experiments on a frog, with all the blood washed out of its vessels and replaced by normal saline solution? As to its heart, has it not been cut, ligatured, and stimulated with all forms of stimuli, electrical and chemical? The names of Descartes and Stannius—dear old Stannius in far-off Rostock, the writer of an incomplete treatise on comparative anatomy—are associated with the early study of its physiology. On it the brothers Weber established the first fundamental experiment on cardiac inhibition. On it also Gaskell solved the problem of the course of accelerator and inhibitory impulses. On its spinal cord Johannes Muller confirmed the doctrine of the functions of the anterior and posterior roots of a spinal nerve, and was it not on a piece of the sciatic nerve of a frog—two inches in length—that Helmholtz measured the velocity of a nerve impulse, a problem that a few years before his great master, J. Müller, declared to be impossible of solution? Joseph Lister made his early observations on its pigment cells, and his researches on its vasomotor nerves, and Waller his researches on the papillae of its tongue. Its tissues, the cornea, and other parts have been the grounds on which many a battle royal regarding inflammation has been conducted; and so on. All this is directly beside the mark, but it indicates the importance of selecting a suitable animal for experiment.—*William Sterling: Some Apostles of Physiology* (1902).

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Initial letters, devices and tail pieces by Mills Thompson and Mildred McM. Blanchett.

VOCAL OR INSTRUMENTAL.

It was her first baby and she was telling a woman friend—the mother of a large family—the distressing details of the birth.

"You must know that my baby's birth was instrumental," was the way she put it.

"I've heard of them being vocal but never before of them being instrumental," responded the other. *T. J. L.*

Doctor: I have called about a dozen times to collect this bill.
Slowpay: That's all right, Doc, as long as you don't charge me for every visit.

HIS FIRST CASE

CHAPTER 9.—The Call of Duty.

THE practice of medicine is sometimes exasperating work, for it interferes with many of the pleasures of life. Fred had had a checker game scheduled for the evening with Justina. Had he filled the appointment, the services of Henry and Napoleon would not have been needed, for the strange man would have had no opportunity to molest the girl. But it was nine o'clock when he drove his car to the Ganey home and stopped, having been gone since four in the afternoon.

"Don't get out, Doctor," called Mrs. Ganey from the porch. "They want you over at Colonel Darl's. I'll have supper ready for you when you get back."

"All right," he answered wearily. "Who's sick there?"

"Somebody that's visiting them."

He touched the starter and the warm engine hummed into activity, and within three minutes he arrived at the Darl mansion, where Dawkins met him at the door and silently ushered him to the Colonel's private den, and a glance at the stranger nearly caused him to drop his handbag with surprise, for it was the blond young man who was sitting in a large easy chair with both legs elevated upon a high foot stool and covered with a sheet.

"I want you to meet my good friend, Mr. Dowlee, of Omaha," said Colonel Darl.

The blond young man reached out his hand. "Ah! I believe we've met before," he said. "I had the pleasure of being nearly winded by the Doctor one day when he stumbled over a suitcase in the aisle of a passenger coach. Ha! ha! do you remember it, Doctor? . . . You must excue me for not rising to greet you, but the dogs of war have chosen your village as a good place to carry on their wrath against me." He finished with a laugh.

"I remember you," said Fred. "It was the day I came here. My last sight of you was when you were sprawling in the aisle, having stumbled over the same suitcase."

The blond young man laughed again.

"That's right," he agreed. "But you may rest assured that the suitcase was removed after I got up and talked it over with the owner."

Fred, watching him closely while he was talking, admitted to himself that this rival of his was a likable fellow. He could readily see how Justina might easily be attracted to a man of this type, who was jovial, mild-mannered, good-looking and possessed a charming personality. New doubts sprang up in his mind—could he hope to win against such a man? He was determined to try and made up his mind, then, to rush his suit through to a quick finish.

"Mr. Dowlee had the misfortune to be bitten by a dog this evening," explained the Colonel, removing the sheet from his guest's limbs and showing several torn and lacerated wounds. "He only arrived today and must leave again tomorrow, so he says. I have urged him to stay, but he thinks it impossible, for pressing business compels his attention in Des Moines and he wishes to leave on the morning train. I thought you would be the most capable judge as to whether that would be possible."

Fred inspected the wounds, finding seven on the right leg and five on the left. While he was inspecting them, he was also thinking, and he decided that if the blond young man wanted to leave the village, well and good. He, Fred Forson, would not discourage it, even if it were necessary to transport the charming Mr. Dowlee to the depot on a cot.

"The wounds are not deep," he said, after inspecting them, "but the dog chewed you quite liberally." Then, turning to the Colonel, he asked: "Whose dog was it?"

"We don't know," answered Mr. Dowlee. "I was coming from the store when he darted out from the darkness—and—well, he started the fight."

"A dog like that ought not to be allowed to run loose," declared Fred.

"That's what I say," interjected the Colonel. "Thunderation! He'll kill somebody yet."

Fred opened his handbag and began the cauterization of the wounds. "How big a dog was it?" he asked.

"It was pretty dark and I couldn't see," answered the suave Mr. Dowlee, smoothly. "He rushed at me so fast that I had no time to think of anything except to get away, but I think he was fairly good-sized."

"Was he near any house?" asked Colonel Darl, for the tenth time since the accident.

"No," lied Mr. Dowlee. "As I said, it was along the open stretch of roadway between here and the store."

"That's damn funny!" exploded the Colonel. "I don't know of a dog in town that would attack a stranger that way—unless Bob Flinn's got a new one recently. He lives down the river a short distance, and if he had a dog it might easily wander this far."

He pushed a button on his desk.

"Yes, sir," answered Dawkins, who slipped into the room immediately.

"Dawkins, have you yet thought of any vicious dog in the village?"

"Only as I told you, sir. Mrs. Everett has—"

"Thunderation!" yelled the Colonel, pounding his desk. "Don't tell me that again; Haven't I told you that the Everetts keep their dog at home, and that he has never disturbed anybody unless they were prowling about the premises? I suppose you will be suggesting that it was my own dog, next?"

Dawkins bowed. "Yes, sir; it is barely possible. I never trust any dog, sir."

"That will do!" spoke the Colonel, sharply. Dawkins disappeared. Colonel Darl savagely pushed the button again. Dawkins instantly returned. "When you are summoned to my presence, you will remain until dismissed," reprimanded the master. "What other dog is there in the village that might be responsible for this outrageous crime?"

"I cannot think of any at present, sir; but, of course, my acquaintance with dogs, as the master knows, is somewhat limited, although—"

"That will do!"

Dawkins bowed again. "Yes, sir," he said, and then stood stiffly.

"Leave the room," shouted the Colonel. "What do you mean by standing there after you are dismissed?"

Dawkins bowed once more and left quietly. No sooner had he vanished than the Colonel pushed the button. "Dawkins, go to the telephone and relate the sad experience of Mr. Dowlee to Tom Ganey, and tell him that, as he is president of the board of township trustees, I demand the immediate execution of this dog."

"Yes, sir."

At the mention of the name of Mrs. Everett, Fred glanced at the blond young man to see if a change of expression might come over his face, but nothing indicated that he even recognized the name.

"Are you acquainted in the village?" he inquired, while working with the wounds.

"Not to any extent," was the reply. "I have met Mr. Ganey and I was slightly acquainted with Miss Everett when she was in school at Oliva. I met her mother once while she was visiting there. Beside you, I believe that is the extent of my acquaintances."

"Miss Everett is quite popular with us here," said Fred casually.

"So she was in school," replied Mr. Dowlee, with as much unconcern.

The young physician was puzzled. He knew that Justina was not the kind of girl to shed tears over a man with whom she was *slightly* acquainted. If this statement of a slight acquaintance was true, there was nothing to worry about. If it was not true—and he had a feeling that the shrewd Mr. Dowlee was telling a lie—why should he want to deny acquaintance with a girl that anybody else in the world would boast of? He worked slowly, taking great pains to carefully attend to each individual wound; then he wrapped the limbs with wet antiseptic gauze and applied a thin layer of wet cotton over it, after which he bandaged them neatly.

"I can leave, can't I, without hurting anything?" asked the patient. "I'm going to Des Moines for a few days and I can get attention there."

"You had better stay," suggested the Colonel.

"No," objected the blond young man, whose sole purpose in leaving was to get away from the village because of the fact that it would be rather embarrassing to meet Justina while he was still invalided from Napoleon's attack. "I've got a very important deal on hand, and I must be there tomorrow unless the doctor absolutely forbids it."

Fred closed his handbag and snapped the fasteners. The departure of the blond young man would be very gratifying, but he held himself well in hand, speaking in very professional tones:

"Of course, technically speaking, you should not be on your feet at all, and it might be better to remain here a few days. However, if your business is urgent and you feel that you *must* go, the trip to Des Moines won't hurt you, for you will not be on your feet enough to count. You can go to the station in Colonel Darl's car and get a taxicab in Des Moines."

Dawkins returned. He bowed to the Colonel and spoke: "Mr. Ganey sends his sympathy, sir, and says he will be most happy to perform the execution in public,

if you will produce the dog and furnish proof of his guilt."

The Colonel boiled with rage; his face became purple; the veins stood out prominently on his forehead and neck; his eyes bulged out. He arose and doubled up both fists; holding them high above his head, he shook them violently; he stamped his feet with anger.

"Thunderation!" he roared. "Tom Ganey's a fool, and you're another fool, too, Dawkins. Understand! I said you were a fool. What did you tell him, to return with that kind of a message?"

Dawkins, undisturbed by the master's anger, answered evenly: "I told him, sir, of the sad experience of your guest, as you directed. Then I called his attention to his official position, as you again directed, and presented your demand for the immediate execution of the dog."

"And what did he say?"

"He wanted to know if I would bring the dog tonight or in the morning, and requested that the dog be muzzled when delivered."

Further conversation was at that time interrupted by a loud laugh from the blond young man, but this was immediately silenced by a wave from the hand of the angered Colonel who spoke again:

"Mr. Dowlee takes the occurrence in a light-hearted way, but, to me, this is a serious matter. Go and tell Tom Ganey that I am not in the mood for joking and that I do not intend to be trifled with. Tell him that I am not a dog-catcher, and that it is his duty to see that all wild and vicious animals are impounded and punished with severity commensurate to the extent of the crime—in this case, death. It is a blot upon the village, as well as upon me personally, that a guest of my house is not able to peaceably walk the streets of our hamlet without being devoured by a beast. . . . Hold! Dawkins, I will tell him myself. Show Doctor Forson out."

Fred did not sleep well that night, for many thoughts filled his brain. He pondered over the advisability of asking Justina for her hand at once, and decided that his acquaintance with her was too short for such a radical procedure, as the memory of the manner in which she had cut him short, on the night of his victory in the Johnson case, when his sentimentality was beginning to assert itself, came back to him, and he feared that sudden action might result in a complete rupture of their friendship.

But at noon, when she met him on the street, an incident happened that gave him new encouragement. She had asked him if there were any calls to make in the afternoon, and had received a negative reply, and was starting to leave when Fred said, quite casually:

"I met one of your friends last evening."

"I don't doubt it," she smiled. "I have many friends, but who was the particular one you refer to?"

"A gentleman visiting Colonel Darl, by the name of Dowlee. He said he knew you in Oliva, when you went to school."

Justina ignored the remark. "Who was sick there?" she asked with alarm. "Was it Aunt Rena?"

"No, it was Mr. Dowlee. Some vicious dog had bitten him on the legs; it was quite severe, too, but not serious."

"Oh," said the girl, softly, and the way the simple remark was drawn out implied that she was not particularly interested. At the same time she dropped her eyes to the ground, and Fred, studying her, wondered if this was only her peculiar disposition asserting itself, for, even if she was intensely interested, she might not show it, such was her unemotional, steady way.

But he was wrong. He had never seen her wrought up, as to temper. His next query brought forth all the pent-up wrath that she was holding with so much difficulty.

"Mr. Dowlee is a charming fellow, don't you think so?"

Her eyes blazed; her teeth set firm; she clenched her little fists until the nails cut into the flesh; her body was trembling with rage. She spoke with short, sharp words: "Don't you *ever* speak that name to me again!"

Then, turning abruptly, she started toward home.

Fred stood gazing at her with open-mouthed astonishment until her lithe figure had disappeared around the corner. Then he took a long breath and said to himself: "Well, you've certainly stirred up a hornet's nest." And a smile of satisfaction spread over his face: "The blond young man is out of the running, for some reason or other, so you can take things a bit easier—the prize is yours if you go after it diplomatically. Be careful, though, of that temper until you've got her; then you can laugh it away."

At the table he ate only his dessert and drank his coffee, for he was not hungry, and Tom Ganey was quick to take notice. "It's a bad sign when a young fellow refuses his oats," he remarked to his wife. "I've been that way."

"I'd like to know when?" asked Mrs. Ganey. "I've never seen you that way."

"Of course not—that was when I was in love with you. Since I got married I've seen what a fool I was, so I've been trying to catch up. . . . Pass the bread. . . . That's our ring on the phone."

Mrs. Ganey answered it. She returned at once and nodded to Fred. "Somebody wants you, Doctor."

"All right." He finished his coffee with a gulp and went to answer the summons.

"I wish you'd come out to my house right away," came an excited voice over the wire.

"Who's talking?" he asked.

"Henry Bean."

"What's the trouble—gall-stones again?"

"No; it isn't that. I don't know what it is, but Julia, my wife, acts awful queer. Can you come right away?"

"Yes."

* * * * *

Julia, as Henry had said, was acting most decidedly queer. Since his return from the field at eleven-thirty she had spoken no cross word to him, and this, in itself, was enough to excite his suspicions. But, added to this strange silence was a worried, haggard look on her face, and, during the process of washing the dishes, she dropped and shattered two cups and one plate.

"What's the matter, Julia, my love?" asked the frightened Henry.

"Nothing," came the solemn reply.

But Henry could see that something was the matter. for one thing, she was nervous, and this awful, foreboding silence troubled him. Why did not his beloved Julia rant and rave? When the dishes were finished she settled in a rocking chair and stared straight before her, silent, sad, depressed, as if something dreadful was on her mind. Hence, he mentioned his intention of calling the doctor, and even this did not cause an outburst.

"There's something worrying her," said Fred, outside, after the examination. "Do you know what it is?"

"No," answered Henry, his gray eyes moving from the distant woodland and back again in quick succession. "I don't know of anything that could be worrying her —nothing's happened, out of the ordinary." His eyes ceased their roving for a moment and fixed themselves on Fred: "She isn't dangerous, is she?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that. There's no reason for you to be alarmed over her; she has no fever, no pain, the pulse is good. She says she's tired and owns up to being nervous. She's worried. You give the medicine just as I told you. It will quiet her nervousness, and it's apt to make her sleep, so don't wake her up for it—sleep will do her good. She will be all right in a few days, provided the cause of the worry doesn't continue, and even then time will wear anything out."

Henry shook his head thoughtfully, as he followed Fred to the automobile. "I don't know what it could be," he repeated.

Ah, Henry Bean, little does man realize how closely a woman can guard a secret, even though she is noted for her chatter. You will never know the cause of your wife's worry from her own lips, and that questioning will do no good. She will not answer truthfully. She will evade your persistent pleadings. Innocent conversation from those passing by can do untold damage, unconsciously.

"Howdy, Mrs. Bean," one of the neighbors had said that morning, greeting her from the seat of his high wagon. "Have you heard the news about Lem Hardesty?"

"No; what's Lem been doing now?"

"He got hold of a fiddle somewhere yesterday, and last night when the music teacher from Oliva was going home Lem called him in to see about taking lessons, and the music teacher nearly went crazy over the fiddle. He said it was an old one of some kind—I heard the name but I've forgot it—and that there wasn't very many like it in the world. He offered Lem a thousand dollars for it and raised to twelve hundred, but Lem wouldn't sell, because he says he can get better figures."

* * * * *

In the evening Fred went to see Justina. He had been thinking throughout the afternoon and had half decided to put up a bold front and propose to her without delay, but now, as he entered the yard, he found his heart beating rapidly with fear. He caressed Napoleon, who came running to him with barks of glee, and, while he did so, he debated in his mind what course to pursue.

When he was half way to the vine-covered porch, the screen door opened quickly and Justina stepped forth. One look at her chalkened face served to inform the young physician that she was frightened.

"Oh, Doctor Forson, how glad I am to see you," she cried, running to him. "I was just going after you. Mamma has been suddenly taken with that awful pain again—worse than ever before. Hurry, please!"

He dashed forward to the call of duty. Instead of spending an evening in peaceful recreation, he spent a night of damnable torture—a night that Fred Forson will never forget.

(To be continued.)

WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D.

Ottumwa, Iowa.

A LAKE KEUKA FOX HUNT

ARE we ever grateful enough to our school teachers? Do we ever appreciate the influence they exercised over us in forming our careers? I never had but one teacher (I graduated when I was twelve); he was an American soldier in the Mexican War, a shrewd judge of men, a better judge of boys. I remember him walking down to my bench in the little red schoolhouse one beautiful morning in early March and whispering "Old Curt has started a fox over on South hill, you may go if you like." Tim Campbell once convulsed the country and shocked Grover Cleveland by asking, "What does the Constitution amount to between friends?"

And what under heaven did nouns and verbs and adjectives amount to between John Quigley and me, especially when the hounds were tongueing.

He went to his reward more than forty years ago, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

One afternoon last December it snowed a little and then cleared up, the wind changing from west to south. My hunting and fishing partner "Tad" Spencer (an outdoor man in the best sense of that term), lives on Bluff Point, on the west shore of the east branch of Lake Keuka. I crossed the lake that evening because I knew Spencer would go fox hunting the next morning at dawn.

At five o'clock next morning we were at the breakfast table. We are both bachelors, both know a little about cooking.

I don't know why rabbit sausage tastes better than other sausage, but it does. I don't know why wild honey tastes better than hive honey on buckwheat cakes, but it does. I don't know why a fox hunter has a better appetite than other people, but he does.

We put the hounds in the boat and rowed across the lake and were at the gully (Eggleston's) entrance at dawn. I had brought along a registered Walker fox hound pup, ten months old, and expected to turn her loose when the old hound "Lucky" started a fox. As the pup had never hunted before we both kept on the south side of the gully bank. We had traveled up a steep hill for a half mile looking for a track, the dogs held in leash. Spencer, who led the way by a dozen yards, stopped and pointing to the shore said, "It blowed some last night and this track is all filled in, but maybe we had better take a chance."

He took the collar off and pointing his finger at the mark in the snow clucked to the hound.

The gully sides at this point are very steep and covered with bush, weeds, etc. The hound pushed his nose down into the track, blew out the light snow, and then took a long, deep breath.

I noticed he was facing the direction the fox came from, but he turned like a flash, pitched his head up into the air and gave the long calling cry of the cold trailing fox hound. With a feeling of certainty one has in the multiplication tables we watched the hound disappear into the bottom of the gully, which at this point is perhaps two hundred yards wide.

An occasional cry floated up to us on the frosty air from the bottom of the gully as he cold trailed east, crossing from side to side, over boulders and windfalls, and on the smooth ice of the creek.

Then he jumped him, the fox rushed up to the bank on the opposite side of the gully, turned west and ran until about opposite us, darted down the gully side a dozen yards and then ran back east forty rods, bounded up on the bank again and followed the hound. They were in plain sight; with the ground covered with snow we were able to watch every movement.

When the hound was on the west end of the loop, the fox was on the east end; at times he stopped suddenly and stood listening. "He is an old dog fox," Spencer whispered. "Luck has had him on before, but he always gave us the slip at that heap of boulders near the falls. I hope you have brought sandwiches enough, for it may mean all day and then some."

After the second loop Spencer went east to a pathway that led across the gully. I remained on the south side watching the runway which, sooner or later, he might take. As Spencer reached the gully bank on the north side the fox broke from the gully and bolted northeast, running straight toward a farm house, the hound following forty rods behind.

There was another gully at Crosby, three miles north, and I thought the fox would go there, so I crossed over to the north side and met Spencer. Together we went north and met the hound coming back across the second field. "There is a bull dog at that house," Spencer explained, "and he may have driven Luck off."

We tracked the fox until opposite the house and there in the snow found the place where the bull dog had interfered and where the hound had come back for us.

We put the hound on the track again and he turned east, then south; the fox had doubled and run into the head of the gully. I went back and took a position where I was sure he could not pass without being seen. Spencer went a mile above and waited at another vantage point. The hound had now gone out of hearing, but we knew he would come back on the north side.

An hour afterwards I heard the dog in the distance coming toward us. We knew from his short, excited tongueing that he was close to the fox.

Then one of those unexplainable things that often comes to the fox hunter happened, the dog passed below on my side of the gully within easy shooting distance, and I never got a peep at the fox.

Did the fox pass right under my nose and I not see it? It seemed absurd to think so. The sun had melted the snow on the north side and great patches of brown grass and leaves were before me with an occasional patch of snow. To satisfy myself I worked down to where the dog had passed and there in a small piece of snow was the round footprint of the fox.

How in the world did he ever do it? He was going east when I got to the gully, but pass he did and right before me, too.

The dog continued on towards the mouth of the gully. As I reached the bank again I met Spencer. "That fox has left the gully and gone south," he explained. "We must cross here."

I took the cartridges out of my gun and followed. The gully bank on the south side is very steep. We toiled upward, digging our gun stocks into the snow for support and reaching for every twig that might enable us to retain our balance. When near the top I looked back, one single slip meant death on the rocks a hundred and fifty feet below.

When we reached the top we heard the hound in another gully a half mile south. We moved along to a small depression where I waited; it was the very place Spencer took the collar off the hound in the morning. Spencer walked down towards the mouth of the gully and waited at a runway. Off to the west I saw the hound coming back to the big gully. A few minutes after I saw a movement in the bushes on the opposite side and out walked the fox; he jumped on a fallen log and sat down a good fifty yards beyond shooting distance. As the hound approached he crawled along the log, stopping every few feet to look back and listen. A rabbit bounded out from under a windfall and ran up the gully side, but he paid no attention to it.

I wigwagged Spencer and he now ran up. I pointed out the fox to him. He started east on a run, crossed the path a half mile above and waited on the north side.

By this time the hound was within two rods of the fox; the fox was working up the side, using every log and bush and blow-down for a screen. He now came to a cliff that had a perpendicular face and waited until the hound was quite close, then he jumped lightly out on what must be a small shelf across the face of the cliff, stopped when half way across and looked back. I could not see a solitary thing for him to walk on, but there he was fifty feet from the bottom walking gingerly along an invisible shelf that could not have been more than a few inches wide.

When "Luck" reached the cliff he poked his nose straight up into the air and howled, then he jumped on the shelf, walked out a few feet and backed out again; then he started again but again backed out; the third time he started. He is only a dog but my heart seemed to move up into my throat as he went on. The cliff was perhaps a hundred feet wide; once he hesitated. I knew he could not turn back, perhaps he did, too.

He is an old campaigner. Why under heaven didn't he circle and pick up the trail on the other side? I had seen him make losses in other chases. When a fox had run a rail fence or jumped from a windfall, he circled then, why not now?

A fall of fifty feet to the rocks below meant a dead dog, but he didn't fall. He moved slowly a few feet ahead, paused, then finished his stunt and went tongueing again on the other side. After passing the cliff he turned toward the falls.

Many a fox hunter has made a "loss" here, for the gully is filled with great masses of rocks. When Luck reached the rocks he howled for a few moments, then all was silent.

A half hour afterwards Spencer came up. "He must have winded me ahead," he said, "for he went into the rocks."

The chase was over and the fox won out. I looked at my watch, it was 4:30.

Lake Keuka lay at our feet, four hundred feet below, white-capped and beautiful in the crisp air. We could hear the surf pounding on the shore and see the gulls searching its surface for food. A half hour afterwards we were in the boat pulling for camp. We had eaten our lunch about eleven o'clock and it was now five, but our stomachs gave the lie to our watches. I expected Spencer would say something about the hunt as he crossed over, but he never mentioned it. "We will have a fried rabbit apiece with sweet potatoes," he said, "and when our pipes are lit we'll sum up."

J. D. BUCKLEY.

THE DEPARTING GUEST

Sixty full years I've lived, and when I say
Lived, I mean with every angle filled,
Satisfied, no crannies left unswept,
No side untouched; forcing each day
To yield itself to what I willed.
Hungry for life, my appetite I kept
Guarded from satiety; thus slept
Potentialities of sense.

No puny weakling I, robbed of my heritage,
By unaccounted biologic slip, but strong
In body, mind and soul: a man indeed,
Whose every sense was whole, whose brain alert,
Quick to defend the right, resent the wrong,
Looking day's sun straight in the face, all unashamed;
Erect, with blood to spare, clear-eyed: a voice
Thunderous with masculinity;
Patient in steady effort, eager for a spurt,
Sharp-edged as razor to the universe.

What should I do? Had I a choice
Of some vocation among men?
First, I would live, yes, LIVE, and then
Work, play, rest, tasting every sense,
Reaping their rich emoluments;
Hand ever open, as my purse,
For such rewards as fell: blessing or curse!

Lust of the eye
Was mine to satisfy.
Nature in her best moods I saw, and art as well,
Travel, exploits on mountain, plain or sea,
And such experiences as came to me,
Or luck befell;
Red wine, rosy-lipped women. For eye and ear
  Poetry, music, eloquence, and all
The allurements of the stage and dance.

I did not share the common fear
That sights and sounds like these would pall
Upon a sense as keen as mine;
I took enough but not too much good wine!

Then marriage, children, contest, leadership,
The tang of competition, hot debate,
Election, honors, statesmanship—
Rewards for which men toil and wait!

Pain, too, and sorrow, my full share,
Failures and disappointments, loss of friends,
Ingratitude of loved ones, every care
That weighs men down and slowly bends
The strongest frame, and turns the hair.

All this I suffered, yet was life to me
Sensuous, and touched with glad surprise,
I still loved sunsets, and the faint sunrise,
The warm, soft depths of woman's eyes,
Thrilled over music, got my full night's rest,
Ate caviar, and took cold baths with zest.

Often I read and thought on life, and death,
Especially on death I mused, and wondered why
Men who had lived their lives should fear to die,
Not having more to do or see or feel,
Think over, dream of, plan, reveal.
Why labor further, taking breath,
Giving a tired heart more work
Than compensation? Surely useless
Merely to live on to keep from dying;
Taking it out in moans and sighing,
In other words, playing the shirk!
The excuse—that death is ruthless?
But so is life, and so are men
And nations: I guess, nine out of ten.

I spurn the cowardice that fears to die, I thought,
If die one must.
'Tis but a weak distrust
Of Providence, and all the means
Nature holds lien on. We must face
Throat's rattle, gasp, and final shudder,
As other physical phenomena;
Mere incidents of change and motion
Of ships upon a wave-charged ocean;
Vibration in a speeding car—
Shocks, jolts, and bumps expected are—
We're only going to our place!
To regions of the sun and star,
Out, up, winged, free, traversing space,
Beyond all things we know—far, far;
Life's over, now intervenes
The interregnum, lapse, abyss—
At least, between another world and this.

MAR 8 1922
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"The pain is what I dread," says one,
"The final agony of death;"
That awful struggle which forever ends
The pleasant, rhythmic ebb and flow of breath!
And yet on good authority,
(The words of careful, patient-serving men
Who calmly sit and watch us when we die)—
Dying is not a painful thing,
It's soothed by kindly processes which lie
Opium-charged in nature's alchemy.
The body-sense of pain is dulled—
That quick-returning stab of pain
At whose approach we cry and shrink,
Even as we think.

There's none of that: the soul takes wing
As wind-flowers bloom, and sweet birds fling
Their souls at Summer's wakening—
And the soul's free again!

Surely 'twere graceless for a man who's lived
Sixty round years or more of plentitude,
Tasting the best that life afforded in his day,
To whine about his going, beg to stay—
I call it thoughtless, thankless, rude,
Vulgar ingratitude!
For with what kindness has our host
Made us his guests, spreading life's feast
Abundant privilege for the least,
Yielding his bounty without boast!
Wine, restless, shimmering like the sea,
Fragrant and sparkling in the cup,
Borrowed from France or Italy,
Waiting for us to drink it up!
Fruits, luscious, red, and ripe,
Venison fresh from the chase;
Rich-flavored things from every place,
With appetite to taste and sup.
Nothing's denied: one peal of song,
Accompanied by the harp and pipe;
Good is it all where goods are rife—
Could heaven be half so good as life?

No doubt the young who, lingering long,
Their bodies dying day by day,
Resent death's slow approach, and grow
Rebellious that they have to go.
Their plans all to be cast aside;
Some way, their life seems thwarted, wrong,
A jangling discord in the song!

Yet, even here, nature is kind,
Filming the eye to beauty's charm;
Bringing a weariness of mind,
A deadly palsy to the arm,
Till, hopeless, tired, indifferent,
Life ends in dread's disarmament.

Different it is when age comes on,
And youth's desires and strength have gone,
Leaving no sense of loss behind,
But gentle compensations, where
Was restless eagerness of mind.
An Indian Summer peace of soul
Hazes the valley where we sit,
And sweet Contentment's fragrance rare,
Falls through the quiet evening air.
The hot day's over: sunset's glow
Touches the placid sea below,
Which, once with heavy break and roar,
Rushed up to its rocky goal,
Now ripples gently towards the shore.

Visioning the past through memory's eye,
It gleams like tale of romance, easy, all
One glorious action under summer sky,
Where nothing fails, and evil can't befall.
Yet, even now at long-range, it disturbs
An old man's ease. The battle's dust
Rises with waves of heat, but nothing curbs
The ever onward, strenuous gust
Of turbulent action, though, to him who sees
It as a mirage, the fight seems useless,
The field too shelterless, and widely strewn
With bulky things that do not count.
No struggle, thinks he, should be truceless;
More shade is needed, clouds and trees;
Life should not be so hot and juiceless.
There's better still than timber hewn—
The trees themselves which stand,
Granting their charities with outstretched hand.
So—with a sudden stab of joy,
A smile reflected on his face,
The old man gladly keeps his place,
And thanks the Lord he's not a boy.

Thus does he score one victory,
Over the fear of death—his enemy,
(The fear of death, not death itself which is a friend)—
Dear Death, who leaves a lasting smile
Upon the face of him he grieves awhile!

The dread, the awe, the sting of death is here:
A mental attitude old as the ills
Which issue from it year by year;
Conceived in primal ignorance of cause,
Progress of growth, effects, defects, and laws;
Rendered acute by cultivated sense
Of consciousness of pain, yet more intense
By crude, ill-ordered streaks of faith,
Wild fancy, superstition, and the wraith
Not altogether land, that for our sins we may
Suffer in torment through an endless day.

This dark delusion has dissolved in part,
Gone from the head it lingers in the heart;
Now but a dim, dusk dread: a gloom
Which haunts the place of death, and drapes the tomb.
Stamped on the early consciousness of men,
'Twas made religion for the child again;
Boding, presentiment, pale, undefined—
This ancient fear still strangely holds the mind.

"It's not the pain," another says, "'tis just
The dreadful knowledge that we must
Turn into dust!
Leave life forever and be quite forgot;
Pass from the precious ways we knew so well,
To distant countries we know not."

Again on good authority—
The cheerful laws of chemistry,—
We know our bodies turn to dust,
But, like the dust of all the earth,
They make the fertile plain and field,
With the rich harvest that they yield;
Pass into flowers, grow into trees,
The things man touches, loves and sees!
Surely an office, worthy, great,
Better than vagaries of Fate,
Or veiled uncertainties which wait
Another world to be revealed!

"If I were sure I'd live again,"
(You've heard the querulous voice, I know);
"That I should see my friends once more,
And really reach a heavenly shore,
I would not dread to die: Oh, no,
I'd meet my hour and rise and go."

Yet, life accomplished, all things seen,
(The visible things which we can grasp),
Coming all body-ripe to the last step,
'Twould seem but graceless, rude and vain,
For us to quibble over terms
Of our surrender: kneel and clasp
The very feet of Death for hope!
What matters it just what "eternal life" may mean?
Whether the faith of Paul of Mentu-hotep?
If we are sure—and sure we are—
There's immortality in life again,
With broader, freer, deeper scope
For such a life's activities
On some bright, hospitable star?
Is conscious knowing of our friends the best;
And do we really know the ones we greet,—
Nearest and dearest, on the way?
'Tis a hard matter: who can say.
"Knowing as we are known," it's surely sweet
Just to believe that we shall meet!
Well, let us think it: if it is not so,
Perhaps by closer contact with the things
Which all about us, blossom and take wings;
By gentler attitude and tenderer touch,
Our new-related hearts may teach us much,
And what we called inanimate and dumb,
May prove the loving friends we knew,
Who cheer us by their presence every day;
Who bloom and sing for us—and Know!
While we, the dumb ones, only doubt and pray!

I'm happy. I've been happy all my life,
Of course, regretting that I've not done more,
Regretting, as a part of my philosophy;
Not wasting time just to deplore,
Or cheat a happier mood of its ascendency.
What faults have been, were only mine.
The world glows with divinity,
And God's beneficent purposes,
Through the pure eyes of nature shine.
No ship so far, no night so dark
They may not scan the beacon-spark,
That sheds a beam on land and sea!

And I die happy as I live,
Oh, happier, I'm sure of this;
I feel the throb of some great bliss—
The ecstacy such bliss can give!

And if it's work by which I pay,
For all these earthly gifts and play,
I'll just be glad it came my way!

No dusky faith, no black belief for me:
Bright lights gleam from eternity,
Where heavenly lamps illuminate the land.
If for a while I cannot see His face,
I'll feel the warmth and tightening of His hand!

Now other guests are here: 'tis time to go,
The city's lights begin to shine,
And waiting stars above, to show;
The whistle's sounding at the quay,
I hear soft voices call to me:
"All's well, but time will not allow;
The oarsmen eager are to row—"
Good-bye, I'm going now!

E. S. GOODHUE, M. D.

LITANY OF THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

Blessed be the doctor's wife when dinner is served, perhaps a guest or two, who can sweetly say to him: "My dear, Mrs. Jones wants you *at once.*"

Blessed is the doctor's wife who can keep a professional secret.

Blessed be the doctor's wife who doesn't lose her temper when the party says: "You won't forget to tell the doctor to come, will you?"

Blessed be the doctor's wife who can pleasantly say: "Good morning, Mrs. Katt, how are you?" when that same woman has on a two hundred dollar fur and the typhoid bill is two years past due.

When the phone rings and rings and rings and the baby is going to sleep, blessed be the doctor's wife who can sweetly say: "I think he will be in in just a little while. Will you call later?"

Blessed be the doctor's wife who is able to be a "perfect lady" when her husband is accused of killing someone.

Blessed be the doctor's wife who can enjoy a young, attractive woman's attack of neurasthenia, even if she is good pay.

And blessed thrice be the doctor's wife who doesn't gnash her teeth when she has asked the party to please leave her number, only to hear her reply in an offended manner, "*NO*, I'll call *him* later" and cursed be this same party who calls three or four times more.

Blessed be the doctor's wife, all alone in the house, who can say in calm tones to the male person on the phone: "No, he is out. . . . No, I don't know just when he will be back," and then she stays awake for hours for fear the person might be a burglar.

Blessed be the doctor's wife (as she wipes the dish water on her apron) trying to hold the colored person at the back door, the white person at the front door and the female person on the phone all at the same time (they all desire the presence of the doctor *at once*) and she telleth all three he will he there AT ONCE.

And thrice blessed again be the doctor's wife (all dolled up and ready to go) who can smile at her dearly beloved when he announces: "Well, *I* can't go—Mrs. Inopportune is having pains every five minutes." Or when, having planned a week-end trip, he tells her: "Well, it's all off. Mrs. Futurema asked me not to leave town. She is expecting to need me at any time now."

Or perhaps they are spending the evening with friends. In the midst of a most exciting game sounds the dreaded phone bell, then a whisper in her ear: "Let's go. They want me in West End." Blessed be that poor wife who, with smiling face, can bid her hosts a pleasant "good-night."

Blessed be the doctor's wife—blessings rain upon her —for she hath the presence of her husband when no one else wants him.

Selah.

NENA B. MORLAND.

A CONVERSATION OVERHEARD BETWEEN A DOCTOR AND HIS HORSE

"SIR WALTER, my city friends have been advising me to sell you and purchase a more prepossessing animal, and I thought it well to talk over this matter with you confidentially before reaching a decision. I have often taken you into my confidence, and never by word or sign have you abused the privilege. They say every man has a confidant, and I really think, for a doctor, a horse is the safest. No, I haven't an apple in either hand, nor in my pockets, so keep that long lip to yourself, and we will get down to business.

"I have become so accustomed to trying to please the public, that if they are clamoring for a young horse I suppose I must submit and let you go. Let me see. It will be twenty years next June since you and I began jogging over these old Vermont hills together. . . .

"Not always jogging though. Remember when the slab-saw burst in the Rattlin' Brook mill, and that three-cornered piece struck Lishe Andrews in the neck? Our record of 13 miles in 58 minutes still stands. He bled some. In five minutes more he would have bled too much. Well, Lishe has been praising me ever since, and what Lishe says goes around Rattlin' Brook. He even said I saved his life, but I knew better. It was the getting there a little earlier that did the trick. You overreached and got onto your fetlock that trip, and the scar has helped to condemn you, in the eyes of my fastidious friends.

"Yes, there were other trips, and soon people who did not even know my name spoke of me as the doctor from Hypotown who drove the blaze-faced horse with the watch- eye. The natives who lived contiguous to our runways were about evenly divided on the question whether you should kill me or I should kill you inside of a year. Well, I think I did my best, in the first year of our acquaintance, to vindicate the opinions of my half of the populace, for horse-killing doctors were popular in that section.

" 'A knee-sprung skate with a watch-eye,' was what the owner of a well-known stock farm called you one day in my hearing. I was hot tempered in those days and offered to race you against anything he owned, five, ten or twenty miles, for a stake that made the hotel loungers stop whittling. I probably would have lost my money and possibly injured you beyond redemption if he had taken me up, but it gave the leisure class, more familiarly known as chair-warmers, a new topic.

"They might well have called you the horse with the watchful eye, if they knew about that dark night you dug your feet in and slid half way down Sand Hill. A cloudburst had changed the brook to a raging torrent, full of ice, and the bridge had gone an hour before. I wondered why you balked and whipped you, for the first and last time, but you never moved. When I got out to see what was the matter, I found your head overhanging the precipice and your front feet planted deep in the sand. . . . If we had gone over and missed the rocks, there was fifteen feet of water at the base of that cliff. Well, we didn't go over, and no one (not even the folks at home, who worried enough about us on dark nights) was the wiser.

"Oh, yes, there were other nights, when you brought me home sound asleep in the wagon, and once, you remember, I fell out on the wheel, coming down the side of Peaked Hill. That was in the spring of '90. Some horses would have bolted, but I couldn't stay awake that night if sleep meant a broken neck, and that old buggy was not a very comfortable bed either.

"Up in that mill country the saws and logs have a queer way of making a grab for a human once in a while, and when they get him, there's business for the doctor. As the accident usually occurs three miles from the telephone and ten miles from a doctor, one can readily see that a good horse and a poor doctor might easily win out from a good doctor and a poor horse.

"I have often thought that a physician's skill depended upon the number of chances he had to do things, and if you had not earned the well deserved reputation of being the strongest-going road horse in the country, I certainly would have missed some big cases. Our reputation for delivering the goods promptly, undoubtedly preceded us to the city, for in no other way can I account for the rapidity with which I gained a clientele. . . .

"It's rather strange, but since we have been talking it struck me that you and I started out a good deal alike and have been growing more alike as the years go by. If you remember in the '80's we took hills and other

obstacles with a rush, while now we save our strength, and incidentally our dignity, for the last quarter, and thereby make a better impression. We are both a little over on the knees, stooped in the shoulders, breathe hard when going up the slope and are getting thin and gray in the mane.

"We have learned to lick the hand that holds the salt and to kick the fellow who is endeavoring to touch us on the raw. If we break out of the stall and get into the forbidden bin at night, thereby getting a little too much, we are off our feed the next day. No number of repetitions of such accidents, however, has taught us wisdom. We also have learned to look very innocent when the marks of our devastations are discovered.

"We are alike, Sir Walter, in being rather hard-bitted at times, but those who know us well do not try to pull us up with a short rein, but give us our head while the fit is on and just keep us between the fences, and ere long we realize that we are not running away but are being guided by the firm but gentle hand of one who understands us. This discovery is always a little startling, yet it shows that a cool head and a few soothing words are preferable to whip or curb when dealing with a bolter, be he equine or human.

"I'll never forget how you shook your sides, and apparently convulsed with internal laughter, that day you kidnapped or coltnapped that three-month-old filly from its mother. The mare was quietly feeding on the roadside, when with a low, cooing whinny you coaxed that colt, and for three miles it was all I could do to keep from running over the sprawling, spindling thing. Of course, I expected every minute the misguided creature would discover its mistake and return to the grief-stricken mother, who rent the air with wailings for the stray. I lost two hours, my temper and my reputation for promptness in one family, and then was not sure whether the joke was on me, the colt or the mother. I've forgiven you for that long ago, old Partner, as I am a little soft on the baby question myself.

"The spectators of that brush between you and LADY CARVER on Main Street the week after our arrival have been about evenly divided on the question whether I was the driver or an unwilling passenger. The mare was in fine fettle and had the reputation of being threatened with speed. Her driver had all the paraphernalia of racing and his whole outfit shone like ebony. We were coming home soberly and sedately, as is our wont, and why that driver thought we had racing blood is more than I could ever fathom. When he passed us the third time, I suppose it was more than equine patience could stand, and I simply did not have the strength in my arms (or in my will, did you say) to hold you back.

"To give the black mare her due, I must admit she was badly handled that day. Her hopples were too tight and she was not accustomed to straightaway racing. Being a pacer, she pulled away from us easily at first, but when you got into your stride you held her for three blocks. We were now getting into the business district, and whether from the encouragement of the onlookers or for some other reason, you began to crowd her a little.

"As we passed the Park we were neck and neck, but before the New Welden was reached you passed her as if she'd been tied to a lamp post, with as nice a burst of speed as it has ever been my good fortune to sit behind. Well, you allowed yourself to be pulled up after that and we got our first warning next morning from the Chief of Police for exceeding the speed limit. I apologized to the genial Barney and told him what a bad actor and bolter you were. He said: 'Whisper, that black mare had the whole Speedway on the grunt for two weeks, but she has no more business than a pillar of salt wid that ould bow-legged divil of yours. Shure I held the watch on to yez fur that last quarther an'—here he drew himself up, and shook a fat, pudgy forefinger at me and said threateningly, 'Ef I ketch yez dhrivin' that harse uv yours beyant a shlow throt through these sthreets, I'll run yez in!' I looked up at his change of tone and saw approaching us a prominent divine, noted for his aversion to the 'Sport of Kings.' I understood. Well, old boy, money is a little close just now, and it would take a mighty horse to replace you with me, you've set such a high standard. I do not believe you are ready to quit, so we'll wait.

"Eh? Oh, le'me see, why, yes, I believe I *have* got a lump of sugar here, after all."

EDMOND J. MELVILLE, M. D.

Saint Albans, Vt.

The Specialist: "I've been asked to go to Mrs. Vanderloaf's fancy dress ball. Can you suggest a suitable costume?"

The Humble Practitioner: "Why not just take a pad of account forms in your hand and go as a charger?"

Professor: "In order to be possessed of a complete skeleton of a human being what is it necessary to dispense with?"

Student: "Ten to fifteen bones, sir."

SLAP-O-GRAMS

There is one fellow for whom the profession should go gunning—he reads a paper in which he shows wonderful results—100 per cent. cures—from the Squirtate of Squirtine and, a year later, reads another paper announcing that he has abandoned the use of the Squirtate and now is using a better remedy, the Squirtite of Squirtine.

One of these days the rank and file are going to wake up and hold to strict accountability some of these fellows who use our medical societies as "Kitchen" adjuncts for their own private offices. And when that day arrives, the eminent Doctor Fizz from some other town, will not be permitted to "get away" with any more chestnuts. If there's anything more sickening than to listen to a lot of rehashed literary twaddle, I don't know what it is. Half of the stuff that is sprung on our societies by "distinguished" guests ought to be an insult to the intelligence of a sophomore student. But, ye gods! How the medical booby birds do eat the stuff!

And wouldn't it be nice if one could go after some of those distinguished visitors with a scatter gun? And wouldn't it be nicer still, if we could safely slay the toady, who when called upon to discuss the visitation of mouldy chestnuts, rises, stalks to the front, assumes the attitude of a Daniel Webster, and plunges up to his ankles—head first—into such slush as this:

"Mr. President, Members of the Society, and Guests: I am sure you will all agree with me when I say that we feel highly honored by——of the eminent——who has come so far to——And not only should we feel honored, but flattered——And I am sure that you will all agree that we have been greatly favored by——as well as instructed by——to which the eminent author has devoted——And I am sure that you will agree that——Dr. Fizz has——And in behalf of the society I wish to——And I am sure you all will agree that we——profoundly grateful for the extremely thorough——lucid, and——scientific, and——and so on, *ad infinitum*——and *ad nauseam*.

(Speaker's time, 20 minutes.)

(Applause from booby birds, 10 minutes.)

There, I've "done gone and done it!" I'll have trouble with Hallowed Be Its Name, as sure as you live—and I with a family to support!

SOMETHING IN IT.

We have reason to believe there is something in Christian Science. The priests or healers seem to live and dress well, and their temples must have cost a lot of money. Incidentally they get quick results in many cases, which makes them popular with the morticians and with the census takers in the well-known city with the golden streets. Christian Scientists can practice anywhere without a license; don't have to study pathology or therapeutics or anything like anatomy and physiology, and, of course, they can't be sued for malpractice as a mere physician can, because they are exempt. Yes, we believe there's something in Christian Science, all right.

CHICKENS?

Some wag has changed the nomenclature of the well-known "chicken." It now is "Easter egg," the explanation being that she is "painted and hard boiled." The wag builded wiser than he knew. A couple of thousand years—more or less—before the dawn of the Christian era, Eastra, the Venus Aphrodite of the ancient Teutons and Saxons, was wont to receive votive offerings of boiled, colored eggs. How the whirligig of time doth—

Have you read "How Chicago Got On the Scientific Map?" A couple of publicitiy artists induced a bunch of female fatties to enter a reduction contest with a bunch of equally lardaceous males. The medical profession of our little village is stricken with awe by the wonderful demonstration of the startling scientific discovery that exercise and diet will cause our too, too solid flesh to melt. Well, every new theory is entitled to its "try out," isn't it?

TABLE TALK.

Ever notice doctors' table talk. When they get fairly started no man living can side track 'em from pathologic and operative shop. Which wouldn't be so bad if those blamed proctologists would only stay "to hum."

Speaking of proctologists, one of 'em, who really is a particular friend of mine, was real peeved because I wrote to the Navy Department and suggested that he be commissioned a rear admiral. He actually thought that I was reflecting on his courage.

But to return to our muttons; medical table talk:

What joy it is, to sit and sip,
And hear descriptions from each lip,
Of wondrous cases that they've had,
Gall bladders punk and cancers bad,
Appendices that had rotted through,
Before the lucky guy got you,
And wouldn't they have done just fine,
"If they had sent for me in time?"
There's not a doctor in the loop,
But mixes microbes with his soup,
And I've a well-loved friend hard by,
Oft' talks of pus tubes o'er his pie.

Once I had a severe paroxysm of pessimism—somebody had beaten me out of a bill. "Ha! and repeat," quoth I, "I'll cheat the world out of a scientific wonder. I'll quit medicine forthwith, quit it cold, and take up—I'll take up—now, what the deuce can I take up? Law? Not by an emphatic sight! What the members of that profession have done to me is painful to contemplate and if they ever get me at close range as a *confrére**—holy ethics!

"Preaching, then? No, sirree! Not enough change. (Excrutiating double meaning here.) I've already talked an arm off telling audiences things that ain't so, and, besides, that story of Cain finding a wife where there were no women and the one about the age of Methuselah still sticks in my craw. (I'd be orthodox or nothing.)

"Literature? Oh, no. I've been at that game on the side for forty years and as yet have only one constant reader. (Isn't it awful to read one's own proof?) And two admirers—I doubled my circle of admirers when I married my, as I was going to say, wife, but that would not be quite truthful, for it was my sweetheart I married. Then, too, whatever I may take up I must have regular eats. (Blessed be the potboiler, for the same getteth read.)

"Well, how about pharmaceutical manufacturing? Now that is something worth considering. There's something esthetic about that game. 'Pink Pills for Pale Pugilists—Red Capsules for the Well Read—Blue Pills for Melancholiacs—Three-Day Green Paint Cure for Neisserian Accidents—Starch Pastilles for Flaccid People—Sand Powder for the Neurasthenic'—Alas! I forgot the force of precedent. The profession never would stand for American patents and copyrights, which the same are "impropaganda."

Sadly and resignedly I went "back to the mines."

There's no open door for the profession. We doctors really ought to have a soft spot in our hearts for the Chinese.

But, mind you, all this happened long before the era of prohibition, and prescription writing was not a profitable vocation in "thim days."

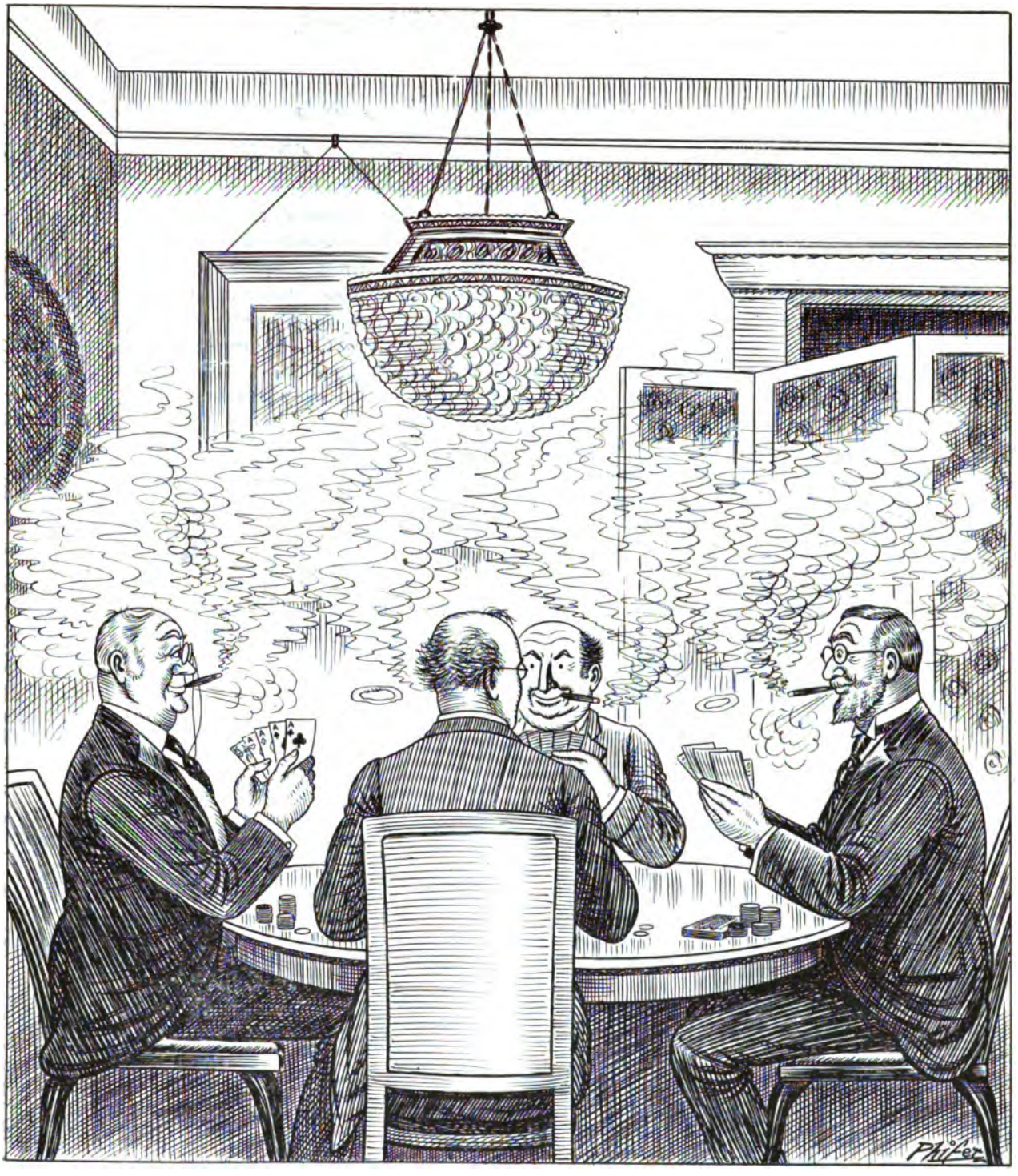
And, speaking of prescribing "hootch" for thirst, as a means of "getting the money" the fellow who thus prostitutes his calling might do better—for instance, he might get it with a sandbag or an automatic.

Yes, I know I haven't done the subject justice, but PICKWICK is not printed on asbestos paper.

G. FRANK LYDSTON, M. D.

Chicago, Illinois.

*"Con" brother.



The regular meeting of the village medical society was held at Dr. Brown's home last evening. The various members read brief papers which were thoroughly discussed by those present.

WHIZZERINKTUMS

NO BRAINS.

The hoppers that turn out stenographers of immature age, sketchy education—especially hopeless as to spelling—continue to furnish a peculiar species to the business world.

It is no joke nowadays to refer to the Tired Business Man. He never was more tired. He dictates, "We should like to have word from you," and Li'l Ethel daintily trips in and deposits her letter, the while she paints her lips and powders her nose and under-arms. The Tired Business Man reads "we should like to have work from you" and hands it back with a groan. Li'l Ethel is mortally hurt and offended and calls the T. B. M. a Brute, a Horrid Old Thing, and repeats her errors until the T. B. M. goes home at night so exasperated that he could kick his loving old grandmother off the back steps and tell her never, never to show her wrinkled face again in his home. Something should be done about it.

"Bill Bryan is good," said Uncle Wallace, biting off a reflective chew of tobacco, "but ain't nothin' compared to th' feller who wrote th' Encyclopaedia Brittanica, and if he ever lectures in my neighborhood I ain't goin' t' miss him."

What is the attraction in movies? Merely that they satisfy our curiosity. Like looking through a keyhole, we sit in the dark and view facial spasms and suffer vicariously with the heroine—who doesn't know we are looking! Movie actors should never look into the lens—it disturbs the audience. Get the idea?

WHAT IS A CROOK?

The carnival of crime will probably increase. The ethics of the situation invite study. If a man is a crook because he holds up another at the point of a gun, how does he differ from the merchant who holds up the public at the point of necessity? Let us be careful in calling a man a crook (or a profiteer), lest we compliment him on business sagacity.

These days call for a Pied Piper, with his little tin whistle.

PSYCHOLOGY OF BUSHWAH.

A lady who dined in our chateau stacked her dishes upon the plate and remarked: "This is Western style." 'Tisn't—it's boarding house style, the world over. The star boarder began it, years ago. He stacked his used dishes upon his plate, thus to make it easier for Stella to clear the table. It presupposed consideration for Stella and a humility in having dirtied so many dishes. Stella viewed it with complacent admiration and often gave him a clean napkin ahead of regular dates for clean napkins. We cite this as a clear example of the psychology of bushwah.

All the world loves to edit your copy.

(Now, Doc Brady, you let that ride! It's a whizzer!)

[No one hates the job of editing copy worse, and it is probable that few writers have been helped more by editing, than The Editor of this Mag.]

NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY!

In Zion City, we see by the papers, certain ladies went abroad armed with shawls which they meant to throw over huzzies who aired their wishbones. A doctor was arrested because they could tell by his breath that he had been smoking that horrible tobacco.* Doc confessed and drew a $10 fine. All this, we aver, and more, was printed in the *Chicago Tribune*, December 19, 1920, A. D. Upon deep consideration we have decided that we want to go to hell, when we die.

SPRINGVILLE PERSONALS.

Three detail men were here last week and all four doctors have had letters from pharmaceutical houses.

Dr. Judson Morg cured a case of pneumonia by using a sample ampoule of something-or-other, which he can't recall, or he would order a dozen right away.

Dr. J. Herbert Smalley has turned his barn into a garage.

We heard that a woman doctor has decided to locate here. She's welcome and we are all wondering whether she's a Democrat or a Republican.

The chiropractor who had office above the livery stable has moved away. He says he lived cheaper here than in any other town in the state. He looked it.

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*Would to heaven more doctors were arrested for that!—Ed.

UNCLE PETER'S STRATEGY

UNCLE PETER DAVENPORT and his spinster sister, Mary, were sitting on the porch after supper, enjoying the beautiful summer moonlight which illumined everything with its silver radiance. The old man had tilted back his splint-bottom chair, and one of his lean legs was carefully balanced on the low rail in front of him, while his thin little claw-like hands were clasped about the knee of the other leg.

Aunt Mary was relating to him a thrilling bit of village scandal, brought to her ever-receptive ears by an afternoon visitor, when Uncle Peter's chair slipped, and it was only by clutching frantically at his sister's shoulder that he saved himself from sprawling on the floor.

"What in the world is the matter with you?" asked Aunt Mary, somewhat tartly, vexed at the interruption to her spicy narrative, and at the same time really startled. "You're as nervous and fidgety as a cow when the flies bother her—you make me fussy myself. I expect every minute to see you fall off the porch, what with twisting your legs around first this way and then that way. I believe you've got a touch of rheumatiz, even if you won't admit it!"

Now, Aunt Mary did have rheumatism, and was only too eager to describe every separate and individual twinge to anyone who would listen, but Uncle Peter always obstinately refused to acknowledge that his meagre flesh and bones ever suffered from such pains, although he was often observed to hobble slightly. He was two years older than Aunt Mary—a fact which she never allowed him to forget—and in spite of his years he was still passionately fond of fishing in the big lake a mile below the village. His fondness for this pastime, which involved the spending of hours in the dampness, would have aroused Aunt Mary's tongue to a degree of activity before which a stronger man than Uncle Peter might well have quailed, had he even once been so indiscreet as to admit the stings of rheumatism.

"Oh, shucks!" he answered her irritably, "can't you let a body alone? I ain't never had rheumatiz, and I wish you'd mind your own business. If I want to move my legs around, I guess they're mine and I can do what I please with them. Get out! you miserable, lean, old scaramouch!"—this with a violent swing of his grapevine cane.

Aunt Mary straightened up in indignant surprise for a moment, but relaxed again as a prowling, vagrant black cat, the object of Uncle Peter's maledictions, turned the corner of the porch, seeking a cozy spot in which to rest his battle-scarred body before the strenuous hours of his nightly concert. Her only reply was a little sniff of contempt for what she considered the sinful pride and vanity of her brother in refusing to admit the infirmities of advancing years.

Peace and quiet being restored, or at least no further interruptions occurring, Aunt Mary picked up the thread of her broken-off story:

——"and there stood this very man who deserted her years ago, when he was as poor as Job's turkey. They say he looked as fine as a king, swinging his gold-headed cane with one hand, and pulling a big gold watch out of his pocket with the other."

She carried the narrative through to its thrilling finale, but Uncle Peter was unresponsive and rather inattentive, after their little skirmish. He sat musing over the pestering nature of women folks, who could never be happy unless they kept one in hot water most of the time. Then, too, something else seemed to disturb his thoughts.

The village clock struck nine, and Uncle Peter took out his old silver watch, wound it carefully, then rose and shuffled into the house.

In the privacy of his own room, the old man sat gingerly down on the edge of a chair, at the same time nursing his right foot and leg in a manner that might have justified the suspicions of Aunt Mary, had she observed him. He sat for a long, long time, far past his usual bedtime, plunged in deep thought.

Suddenly, as though galvanized, he stood up and threw back his narrow little shoulders with an air of defiant determination, accompanied with a slight grimace of pain as his right foot and leg felt the too violent pressure.

"By jinks! I'll do it tomorrow," he said. "It's mine and I've got a right to do whatever I darn please with it!"

He took from his clothes press the small japanned trunk which contained his papers, removed one of the legal documents and placed it in his bill-fold. Then, with an air of somewhat nervous satisfaction, he retired for the night.

"Mary," said Uncle Peter a bit sheepishly, when he came into the breakfast room the next morning, "I've got

to go to Weston on the noon train, so don't wait dinner for me."

"Now, Peter Davenport, why didn't you tell me that before! The butcher has just been here and I told him to bring two lamb chops for dinner. Well, never mind," as an inspiration came to her, "I'll send for Minnie to come over, so your chop won't be wasted."

Minnie Webster was her visitor of the day before, and one of the village tattlers whom Uncle Peter especially detested, but Aunt Mary enjoyed her lively gossip, and as peace at any price was a most desirable thing to strive for just then, he simply said:

"All right, but don't send for her until I can get away."

After breakfast, the old man fussed around helping with various small matters in the house, then went into his room, from which he emerged at eleven o'clock wearing his best black Sunday suit.

Aunt Mary regarded him for a moment in amazement, then curiosity fell from the tip of her tongue, and she asked:

"Are you going to see Lawyer Griggs today, or—or maybe the Widow Drake?"

"I can't say, Mary. I've got some particular business to attend to. My other suit is pretty shabby, so"—with a conscious smoothing of the collar—"I'm going to take it to the tailor and have it fixed up a little—if it's my Sunday suit that's worrying you."

Then, when the little hurt look crept into her eyes, which sometimes happened when he too persistently shut her out of his plans, he said:

"It's all right, Mary. You and Minnie have a good dinner, and maybe she'll stay to supper, too"—with a little twinkle of his keen, blue eyes, for Minnie's visiting proclivities were well known.

"But it's only eleven o'clock, Peter," said Aunt Mary who was always easily mollified when her brother, whom she really loved dearly, made peace overtures to her. "You don't have to start for the station yet."

"Yes, I do," he answered, "for I've got to see Jim Ganty, and I don't want to have to hurry at the last moment. Good- bye," bending over her chair to give her the little kiss which was always bestowed when setting out for a journey, no matter how short the distance. In this case Weston was the next town to the west, and only five miles away.

Halfway down the path he stopped for a moment to examine a cherished pink rose bush which he had been carefully nursing through the summer.

"Good morning, Uncle Peter," called a clear, sweet voice, "is your rheumatism troubling you today?"

The wiry, slightly stooping figure of the little old man wheeled quickly toward the gate, where a pretty girl of eighteen was standing, resembling in her pink summer frock, one of his own jealously guarded roses.

Uncle Peter's eyes crinkled with pleasure, for he was fond of dainty Alice Mears, and usually did not mind her girlish raillery, but today he replied with more than a touch of asperity in his high, cracked voice:

"Behave yourself, child, or you won't get one of my roses. I ain't never had rheumatiz, so I can't say it's troubling me. Is your ma's deafness any better?"

Alice closed one eye roguishly, tipped her curly head on one side like a saucy little fox terrier, and looked at Uncle Peter with a merry chuckle of comprehension.

"Mother seems to be hearing a little better than usual, these days," she said. "Brother Billy came home last night at ten minutes after twelve and sneaked upstairs in his stocking feet, but she heard him all right and he got his regular scolding just the same. I didn't hear him myself, but he told me this morning. She heard, too, about my riding Dick Brown's mustang over in the back pasture, although I did it while she was busy with Mrs. Buckthorne down home, and nobody saw me. You see, Dick said no woman could ever ride 'Blizzard,' so I did it."

The old man smiled with keen appreciation, for anything in the nature of a challenge always appealed to him, but a moment later he shook his head soberly and cautioned Alice against being too venturesome with strange horses, especially such vicious brutes as those of the mustang breed.

"All right, Uncle Peter, if I ever hear you admit that you have even the 'teeniest' twinge of rheumatism, perhaps I'll try to be a little more cautious for your sake. Are you going away?"

"Yes," said he briefly. "Go in and see Aunt Mary. She's baking cookies this morning. Follow your nose and you'll find her," and he gave her a beautiful rose as she passed.

Alice went up the path, but turned to watch the old man hobble rather painfully down the street toward the station, before making her way through the house to Aunt Mary's spicy kitchen.

Mrs. Mears, Alice's mother, was the village dressmaker and her house was the rendezvous for old and young seeking the latest chatter about matters for the most part concerning their own little town affairs. The

deafness about which Uncle Peter had so solicitously inquired did not exist even in the imagination, and she was frequently alluded to by the sterner members of the village as "the Widow *Ears*" from the fact that not even the slightest whisper of anything which had taken place or was about to take place had ever escaped their keen vigilance.

Alice returned home a little before twelve in order to prepare the family dinner and found that Aunt Maggie, her mother's sister, had unexpectedly arrived from Weston for a little visit. This aunt was much beloved by the young girl, and differed as much from her mother as though no relationship existed between them.

"I wonder why I didn't see you when you came up the street, Aunt Maggie," said Alice. "I have just been to see Aunt Mary Davenport, but I suppose when you passed the house I was in the kitchen with her. Oh, yes, I remember—we heard your train when it came in at half-past eleven, and she said that Uncle Peter would have to wait another half hour for his train going west, and fussed a little because he had gone to the station so early."

Aunt Maggie looked puzzled for a moment, then said:

"But Mr. Davenport got on the train just when I was getting off, and I spoke to him."

"Why, isn't that funny," said Alice. "He told Aunt Mary that he was going to Weston. What do you suppose Uncle Peter is up to?"

Alice's mother at once scented a mystery and her bright, black eyes shone with keen relish and anticipation.

"I believe he has gone to Lincoln," said she. This was a city some fifty miles distant to the east. "Miriam Drake is down there visiting her daughter."

"He did have on his best suit," commented Alice, then regretted her indiscretion, knowing the slight thread from which her mother's nimble imagination could spin an entire web of circumstantial details. Besides, it was an open secret that Aunt Mary had her moments of anxiety lest Uncle Peter might, even after years of "blessed singleness," fall a victim to the charms of the vivacious, middle-aged widow. Aunt Mary's father had willed the cozy house in which they lived together to his only son, so that she was dependent upon her brother for her home and she had no wish to share it with another woman.

By three o'clock that day the usual afternoon chatter circle was in full swing at its village headquarters in Mrs. Mears' sitting-room. By five o'clock, when it disbanded in order that its various members might go home and prepare the evening meals for their individual lords and masters, the news spread like a swift-flowing stream down a hillside, that Uncle Peter Davenport had gone to Lincoln to marry Mrs. Drake; that she went down the week before to buy her wedding outfit; that Aunt Mary was so angry about it that she would not stir one step to the wedding, but had been baking cake all day so they must be coming home on the seven o'clock train, which was the last one from the east that night.

Supper that day in most of these homes of expectation and excitement consisted of a very sketchy meal, such as canned salmon, fried eggs, cold left-overs from the mid-day dinner, or anything which could be easily prepared. One poor, suffering husband lifted his voice in protesting wrath over being subjected to the indignity of having picked-up codfish served him for the third time that day.

When the train pulled into the station, some thirty minutes late, about half the population of the little village was out to meet it. Some of the younger and more frivolous had brought small bags of rice with which to welcome the incoming bridal couple, two or three carried old shoes by which they intended to bestow their blessing, and several rusty old horns were ready for the *charivari*.

Comments of a facetious or acrid nature, as the case might be, were bandied about:

"Uncle Peter ought to be ashamed of himself, to marry at his age!"

"She's after his money and the house, of course."

"Do you suppose he'll buy a new wig? The old one's pretty rusty."

"Aunt Mary had the shades all pulled down when we came by, and there was only one light in the whole house. Well, she'll have to make the best of it"—and other remarks of similar import.

Jim Ganty, the station master, watched with an expression of mingled amusement and contempt, the excited group gathered at the end of the station where the train was stopping.

Only two passengers alighted. One, a salesman for a hardware firm in the city; the other a school teacher home to visit her mother for the week-end.

Disappointment fell like a cold, moist blanket upon the watchers deprived of their anticipated treat, and each turned to the other for an explanation.

Minnie Webster said to Mrs. Mears:

"They've probably gone to Niagara Falls for a wedding trip."

"More likely," responded Mrs. Mears, "they'll stay in the city for a few days until Aunt Mary has quieted down."

Sammie Benton, the village notary, was the only one who ventured to ask if anybody really knew anything about the whole affair, anyway.

With one accord they turned themselves toward Jim Ganty who was quietly regarding them much as a big, dignified mastiff watches the snarling and yapping of a parcel of hungry puppies.

"Were you expecting somebody?" he asked dryly, of no one in particular.

After the first outburst of questioning, there had fallen a queer silence which nobody seemed inclined to break, for now a certain strangeness seemed to be creeping into the situation. Dark clouds had been steadily advancing up the narrow valley, blotting out the hills, and the muttering of thunder forewarned them of what might be expected very shortly. Even as they waited for someone to speak, a few big drops of rain splashed upon them.

At last, Billy Smith, a youngster of ten, volunteered some information:

"My mother said Uncle Peter Davenport had gone to Lincoln to get married, so we came down to give him a horning."

"Well, my friends, you will have to wait for a few weeks before you can see Uncle Peter. He is in the hospital at Lincoln. He had an operation this afternoon, and Aunt Mary went down on the six o'clock train to be with him."

Jim locked the station for the night, as was his custom after the arrival of the last train, and went his way homeward.

Then two storms burst simultaneously. The rain came suddenly in hissing torrents, drenching the crowd comdled in a miserable, dripping group under the eaves, the smoldering storm from these disappointed gossips broke out pletely before shelter could be reached, and as they hudin waves and flashes of tongue lightning, demanding who was responsible for their discomfiture? How were they to get home without umbrellas? It was just like Uncle Peter to be so sly about everything!

Minnie Webster remarked to Mrs. Mears that "all some people had to do was to sit around home and encourage a lot of idle gossipers!"

Mrs. Mears retorted that "there were other people who spent all their time running around the neighborhood and spreading every little bit of news they could gather"—and each told the other that it served her right for believing anything and everything she heard.

When the storm slackened sufficiently, the group of crestfallen news disseminators picked their dripping way through the mud puddles to their respective homes.

Meanwhile, to return to Aunt Mary—the chops had been dispatched by herself and the guest of honor, and Minnie had taken her departure, not being unduly urged to remain for supper, although a hint would have been sufficient invitation.

Somehow, Aunt Mary felt restless and nervous and preferred to be alone. She walked out to the end of the garden just in time to met Jim Ganty as he came through the little back gate.

"Aunt Mary," said he, "Uncle Peter came in to see me this morning and he asked me to tell you something, but not until Minnie had finished her visit, so I've been sitting on your back fence waiting for her to go."

Poor Aunt Mary flushed and then paled, as she said tremulously: "Peter has gone to marry that woman!"

Jim was a good friend to these old people and she felt that she could trust him in her distress.

"Oh, no, Aunt Mary, it isn't that at all," replied Jim, kindly. "It's nothing for you to worry about—everything is all right. Uncle Peter has not gone to Weston anyhow, but he is in Lincoln and he wants you to come down on the six o'clock train. Alice Mears is coming to help you pack your bag."

"Well, of all things! What has he gone to Lincoln for, and why does he want me to come down? I ain't been to the city in years."

"Well, you know Uncle Peter doesn't like to have his affairs talked over too much, and he is sometimes pretty grouchy about it. He is all right and you will see him this evening, but he has had a slight operation performed at St. Luke's Hospital, and he wants you to be with him."

"Oh, dear!" said Aunt Mary, "don't tell me it's appendicitis! I just felt this afternoon that something was wrong—Peter has been so fidgety for two or three days. But you're sure he is all right?"

"Yes, indeed. I just got this telegram before I came up"—pulling it from his pocket. " 'Operation very successful, patient in excellent condition'—so don't worry, and go and pack your bag."

Alice assisted to gather up and pack her little be-

longings and they slipped down through the garden and to the station by the back way. Aunt Mary boarded the six o'clock train without being observed by the argus eyes which were focused on the front of the house with its drawn shades. One solitary lamp was left burning to aid in carrying out the little deception, but this was to be extinguished by Alice later in the evening.

On arrival at the hospital, Aunt Mary's first desire was to see Uncle Peter at once, but the nurse said that he was sleeping, so she had to content herself with a peep through the door and the promise that she might see him in the morning, as he was in remarkably good condition in every respect.

"But what was the operation?" she asked of Miss Carey.

"Then you really don't know?" answered the nurse.

"Not unless it's appendicitis," replied Aunt Mary.

"Oh, no, it's not that. It seems that your brother has been quite lame of late, and only his pride has kept him from complaining about it. As you doubtless know, he has the most intense repugnance toward the idea of anybody thinking he has rheumatism.

"He told us he had never had rheumatism in his life, but he was going to get rid of the cause of his lameness once and for all, and no amount of argument could change his purpose. We even telegraphed to Mr. Ganty, whose name he had given us for any communications, and were assured that Mr. Davenport was quite competent to attend to his own affairs, so there was nothing else to do but to proceed."

"He must have hurt himself when he has been out fishing," interrupted Aunt Mary.

"No, Miss Davenport, not even that. We have never before had such a peculiar case, and for sheer pluck your brother could go through absolutely anything. He has suffered greatly from pain in his right foot and leg, and instead of going to a chiropodist to have a troublesome corn treated, as we tried to induce him to do, he insisted on having the offending little toe amputated. Did you ever hear of anything like it?"

Evidently not, for Aunt Mary sat down suddenly, and opened and closed her mouth twice, without speaking. Then a little natural indignation came to her rescue, and she said:

"Well, he might have told me about it, but it's just like Peter. He has always been thorough-going like his father. I remember when we were children Father bought a bird dog; he was always fond of hunting and fishing. He paid fifty dollars for the dog, and was very proud of it for the first few days. Then he went off hunting partridges one day, and took Nimrod with him. That was the last we ever saw of the dog."

"Why, what happened?" queried Miss Carey.

"Well, we couldn't find out at first, and we didn't dare to ask him about it, but we thought he might have sold the animal. One day a man who lived in Weston and knew Father called at the house to see him. Father was out, so Mother talked with him. Just before the man left he asked if we missed our dog very much. Mother told him that we hadn't had him long enough to become attached to him.

" 'Well, anyhow,' said he, 'I didn't blame John much for shooting him then and there.'

" 'What do you mean?' asked Mother.

" 'Didn't John tell you about his hunting trip?' he asked. 'Well, I think you might as well know. I saw him just after the thing happened, and he was so furious about it that he simply had to talk to someone or explode. It seems that in the first place the dog acted afraid of his gun, and in the second place, when they got to where the partridges were to be stalked the dog kept slinking off behind him and trying to skulk away. John saw that he had been tricked and that he was no bird dog at all, or any other kind of a hunting dog, so he simply shot him through the head, and whatever birds he did get were bagged without the help of a trained dog. I guess he feels pretty sore about the fifty dollars, so you better not say anything about my telling you unless he speaks of it some day.' So you see, Miss Carey," Aunt Mary concluded, "my brother has simply done the same thing that his father before him would have done."

"Well, anyhow," said the nurse, "I call it pretty plucky in either case."

The following morning Aunt Mary was permitted to see Uncle Peter. Instead of a rather sheepish manner as on the day of his departure, she found him very alert and cheerful over having accomplished his object. To be sure he was somewhat pale and weak, but the old dominant Peter had survived the shock of the operation and all was well with his world.

"Glad to see you, Mary. Sit down and let me do the talking," which for once in her life his sister seemed more than inclined to do. Most decidedly Uncle Peter had asserted himself.

"I suppose I shall have to stay here a while longer," continued he, "and I would like to have you with me some of the time but I'll tell you what I want you to

do. I want you to send for Alice and have her come down to run around with you and see things. You can have a fine time together. You tell her I'll pay all the bills. It will be a good thing for her to get away from home for a little change."

"Speaking of home reminds me," he interrupted himself. "You know I haven't got much use for wills, but I wanted to fix things all right for you in case anything should happen, so I got Jim Ganty to have the deed of the house transferred to you. The home is yours now, and I'll come and live with you," with a whimsical smile at Aunt Mary, who looked almost ready to cry. "Now, you do everything just as I tell you, and you'll have a good time for a few weeks."

Uncle Peter gritted his teeth for a moment, over a bad twinge of pain in the offending member, then with all the triumph of a conquering general he said:

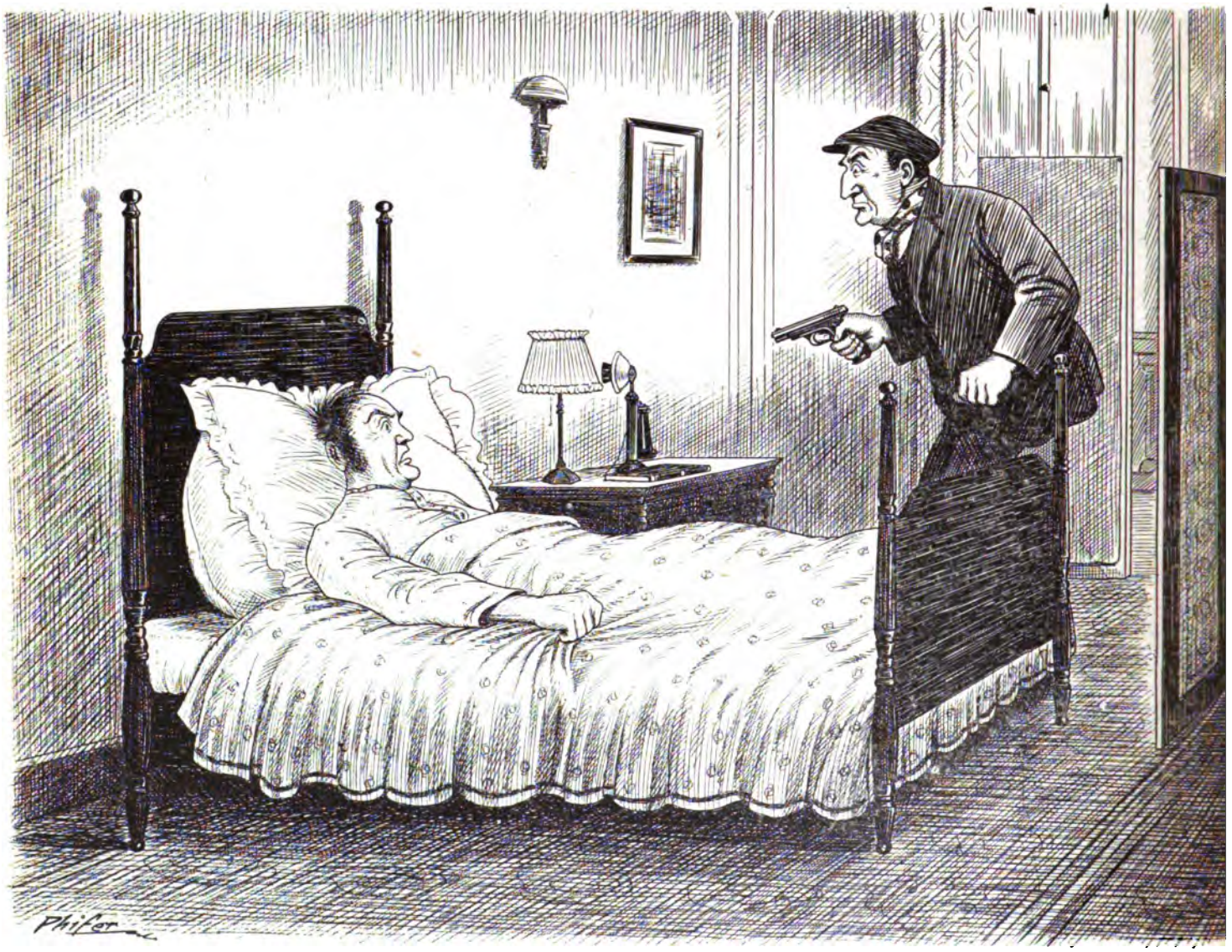
"I've got rid of that confounded corn at last, and I ain't never had rheumatiz yet!"

Aunt Mary smiled in spite of herself. "But, Peter, why didn't you say it was a corn, in the first place?"

Uncle Peter grinned. "And have everybody saying, 'The old man's got rheumatiz so bad he can hardly crawl, but he *says* it's a corn.' No, sir! Now, I ain't got neither."

EVELYN CUSHING CAMPBELL.

New York City.



Burglar (to Doctor): "Don't be alarmed, sir. I just dropped in to have yer fix me up something for my insomnia—but se yer gimme the right dope, 'cause yer goin' ter take a good big dose of it yerself before I bids yer good-night, see?"

THE LETTER

THE new stenographer was a blonde, almost too much so, with dreamy eyes and a puggish nose. She chewed gum constantly and systematically, and carried her own novels with her. She seemed pleased with conditions as she found them and made preparations to be comfortable. She put her gloves, handkerchief, and extra chewing gum in the top drawer of her desk, opened one of the books at a certain page—marked with a chewing gum wrapper—and was installed.

She immediately became absorbed in the book. She was a romantic little person, and the description of the hero enchanted her, as she read the text eagerly:

> Broncho Pete was a tall, well-made young man with fearlessness and determination in every move of his agile body, a strong, melodious voice, a handsome pair of black eyes—the kind that awe a person with their hypnotic magnetism and attract the opposite sex to them with fluttering hearts, a wealth of jet-black hair, a wonderfully kind disposition with the weak and helpless, and a devil with those who would harm them.

The new stenographer sighed. She shifted her gum to the right side of her mouth and read it again. She was in the midst of a third rapturous reading when she heard someone call her name sharply. She looked up to see Conrad Ainsworth, her employer, standing in the doorway.

"What's the matter with you?" he shouted. "Can't you hear good?"

"Yes; why?"

"I called you four times before you answered. I want you to take a letter."

She procured her pencil and pad and dragged herself into his private room. She slumped into a chair at the side of his desk, crossed one knee over the other and placed her pad in position on it, and stared dreamily at a pile of crumpled papers on the floor. The real-estate man started his dictation:

"Mrs. Cleopatra Huddleston Deraurd; twenty-one, thirty-five North Fifteenth street, city. Dear Madam: In regard to your query concerning the Norris House—"

Conrad Ainsworth pounded his desk a terrible blow with his ponderous fist. The new stenographer jumped and stared at him instead of the floor.

"Why don't you write?" he bellowed at her.

"Oh," she said languidly, "were you dictating?"

"I was," he assured her in a forcible voice. "Did you think I was reciting a piece?"

He started in again and repeated the words, continuing on:

"This house is priced at a hundred thousand dollars, and it is a bargain at that figure.

"When you have purchased the property, you will be in possession of a wonderful house of twenty-three rooms, extremely well built and as beautiful as it is sturdy. No architectural structure of modern times can compare with it, inside and out. Although strictly modern in every respect, it possesses all the charms of the old colonial days. The grounds, as you know, are worth a tidy sum, and the dwelling could not be built today for half over the price asked for it.

"I will consider it a rare pleasure to have you visit my office and discuss this matter further. Yours very truly."

He paused until the new stenographer had caught up with him.

"Did you get it all down?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, you're swift; I'll say that. Get it right out so I can mail it when I go to lunch."

The new stenographer gathered up her paraphernalia and left. In a minute he heard the typewriter roaring like the engine of a low-flying airplane. "She's sailing right into it," he mused to himself. "She's a humdinger when she gets started."

And she was. In a remarkably short time she placed the finished letter on his desk for signature. He wrote his name across the bottom with a bold hand, blotted it, folded it and placed it in the addressed envelope she had prepared. Then he went to lunch, posting the letter on the way.

"There!" he said to it, as it disappeared into the slot of the green mail-box. "Do your duty. A hundred-thousand-dollar house isn't sold every day, and there's a cool two-thousand commission in it for me. The old girl's got the money and she wants the house. Nothing could be better."

He ate a good lunch with smiling satisfaction.

The next day the recipient, Mrs. Cleopatra Huddleston Deraurd, whose hair was white and her manner haughty,

by nature and breeding, read the letter with horror in her gray eyes. Then Mrs. Cleopatra Huddleston Deraurd arose to her full height of five-foot-three and adjusted her white-rimmed, ivory spectacles. She read the letter for the second time with wide, vicious, gray eyes. Then she moved into the next room, majestically.

"Anna," she called to her secretary, "have James bring the car to the door at once. We must go down town. When you have given the instructions, please come into the library. I have a letter for you to read."

Mrs. Cleopatra Huddleston Deraurd returned to the library and sat down in front of the mahogany writing table and read the letter once more. "He'll get a chance to discuss the matter in his office," she promised, nodding firmly to the silent letter, "but it probably will not be any rare pleasure to him."

Anna came in and read the missive and this is what she read:

MRS. CLEOPATRA HUDDLESTON DERAURD,
2135 North 15th St.,
City.

DEAR MADAM:

In regard to your query concerning the Norris house. This house is priced at a hundred thousand dollars, and is a bargain at that figure.

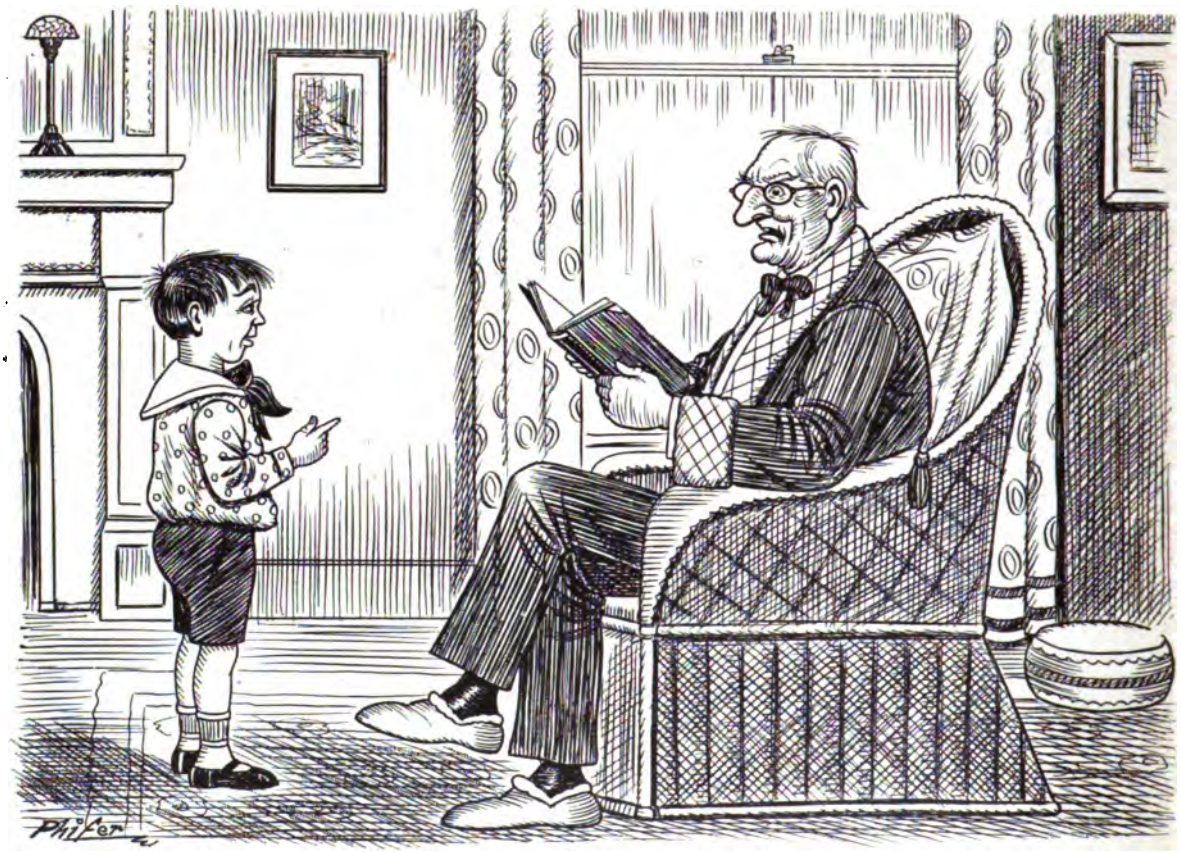
When you have purchased the property, you will be in possession of a strong melodious voice, a handsome pair of black eyes—the kind that awe a person with their hypnotic magnetism and attract the opposite sex to them with fluttering hearts, a wealth of jet-black hair, a wonderfully kind disposition with the weak and helpless, and a devil with those who would harm them.

I will consider it a rare pleasure to have you visit my office and discuss this matter further.

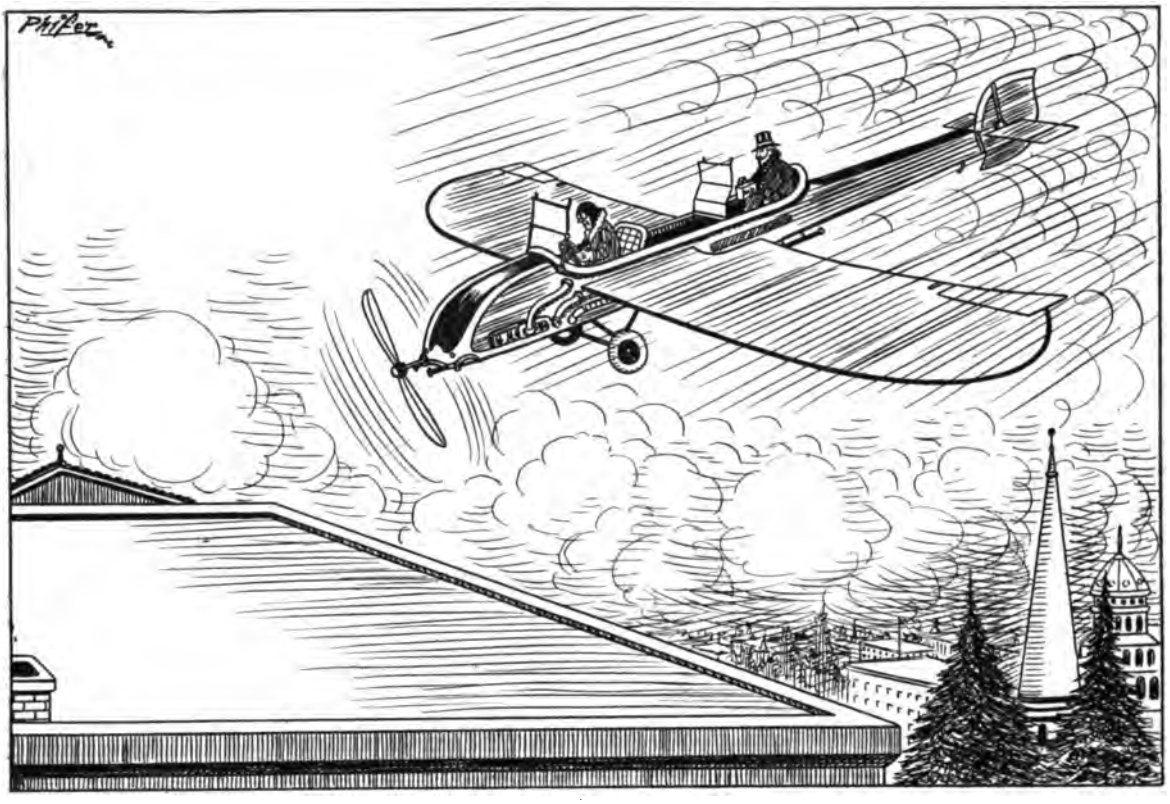
Yours very truly,
CONRAD AINSWORTH.

Reader, I pass the story to you, for your imagination to finish as you will. The remaining scenes were too sad, too touching, for my wavering hand to describe them.

WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D.
Ottumwa, Iowa.



Freddy: "Say, grandpa, couldn't the doctor perform an operation on your nose so it wouldn't wave when you talk?"



The Passing of the Family Doctor—Calling on Chronics, 1931.

A NEW SYMPTOM OF LA GRIPPE

The Doctor had been out on a call practically all night and was eating a late breakfast. The telephone rang and he answered in an impatient tone:

"Hell-o!"

"Hullo, Doc. This's Bill talkin'."

"Bill—who?"

"Bill Reardon a-talkin'. Yuh tuk care o' the kids when they had th' measles."

"I got you, Bill. What's the trouble now?"

"Oh, nuthin' much. I jest wanted some pills or suthin' ef yuh wuz comin' doawn perty soon."

"Who's sick?"

"Th' ole woman's got th' grippe. Tain't no hurry. I jest wanted to know when yuh wuz comin' to th' office."

"If there's no hurry, Bill, I won't be down for half an hour. Good-bye."

Half an hour later as the Doctor enters his office, the phone rings insistently. He hurries to answer.

"Hello." . . . "The devil!" . . . "I'll be right out."

He turns to Bill with an air of resignation.

"How did your wife act, Bill?"

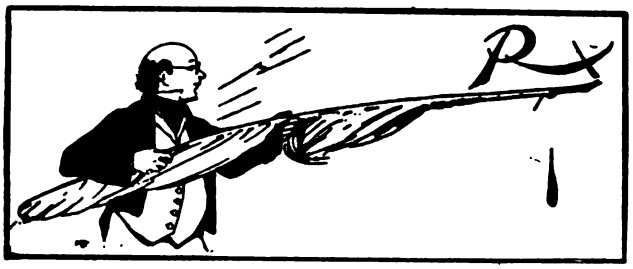
"Oh, she's a-gruntin' wuth a mis'ry in her back."

"Well, come on, let's go. She has just given birth to a baby. You have a house-full of kids out there. You damn fool, don't you know by this time, when your wife gets in that condition?"

"Lor', Doc—I didn't expeck nuthin' like thet fer a week."

FREDRIC FRANCIS.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.



THE MEDICAL PICKWICK is a monthly literary magazine for and by physicians
WILLIAM BRADY, M. D., Editor-in-Chief.

Contributing Editors:
George F. Butler, A. M., M. D. Floyd Barrows, M. D.
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FEBRUARY, 1921.

IN PASSING HAS PASSED.

IT IS now generally known that a verdict of self-defense may be confidently expected by the good man who shoots the doctor who rises to remark that there is little he can add to the facts the essayist has so thoroughly brought out, but he desires to thank the essayist for the rare privilege . . . shows painstaking preparation . . .

It is not quite so egregious for a writer to inflict inane superfluities on his readers, because he who runs need not read another line if he finds no pleasure in it.

Can there be a more irritating or gratuitous superfluity than the phrase, "In this connection?" When an author employs this maddening inanity does he mean to question his reader's capacity to recognize the connection or does he betray his own uncertainty of a connection? The neophyte awkwardly changes the subject by perpetrating a sin he mistakes for a refinement—"in passing I would say."

In passing has passed, although it seems that many medical writers have not yet learned the news.

AIN'T IT SIMPLE?

THE cause of all human disease is an impingement or pinching of the nerve of the organ affected, by a subluxated vertebra. (We say vertebra, but usually the "literature" emanating from the "fountainhead" gives preference to the form "vertebrae" when one bone is referred to.)

What's the use of studying for years in the vain effort to learn the nature and cause, and perhaps the way to prevent disease? You can get it all by mail, or by spending six weeks in "Ioway," and you don't have to know a thing to begin with.

The grand old American public awaits you with open pocketbooks. There are not less than thirty million members of the simp species, technically known as suckers, in America. If any doctor who reads these lines has proved a failure in his profession, and needs some easy money, and hates the notion of doing honest work to earn it, we would advise him to take something to benumb his conscience and launch into the greatest graft of the day—chiropractic.

NEXT MONTH.

THE MEDICAL PICKWICK is a medical magazine in the Pickwickian sense only. As the author of Slapo-grams takes occasion to say, doctors are much too fond of talking shop out of hours. We wish to keep THE MEDICAL PICKWICK a magazine by doctors and their friends, for doctors and their friends. So we welcome contributions which will interest doctors and their friends, anything which will possibly amuse the doctors or entertain their friends. If you were contemplating submitting something to THE MEDICAL PICKWICK apply that test to it, and if it would not amuse doctors or entertain their friends, permit us to suggest that you submit your offering rather to *Life*, *The Real Estate World*, or *The Monthly Manicure*, as we desire nothing that really belongs in a serious publication.

Next month we fully intend to issue the magazine just as we have been doing month after month.

We venture to say that so far as the wit and wisdom, not to mention the pure literary value of the March issue are concerned, readers will find it worse than ever, if the editor can possibly make it so. He realizes that this is a big undertaking, but—well, wait and see what he can do. If the quality of the material now in hand for the next number is any criterion, we predict that the March PICKWICK will be about the limit—after it has been thoroughly edited.

Doctor (to Domestic Nurse, a former Actress): "Are you sure you know how to administer chloroform?"

Nurse: "I'll say I oughta. I chloroformed a millionaire every night for ten weeks when I played the Vamp in "The House of Horrors."

THE SUBURBAN EMIGRANT

I've sat upon this stool, Mary,
Since first you left my side;
It seems to me like hours ago
So slow the moments slide.

You *said* you had to match that green—
(I bet you told a lie!)
They're painting up your lip, Mary,
And penciling 'round your eye!

This stool has grown so hard, Mary,
I've camped since Heav'n knows when—
The shop-girls' chatter makes that ear
Begin to buzz again!

I *know* you're in the Beauty Shop
All plastered like a freak;
And while I'm list'ning for your step
They're plumping out your cheek!

I am a lonesome man, Mary,
You've left me in the lurch—
Your bundles on the counter still
Beside me, where I perch!

A "snack" is all I've had, Mary—
One sandwich, "cut-and-dried;"
There's nothing much I care for, but
To get filled up inside!

* * * *

I'm bidding you at last, "ta-ta!"
I've "sot"—but now I'm through;
I've left a note to say, darling,
I've gone to "Child's" for stew!

GEORGIANA CHEESMAN.

DELAYED UNION.

BIRTH CONTROL

BIRTH CONTROL advocates ask for tolerance of those who listen to them. Those of us who disagree with them must insist on the same tolerance to our expressed opinions and would ask that they reconsider some of their statements and not class as imbeciles those who disagree with them for reasons as perfectly honest as are their own in the expression of opinion.

In Genesis XXXVIII-9, is mentioned the sin of Onanism, and him, Onan, the Lord slew. I cannot see any difference in the manner in which this sin is committed. It is a sin against nature and as such will be punished by nature; it is an abnormal act, as such dangerous to the physical economy of both parties concerned. I bring this up, not as a religious argument, but that I may thus illustrate my ideas regarding the breaking of one of nature's laws. You may call it a sin, a crime or the result of ignorance; we know that by over-indulging any appetite harm will result and we think the man a fool who will deliberately harm himself.

As early as 1857 an eminent physician in Boston startled the community by publishing two books, one entitled "Criminal Abortion, Why Not? A Book for Every Woman," and "Is It I? A Book for Every Man." Soon afterward a Protestant clergyman published a work entitled, "Serpents in a Dove's Nest." All these works told the same tale of woe regarding the increase of child-destroying crimes in New England.

We are shocked at the destruction of human life on the banks of the Ganges, but here foeticide and infanticide and contra-conception are extensively practiced under the most aggravating circumstances.

If the ideas of birth control advocates are legalized the same harm would result because of the innate strength of the sexual passion. Over-indulgence would of course follow in its wake.

Advocates of birth control state that the question concerns not only every man, woman and child, but the child not yet born. It certainly does. The child not yet born has an inalienable right to his existence.

Do they have any idea how many geniuses they may destroy by their methods? At the present time the American family of more than two children is the exception.

Looking over the New England towns it is found in many families the first generation had an average of eight to ten children; the next three generations averaged about seven to each family; the fifth generation less than three to each family. Present generations are not doing so well. I can go back in my own family to 1630.

There is a trinity responsible for this—first and foremost is disease; second, prevention of conception; and, third, abortion; with the first as a successor to the latter two, with or without the addition of venereal disease.

Fournier states: "There is not a vice more fatal to the conservation of man than masturbation."

According to my ideas whatever the method of contra-conception the guilty parties are all masturbators.

All history testifies that the true civilization of any race or country rises or falls with the restraints imposed on the passion of lust.

The greatness of Rome or Greece decayed when the laws of social purity declined.

Proponents of birth control present the same argument as those who profess to believe that war is right and proper and the best manner of settling international disputes. They speak for progress of the races. The author believes that birth control will lead up to legalization of murder at the beginning of life, as surely as war takes the mature and makes widows and orphans. Contra-conception takes the immature, creates sexual neurasthenics and legitimizes prostitution in the home.

What would be the natural result of such a course as birth control advocates advise? Use your common sense. We are all weak, frail mortals, our sexual sense is very strong. If the public knew that this sense could be gratified without the responsibilities of parenthood there would be a riot of sexual intoxication, leaving in its wake the evil results which follow over-indulgence of the sexual appetite.

Why not strain our educational efforts in the direction of, not sexual continence, but sex government, so live that the gratification of the instinct would be more difficult. It seems to me that the occupation of separate rooms by married people would, to a certain extent, solve this problem. There is the menstrual epoch, at which time everyone should feel that the occupation of separate rooms is at least hygienic. We medical men know that many married couples over-indulge and practice many methods

of preventing conception. Their sexual life would certainly be prolonged, their sexual pleasure enhanced, their procreative ability improved, and their offspring would be healthier were they to limit indulgence in stated periods. That this could be carried out is shown in the practice among the Orthodox Jewish people, and many examples of continence outside of the Jewish faith. This may seem a dream but given the alternative of a la birth control we know that over-indulgence would be the rule rather than the exception.

Our forefathers raised large families and the mothers of those days were able and willing to do so and perform manifold household duties that at this day mothers do not see fit to perform. They must have the various excitements that modern civilization offers. Taking advantage of these, mere household duties must be neglected. Cannot we as educators rather put our efforts into the induction of people to return to simpler methods of living and all that makes home dear to us. The home is the bulwark of every land and insofar as we destroy the home our vaunted civilization is a failure.

The strong argument of advocates of birth control is the present economic conditions. I feel as strongly about them as they do. I feel the same way about the Subway sights. I would not be condemned to travel with city crowds, morning and night during the rush hour, for any amount of money, but how many of these people if offered the opportunity of moving to the country towns or smaller cities would go. Take a family of the lower class who procreate like animals and are accustomed to city life and transplant them to the country with good, clean surroundings and better modes of living, and rather than stay they will walk if no other way offers that they may get back to the city where they can hear the hurdy-gurdy and live in the vile flat houses of metropolitan life.

Such arguments are of the same class as eugenics and universal suffragism, they are all sexual revolutions which must be trodden under foot. I am a believer in eugenics insofar as I believe parents should have more power in the choice of participants in the matrimonial contract, and women should take all manner of interest in the education of the young and in the public schools, but thus far and no further should they go in the management of our government.

Medical men advocating birth control state that their methods positively have no effect in causing sterility. I disagree with them absolutely. It is not seldom but often that gynecologists see at their offices young married women in whom over-indulgence and the use of chemical means of making possible this over-indulgence have developed a congestion of the organs of generation which renders a rest and treatment necessary. Again I say regulate, but do not destroy.

Contrary to the ideas of the birth control proponents, I find this a very pleasant world in which to live. We see, of course, much suffering which each one of us is trying to relieve to the best of his ability, but the moment we let down the bars as they advise, we make the world worse, not better.

I have great confidence in the integrity and virtue of womanhood, but it is nevertheless a fact that fear of pregnancy is a great influence.

They also bring in the subject of hereditary syphilis. The author has made an extended study of syphilis in pregnant women and wishes to state that it is perfectly possible for a woman with latent syphilis and an active Wassermann reaction if subjected to proper treatment to give birth to perfectly healthy children; not that I would advise syphilitics to marry and procreate, neither on the other hand would I advise their marriage and have the habit of contra-ception established, for their moral tone would thus be lowered and an inevitable result would be a lowering of the moral tone of all with whom they associate.

Do you wish this thing taught to your daughter? The physiology of sex, yes, but in my own family I prefer to do this myself. This cannot be handled in the public schools.

Do we, as a representative body of physicians, take the responsibility of advocating birth control? The author feels that birth control advocates strike a blow at the republic through their teachings.

I cannot do better than quote from a book on Medical Jurisprudence by the Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J.:

"It will result in self-abuse for both parties concerned. No man in his right senses but what will admit that self-abuse is a crime. Still it is not legislated against, no more is gluttony or private drunkenness.

"Shall man be allowed to make laws contrary to the basic principles of medical practice and thus be allowed to waste his choicest gifts in the indulgence of debasing pleasure? Are we to be allowed by legislation to make monsters of ourselves, moral blots upon the face of this beautiful earth?

"The advocates are counseling acts which are directly contrary to the underlying principles of Medical Jurisprudence.

"The whole foundation of medical practice is based upon Medical Jurisprudence. Medical Jurisprudence is based upon ethics and laws higher than those made by man. Are we as a body of medical men ready to assume the responsibility of upsetting these laws? It studies the principles that underlie legal enactments and if there were no higher law there would be no such principle."

It is a question of subservience to the requirements of temporary expediency at the sacrifice of duty.

Medical men should be more conscientious in regard to the dictates of the higher law than any other class of men, save perhaps the clergy.

Shall we stultify ourselves and our profession? Shall we allow our conscience to become as rubber and let ourselves to be swayed by every wind of modern speculation? If we do, we can readily persuade ourselves that a measure is lawful because of its expediency.

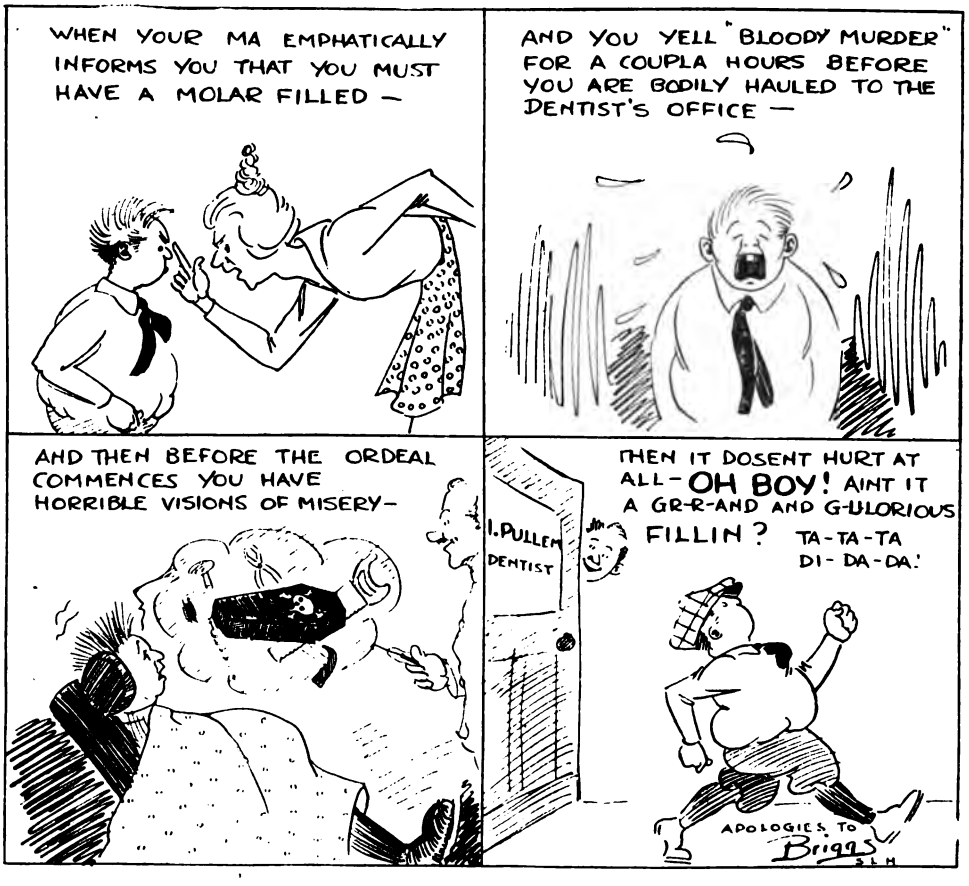
Do not prostitute your profession to such vile usages. Some medical men, I am sorry to say, afraid of the arguments of the forum and the trouble and notoriety thereby entailed will not defend their honest principles as zealously as will the propagandist of bold speculations and dangerous new theories, in the spreading of what is pernicious.

Weak convictions are not likely to be proof against violent and repeated temptations. If a physician is once convinced that there is no higher law and that he be nothing more than a rather curious lump of matter, which is to lose forever all consciousness in death, why indeed should he not get rid of any other lump of matter if it stands in the way of his present or prospective happiness?

It will be a sad day for the medical profession and for the world at large if ever the people countenance this advice. Society cannot do without the higher laws and these laws are the basis of medical practice.

A. M. JUDD, M. D.

375 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.


WHEN YOUR MA EMPHATICALLY INFORMS YOU THAT YOU MUST HAVE A MOLAR FILLED —
AND YOU YELL "BLOODY MURDER" FOR A COUPLA HOURS BEFORE YOU ARE BODILY HAULED TO THE DENTIST'S OFFICE —
AND THEN BEFORE THE ORDEAL COMMENCES YOU HAVE HORRIBLE VISIONS OF MISERY—
I. PULLEM DENTIST
THEN IT DOSENT HURT AT ALL—OH BOY! AINT IT A GR-R-AND AND G-LORIOUS FILLIN ?
TA-TA-TA DI-DA-DA.
APOLOGIES TO Briggs

IN THE YEAR TWENTY-ONE-FORTY-NINE

If the practice of Physic today is a body-and-soul-wearing thing,
Let us pass on a few hundred years and see what the future will bring.
To begin with, no child will be born in the old-fashioned method, barbarian;
"Twilight sleep" will be quite out of date when the babies all come by Caesarean.
As we all shall be socialists then, every kid will be reared by the nation,
And the houses will all be piped up to the Government Milk Supply Station.
Then, if baby wakes up in the night, we won't have to crawl out of bed
To heat up his bottle of milk; we will phone to the station instead—
"Six ounces of formula 'X' for the Browns, pipe three thousand and ten;"
Then the baby will tug at the tube and we soon will be sleeping again.

As a husbandman growing a vine must be bold in his use of the knife,
Cutting off from the trunk all those parts which are useless and weaken its life,
So the surgeon, two hundred years hence, will prune every family sprout;
The appendix and tonsils and teeth he will calmly proceed to take out.
The immunist next will be called and his triple-x polyvaccine
Will protect against all kinds of germs that shall be or that ever have been.
Then with outwardly perfect physique and insides that no germ can invade
Education will be the next point where the greatest advance will be made.
Years and years we now spend over books, learning how to make brain tissue grow,
And it takes us the rest of our lives just to pick up the little we know.
We may leave for our children some gold, but we cannot bequeath them our brain;
They must start at the same place as we and learn over the same things again.

In these days when we strive to stop waste and efficiency has the first call,
We can see that Dame Nature right here has not shown herself canny at all.
In the future this leak will be stopped; brain-grafting will come to our aid;
Though our bodies will have to be grown, yet our brains we shall get ready-made.
When a learned professor is dead they will put his gray matter on ice
And a child will be made wise as he by the process of grafting a slice.
If old Solomon, Caesar, and Solon, Napoleon, Newton, and Bacon
Had been packed in ice-boxes till now, what a wonderful brain we could take on.
Just think what a fighter you'd make, if you had the materials ready,
From the brains of the Great Alexander, the Kaiser and Joffre and Teddy;

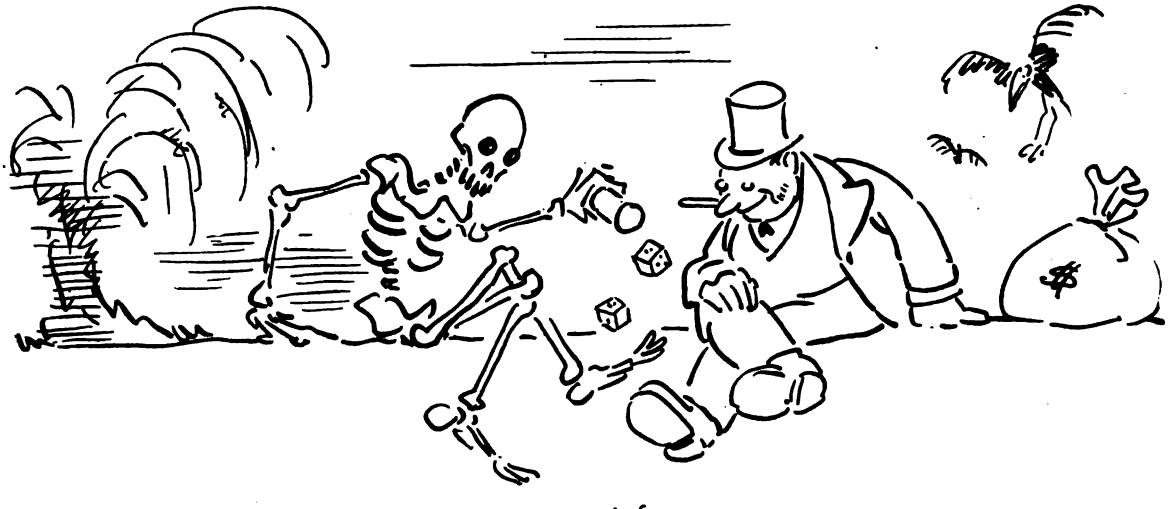
But we need not go back quite so far, we have great minds among us today;
What a wonderful doctor we'd have made of Walker and Wilkins and Shea.
We are apt to be stuck up and proud of the Mayflower blood in our veins,
But our children two hundred years hence may well boast of their cold-storage brains!

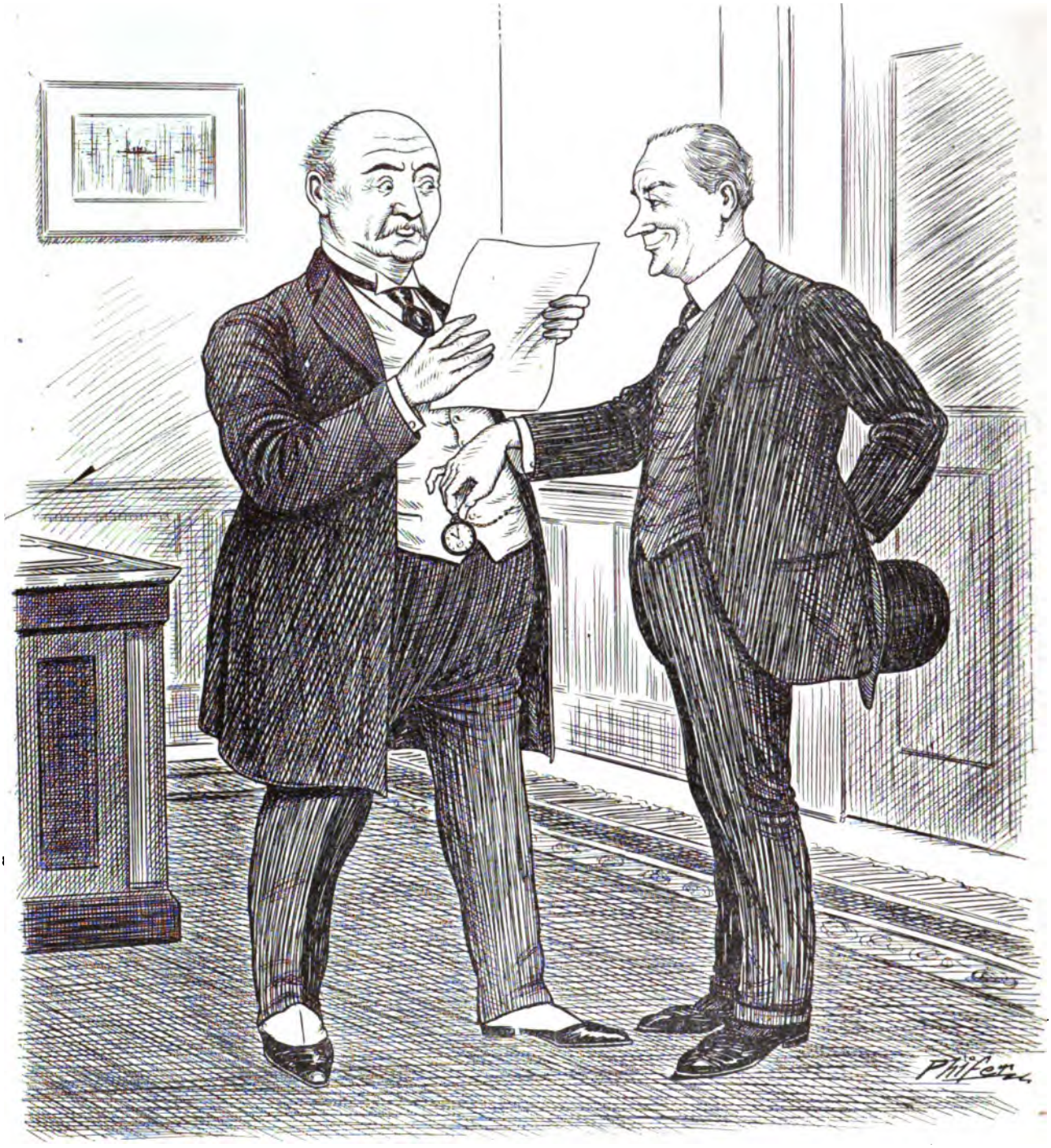
In the future we'll stay right at home when we make a professional call;
We will diagnose, treat, and collect without seeing our patients at all.
We will sit quite at ease in our chair in the radio-laboratory,
Put the wireless clamps to our ears while they give us the clinical story;
Tele-auscult and tele-percuss, tele-palpate the liver and spleen,
Then project tele-radiographs on a super-intensified screen
That will show all the cells at their work, noting which ones are active, which lazy,
Which ones (the benign) are still sane, and which ones (the malignant) are crazy;
Take a census of blood cells and germs, those destructive and those parasitic;
Have the fluids examined with care, by methods spectro-analytic;
Subdivide and again subdivide, into sub-microscopical sections,
Every last blessed atom in sight till we get to the primal electrons;
And at last when we've finished it all we can calmly lean back in our chair
And dictate some such message as this "I've examined the patient with care;
On the whole his condition is good; all the organs are working full time,
Though their output is slightly reduced, and the bones need a little more lime.
In the liver fifteen thousand cells have quit work and gone out on a strike;
It's a case for the adrenal courts; I will send in a call if you like.
In the right cerebellar cortex, section two forty-nine, second row,
There's a cell, with its dendrons relaxed, whose internal potential is low;
In the antero-lateral tract, bundle twenty-four thousand and nine,
Neuron 'X' shows a break in its sheath; the short circuit has tied up that line.
Wait a moment! Two rough-looking germs have just entered the jugular vein,
And I think we shall find they have caused the disturbance up there in the brain.
But, don't worry, I'll set on their trail a couple of trained phagocytes;
They will eat 'em alive, and by night repair gangs will have put things to rights.
They can easily charge up the cell, but the neurons you may have to graft.
What's the fee? Just two hundred and fifty; please honor my wireless draft."
Well, now, what do you think of that picture? Great Hippocrates, won't it be fine
To practice the medical art in the year twenty-one forty-nine!

HERBERT L. SMITH, M. D.

Nashua.

Transactions N. H. Med. Soc., 1917. Read at the Banquet, May 17, 1917, at Concord, N. H.





Doctor (reading applicant's letter of recommendation): To whom it may concern: The bearer is a skillful worker, quick to grasp an opportunity. . . .

DOCTOR & CO.

Now, here's to the health of the doctors, past, present, and yet to be.
May they never be lacking in patience, nor their patients be lacking the fee!
And here's to the wives of the doctors; to them all honor is due—
You have to get on with your patients, but they have to get on without you!
It is they who must keep the house running, with meals at all hours, day and night;
It is they who must bring up the children and see that your socks are all right,
When the baby wakes up with the colic, or Johnnie falls down on his head,
They must not expect help from the doctor; he's caring for others instead.
When they plan to make calls with their hubbies, or have a few friends in at home,
There is always someone who has nosebleed or gets some loose wheels in his dome.
No matter what work they are doing, they drop it and rush to the phone;
They must answer the kicks and the call-downs with a good-natured smile in their tone.
They must hunt up the doctor's goloshes; put a hot water bag in his bed;
Though they hear all the gossip that's going, they must never repeat what is said.
When the doctor comes home cross and hungry, they must hide their own aches with a smile,
They must act like a salve to the nerve-ends his patients have rasped with a file.
They must be all, and do all, and bear all, with neither regrets nor complaints,
In a word, as compared with us sinners, they must be super-glorified saints.
So I give you the health of both partners which make the firm Doctor & Co.
The active one makes a good chassis, but the silent one makes the thing go!

HERBERT L. SMITH, M. D.

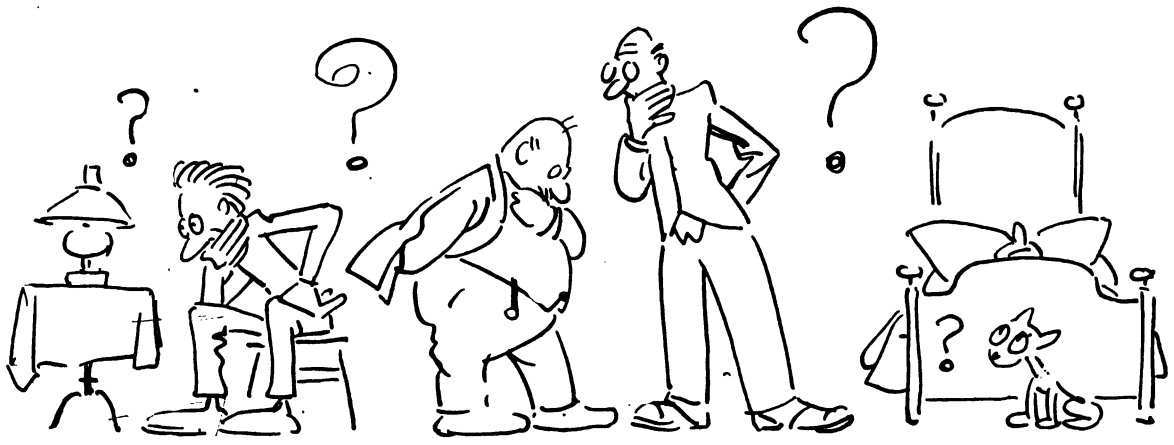
Nashua.

Transactions N. H. Med. Soc., 1917. Read at the Banquet, May 17, 1917, at Concord, N. H.

DIVINATION

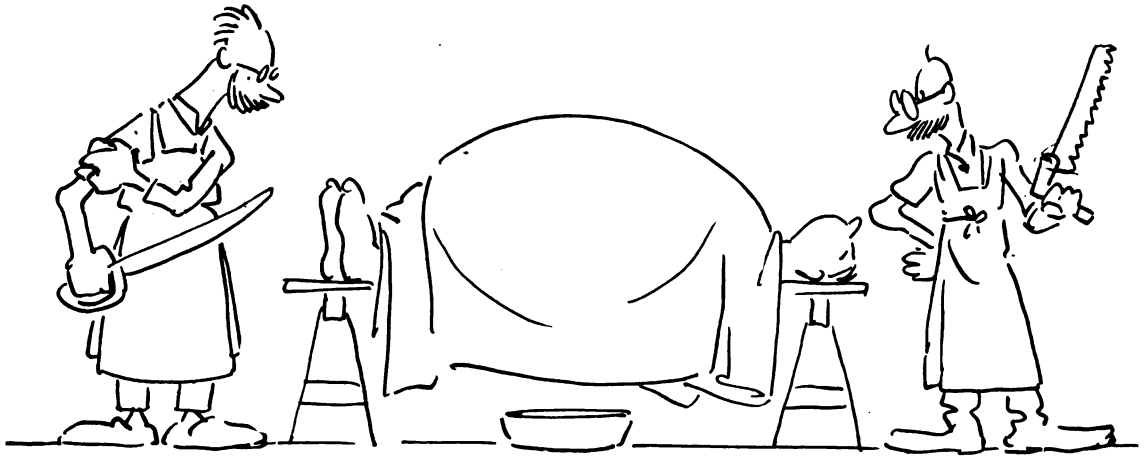
Tell me O stars burning bright
The doom ye weave in your ways.
Tell me, O wise of the skies,
What the days of the years bring forth.
Shall I watch the queen of the night,
And mounting the moon-light's rays
Find the truth that in vain I seek,
With tears, from the South to the North?
I will ask the wind of the West,
That blows o'er the cities of men,
I will ask the wind of the South,
That comes o'er the sapphire sea
Will the answer come in the night,
In the flitting fires of the fen?
Will it come in the dawn of the day,
Boding life or death to me then?
Shall I seek in the nave of the wise,
Shall I ask of her who peeps
And mutters over her cards
By the light of a candle dim?
Shall I go to the seer who pries
In the soul of the soul who sleeps,
Will a happy answer then
Ever come to me from him?
There be lines in the palm of the hand,
There be lines in the faces of men,
There be cunning spirits that stand
By my side when I hold my pen.
Can I stay and take my ease,
Is my secret hid in these?
Shall I rest and cry "All's well"
Or fly to the anchorite's cell,
Or wring the fate that I wish
From the hand that holds it to sell?
No! Let me cease, for Love cries,
"Come, read your fate in my eyes."

EDWARD WILLARD WATSON.



When They Put on this Act You May as Well

Make the Best of It and



Prepare to Play Your Part in this One.

AN INFLUENZA VALENTINE

My dainty, darling Valentine
(Wait while I blow this nose o' mine!)
If this seems cold, don't criticise—
I'm frozen to my bleary eyes.

I'd tell my love, but then I'd wheeze,
And talking's sure to make me sneeze;
I'd like to kiss your pouting lip
But you'd get germs and catch the grip!

My feet can't run to do your will,
(A mustard bath warms up their chill.)
My manly breast can't shelter you—
It's plastered up—Confound this "Flu!"

My heart beats just for you, old dear,
(Although a trained nurse hovers near.)
Its throbbing plays the mercury tricks

When 'neath my tongue the "tube" she sticks!
In fancy I can see you, sweet—
You're looking "good enough to eat,"
While here I'm starved on sloppy diet,
And told I must "keep calm and quiet!"

Great Scott! I might as well be dead
As fastened to this dreadful bed.
There is just one thing that I can do:
Stop "cussing"—sleep, and dream of you!

GEORGIANA CHEESMAN.

GIVE PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT

Doc Sugarcoat was neat and clean,
And useful knowledge filled his bean,
He drove around where folks was sick
And dumped their dope out in the creek,
And spilled their pills and combed their hair,
And opened doors, and let in air,
And chased down mites, and dirt, and smells,
And dumped lime in their pumps and wells,
And folks got out behind his back,
And said he was a fake, and quack,
And wouldn't pay the bills he sent,
And took his furniture for rent;
And Doc got lean and short of breath,
And all his children starved to death.

Then Doc dug up an old silk hat
And long-tailed coat and red cravat
And let his hair grow down like rope,
And mixed a batch of dark roan dope,
And got a coal-oil torch and dray
And sung a song and said "hurray"
And thrust one hand beneath his coat,
Stuck out one leg and cleared his throat—
"This balm," he yelled, "will knock the spots
From cancer, rinderpest and botts,
Clean silver and dehorn your cows,
Soothe infants' gums and cure sick sows,
Grow hair and blast out stumps and rocks—
Step lively, friends, three bones per box."

No longer does Doc leave his stall
When teething infants fret and squall—
His agents now stand up on drays,
Inflate their chests and shout his praise,
And give free with each box you buy
A building lot or pink glass eye.
Doc summers now at Ocean View
And frets not when his bills fall due,
His name's become a household word,
He chins not with the common herd—
Who eat his balm and think it's great
And ship him ducats by the crate.
Consider, Doc—if you'd succeed
Give people what they think they need.

TRAMP STAR.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE

A prominent society woman suffering from neuralgia decided to consult a noted specialist in nervous disorders. The physician listened attentively to her symptoms.

"Madam," he said, impressively, when she had concluded, "I can guarantee to cure you only on one condition—the removal of every tooth in your month."

"Will that be necessary, doctor?" inquired the woman anxiously.

"Absolutely," replied the physician. "Otherwise a cure is impossible."

"Will you stake your professional reputation on that?" she persisted.

"I certainly will," said the doctor.

"Very well," replied the society leader. She placed her hand to her mouth and, to the dismay and consternation of the specialist, removed two complete sets of false teeth!

"WHY MARRIED MEN ENVY BACHELORS"

"Pa-a-a! c'n I go ow-ut?"

"No!"

"Well, why can't I go out?"

"Because I said so."

"Well, why did ja say so?"

"Because I don't want you to go out!"

"Well, why don't cha want me t' go out?"

"Because—for Heaven's sake, will you keep still! Can't you see that I'm trying to read the paper?"

"Well, how c'n I keep still when I ain't got nothin' t' do?"

"Well find something to do!"

"If I could go out I c'd find somethin' t' do."

"Well, you're not going out, so that settles it."

"Well, why not? It isn't dark."

"Well, it isn't light."

"Well, it isn't dark!"

"Well, it isn't light, either!"

"Well, gee whizikers! It must be somethin'! If it isn't light, 'n' it isn't dark, then what is it?"

"It's—for pity sakes! will you keep quiet! Can't you see that I am trying to read about the League of Nations?"

"What's th' League of Nations?"

"It's a league to settle arguments."

"What kind of arguments?"

"All kinds of arguments!"

"Like when is dark light?"

"No! no! Don't be absurd! The League is supposed to settle real disputes."

"Will it settle the disputes between you an' Ma?"

"Are you trying to be funny?"

"Well, don't you 'n' Ma have disputes?"

"Yes, but these are supposed to be disputes between nations."

"Well, don't you and Ma belong to a nation?"

"Yes, but—say for the love of Mike, will you keep still! This is the fourth time I've read over this reservation and I don't know a word of it yet!"

"Is that where the Indians are?"

"Is that where the Indians are, where?—what the blazes are you talking about!"

"Ain't th' Indians on the reservation? Gee whizikers—"

"Here, for pity sakes get out of here and keep out of my sight 'til bedtime!"

HERBERT L. McNARY.

Dorchester, Mass.

SIGNS OF RAIN

FORTY REASONS FOR NOT ACCEPTING THE INVITATION OF A FRIEND.

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep;
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in haloes hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see, a rainbow spans the sky;
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel;
Hark, how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are seeming nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings!
Puss, on the hearth, with velvet paws
Sits wiping o'er her whisker'd jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch th' incautious flies;
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illum'd the dewy dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen
Hopping and crawling o'er the green;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is drest;
Though June, the air is cold and still;
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill;
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks how odd their flight!
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball:—
'Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow;
Our jaunt must be put off tomorrow.

EDWARD JENNER.

The Medical Pickwick

VOL. VII MARCH, 1921 No. 3.

THE MEDICAL CAREER OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

One of the minor controversies of scholarship has centred round the question whether Goldsmith ever really took a medical degree. The story that he did so was long thought to be as apocryphal as many incidents in his famous walking tour; but at all events the fact that he engaged in medical studies, and even went abroad to pursue them to the best advantage, was always admitted to be certain. In 1744, when he was sixteen years old, Oliver Goldsmith entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he was a contemporary of Edmund Burke, and, after some not too happy experiences, proceeded to Edinburgh in order to study medicine.

He left Dublin, however, a Bachelor of Arts, and Sir Ernest Clarke has expressed the view that he even began to study anatomy there before the interlude which ended with his arrival at Edinburgh in 1752. In January, 1753, we find Goldsmith a member of the Students' Medical Society, and he seems to have been one of the pupils of Alexander Monro, then professor of anatomy. He next entertained the idea of completing his medical studies abroad, and his adventures began with his starting for Leyden in 1753. It was only after having to turn back to English shores that, on a second attempt, he succeeded in completing his journey. Once abroad, not much is known of the sequence of his movements, except that 1755 is the year in which his journey on foot began. Louvain, Paris, Strasbourg, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy are said to have been traversed by him as a solitary pilgrim, sometimes reduced to supporting himself by playing the flute along the road. It was either at Louvain or Padua that he was supposed to have taken his medical degree, until Sir Ernest Clarke, with the assistance of Sir William Osler, not long ago unearthed the following entry in the *Oxford Journal* of February 18, 1769: "Yesterday Oliver Goldsmith, Esq., Bachelor of Physick in the University of Dublin, Author of 'The Traveller: a Poem,' of 'The Present State of Polite Learning in Europe,' and of several other learned and ingenious Performances, was admitted to the same Degree in this University." How he became an M.B. of Dublin is a matter of conjecture, but Sir Ernest Clarke suggests that, as he was entitled under the statutes, Goldsmith on his return from his tour applied to the Dublin authorities to grant him the M.B. degree *in absentia*.

That he was an academic doctor on his return from abroad in 1756 is, however, unlikely: the first date of which we have evidence of Goldsmith subscribing himself "M.B." is 1763. But he was certainly endeavouring to practise before that date, and on his arrival in England, practically destitute, he became an assistant to a chemist at Fish Street Hill, met his friend Dr Sleigh, and practised physic at Bankside, Southwark. That he was not very successful may be judged from the fact of his also obtaining a post as a school usher in the same year. The next year did not much improve his prospects either as a physician or a poet, for we find him writing to his brother that he is living "by very little practice as a physician, and very little reputation as a poet." So unpropitous were his fortunes that he even applied for what we should now call a medical officership to a factory on the coast of Coromandel!

Examined at Surgeons' Hall for a certificate as hospital mate, he failed to satisfy the examiners. Like many another derelict of the learned professions, Goldsmith fell back on journalism, and four years afterwards laid the basis of his reputation by his "Chinese Letters," better known as "The Citizen of the World," which made his name on their appearance in 1762. In yet another four years his "Vicar of Wakefield" had appeared, and Goldsmith's sense of character and comedy was providing for his needs and illustrating his skill more successfully than his essays in medical practice. As a poet he lives in every well-stocked nursery as the author of the "Ellegy on the Death of a Mad Dog;" and on his prose in essay, novel, and the drama there is equally little need to enlarge.—*The Hospital* for January 22, 1916.

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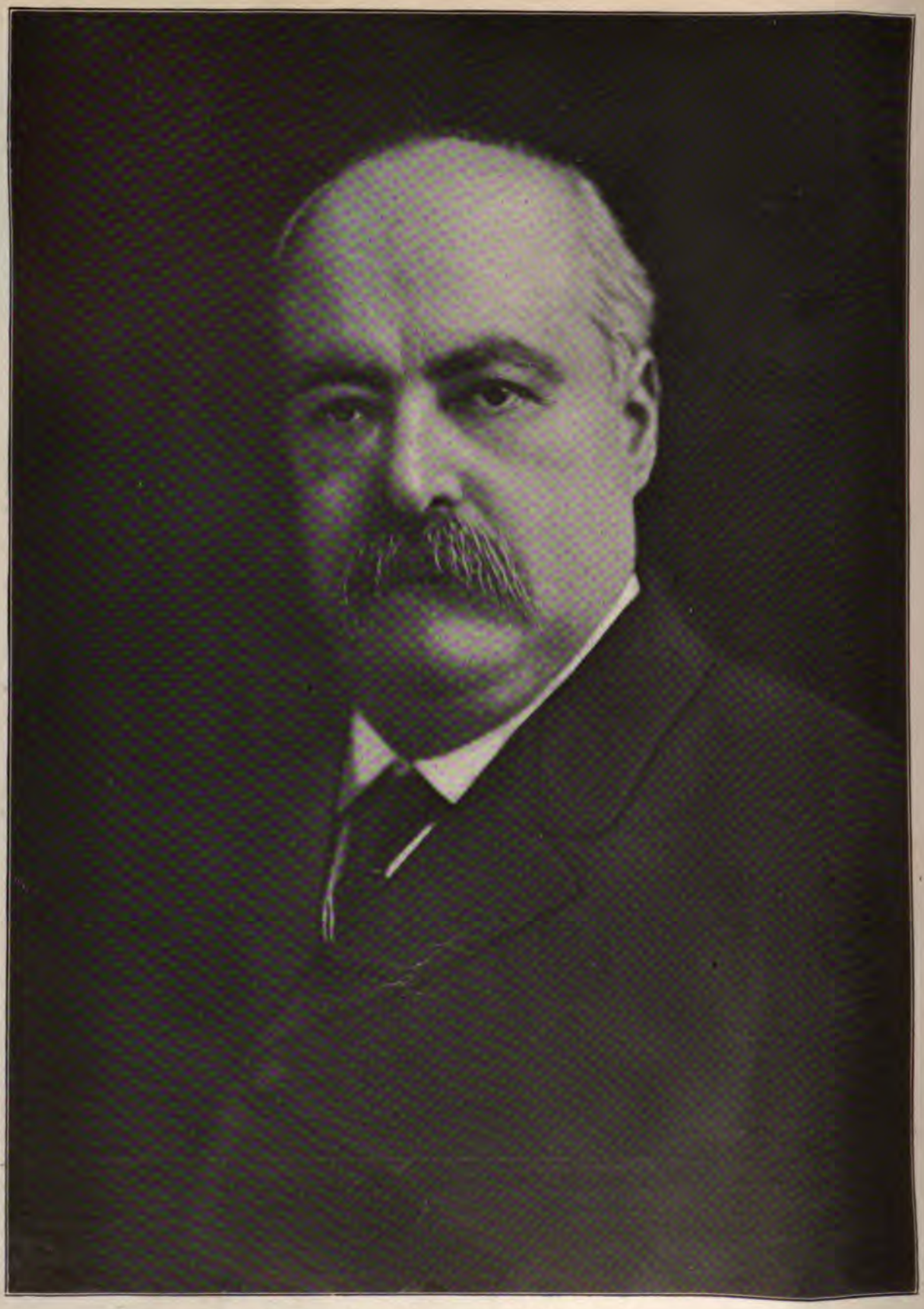


SAMUEL JAMES MELTZER, M. D., LL.D.
(1851-1920)

THE PASSING OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

PERHAPS about the time of Hippocrates, or earlier, there appeared on the scene of human activities a specimen of the race who had about him a distinguished air, a pronounced odor; clothed in a unique apparel and who carried in his hand a bag, the contents of which were shrouded in mystery and into which the eyes of the vulgar were not permitted to look. He wore a long beard, his hair was long, his gait was steady, his steps far-reaching, his eyes upon the ground in deep meditation as he pursued his way over stones and uneven ground, through the wilderness, along the babbling brooks, over uncultivated fields, over mountains, across streams, wading or walking on an unsteady log that had made a temporary bridge, and on and on, until he had reached a log cabin into which he entered to find stranded upon a bed of straw, a fellow mortal that had fallen victim to disease or had been wounded by some wild animal which he was pursuing that he and his might have wherewith to allay the pangs of hunger which gnawed at their very vitals, but now alas! found himself helpless, and suffering untold agony, while the woman and little ones hovered over the little heap of sticks and brush in the middle of the tent or cabin, destitute, alarmed at the calamity which had overtaken the food provider, whose groans filled the air, with no hope of relief until the strange figure with bag in hand approached, and who began at once with his rude equipment to bestow some measures of relief.

Out of his mysterious bag he brought forth divers and sundry roots and herbs, and barks, and seeds and dried flowers, some of which he placed in the pot which hung in a rack over the fire, pouring in water from the adjacent spring and piling on more wood until the pot boiled and filled the air with mixed odors, and then out of a rusty tin cup or gourd he poured down the throat of the sufferer the bitter decoction *ad libitum*.

But the man was bleeding from his wounds which must be checked ere the vital fluid now soaking the bed of straw and rags should be drained away in sufficient quantity to put an end to the suffering man, and something must be done to save the flickering life. The stranger thrust an iron poker into the fire and let it remain until it was red hot, and without hesitation applied it directly into the wound, while the patient squirmed and yelled with pain. To make sure that no more blood escaped, the inner bark of the red oak which overhung the cabin was applied and over this some rags tied tight with strings made of bark. Then more of the bitter decoction was given, and the patient told to keep quiet.

The strange figure vanished. The hope of fee or reward had not been a factor in the proceedings. Some occult influence had made its impress on the mind and heart of this peregrinating but thoughtful character to go to the relief of his fellows in times of peril and, as best he could, administer to their distresses.

In this arena and under those environments, in the dim and distant past—even in the pre-historic ages of men—the DOCTOR WAS BORN. Along with his advent and later, and even now in the blaze of what we are pleased to denominate "the high tide of civilization" there accompanied him certain mysticisms, incantations, exorcisms, and shall we say it? deceptions, more modernly called by the curious name of camouflage, a word invented in the late holocaust, meaning, we suppose, "to cover up."

The being to which we have alluded as "Doctor" was essentially of the country. He was not the product of the city, did not make his advent surrounded with the wealth and glamour of the rich and great, whence kings and princes, dukes and court ladies hold high carnival in luxuriant idleness and lasciviousness, extravagances and debauchery; nay, but he came from the forests and mountains, the fields and meadows, where were the songs of birds and the rippling music of the rills; close down to nature, where he lived under the starry heavens and inhaled the fragrance of nature's flowers, and the fresh, upturned sod of the plowman. It was under similar environments that the ancient seers and prophets were born and lived and gathered inspiration from nature's own domain. It was from such surroundings that John Baptist, than whom there has never been a greater man, came clothed in skins of wild animals, feasting on wild honey and the fruits of uncultivated trees, and called on mankind to "halt" in their downward way, face about and get ready to receive the "Man of Gallilee." So it has ever been—mankind's great benefactors have been of lowly birth and haled from obscurity—thus proving the ancient maxim as fact, that the weak things of the world confound the mighty.

The Science of Medicine originated in the espousal

of an ideal which in some way filtered into the mind and soul of those who longed to know how to afford relief and cure for humanity's ills, and who studied nature's way by observation of animals and birds and savages, and from such small beginnings, added little by little to the store of human knowledge, by experiment and by the study of effects produced on the human mechanism by actual trial sometimes with good, many times with evil results, but ever pressing forward with faith in their work.

If you ask who contributed most of all to the furtherance of medical knowledge in all its departments, we would be bound in truth to say it was the Countryman who saw all the various phenomena of disease and who felt his way through the darkness toward remedies and appliances to stay the progress of disease and forestall the approach of untimely dissolution. After scores and scores of years, scientists came to the rescue of those who had seen the manifestations of disease and had tried by outward signs and symptoms to diagnose the character of the malady, and had made large advances along this line, but were handicapped as to the real cause until the laboratory unveiled the hidden source of the pestilence that walked in darkness, and the scourge that wasted at noon day. But while due honors are to be rendered to the pathologist for his important discoveries, it was the general practitioner—the Country Doctor—if you please, that blazed the trail and pointed the way of discovery.

Shall we before relating the "Passing of the Country Doctor" pay a decent tribute to his memory? The man of whom we speak was a man of parts. A century ago, he was not essentially an educated medical man in the sense of schools and universities. He "took up" the practice of medicine as a man takes to any occupation, trusting to his genius and good fortune. He read a few medical books, went out and dug up some roots and herbs, bought at the store a few common remedies, learned the art of compounding and of making of mixtures and pills, and proceeded without let or hindrance of meddlesome lawmakers, to ply his vocation

Later he went to college, bought more books, looked over instruments in show windows, many of which he could not divine the use of, but purchased a few of the more uncomplicated ones, laid in a better supply of drugs, chemicals, pill boxes, vials, a new pair of saddlebags, and went home. He was the idol of the community. He had been to college. Calls came from near and far. He went day and night, through storm and sunshine. He had a fine horse—often two—and with saddlebags laden with drugs, instruments, dental forceps, obstetric appliances, pills, powders, et cetera, he went forth to conquer. His dress was honorable. He had high top boots, corduroy or jeans pants, homemade shirt, with collar attached, a long frock coat, a rubber raincoat tied onto the back of his saddle, a soft hat or cap, a cob pipe and some homespun tobacco. He rode fast. He went through fields if nearer, along bypaths, swam creeks, pulled through mud, faced snow and sleet, rain, wind, heat and cold. But he "arrived." His presence inspired hope. His words were words of wisdom. His remedies were chosen to meet indications. His bills were never paid.

He made haste to get to the bedside of the parturient woman in her agonies, held on to her hands, supported one knee, made frequent examinations to see that all was well, and sometimes with—often without—his timely aid, but anyway in most cases, the child made its way onto the stage of this human drama by the forces which nature had so wisely provided, and the woman emerged from the apparent jaws of death and the tortures of Hades. Her smiles of gratitude to her attendant physician largely paid him for his heroic effort in her behalf.

Mayhap, the Doctor, present and helpful at the debut of the little stranger, a few months afterward was summoned again to see the prodigy writhing in the throes of approaching dissolution, from having been fed by the indulgent mother or aunties, on some chicken dressing, peanut butter, mashed potatoes, fat bacon, cabbage, et id omen genus.

Or, perchance, childhood, adolescence, youth and manhood may have been given to the once new born, and on and on until the three-score and ten had come and gone, the Doctor had been an observer all the while, and at last, was witness to the attenuated frame, the flickering pulse, the stertorous breathing, the pallid countenance—the end—the gateway to the land Elysian, whose portals we call—death.

Thus was the Doctor, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last deponent in life's fitful fever.

It is with a degree of sadness that we note that this man, this all-round, Country Doctor whom we loved so well, and who served so well his generation, is soon to be a memory, and shall have passed as those things which have been, to return no more.

This institution—the Country Doctor—has had for some years a disposition to change his domicile from isolation to the centers of population, and longed to associate with his fellows in closer union and fraternal

regard, but he could not quite see his way to this goal, for his clientele objected to his leaving, his wife wanted to keep the cow and chickens and have a garden; to make lye soap, put up canned fruit, lay in pork for a year's supply. She was afraid for the boys to go to town lest they might learn habits not conducive to good morals. Hated to leave her church, and so for various reasons, financial and otherwise, the Doctor was content to remain "far from the maddening crowd."

But quite a number of items developed within the past two decades which made it possible for him to move to town, if not imperative; it seemed to be to his interest and to that of his family.

The saloons went away with their hordes of vices, removing the moral objection to city life. The telephone established immediate communication to distant parts so that "calls" could be made without "going after the Doctor." The girls wanted "society." (They got it sometimes, to the discomfiture of the hearthstone.) The small fees usual to country practice were mentally compared to the large bills made out by the city physician for like services. The vastly increased outlay which must be made by a medical student before he could practice at all, and the long term of college life and then as a hospital interne, making it almost middle age before a man could enter on the active duties of his profession, contributed to his settlement in town or city as the only probable way of compensation for the time and money spent in preparation.

While still halting between the two opinions as between town and country as a location, came Henry Ford and a strange looking wagon, roaring and smoking and smelling of gasoline, scorching the road up hill and down, over bridges and highways, at a terrible rate of speed. The die was cast. Space obliterated, communication immediate, why stay in the country?

The homestead was sold for a song, and a house rented in town, an office also rented; old furniture sold at auction. New beds, new chairs, new tables, even pianos or what is worse, a Victrola, bought, all on the installment plan.

There are disadvantages; debts, overdue notes in bank, cost of high living, fashions, shows, parties, society, and all that, but he is no longer a country doctor in the sense that he lives and has his citizenship in the country, but ordinarily he is not averse to accepting calls away out in the country to fill which he either goes in debt for an automobile or hires a Ford to carry him, for he has no horse, no buggy, and if he had, that mode of transportation is too slow for these days.

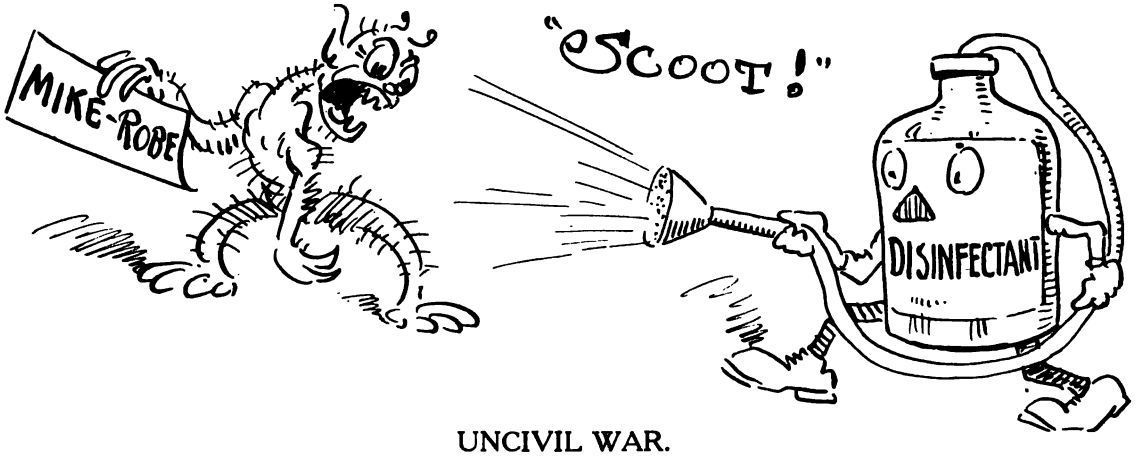
And just ahead, the auto will prove to be a back number, for the doctor will step aboard an airplane and be at the place almost before he has the call.

The country doctor is now in transit, and passing from us. The general practitioner is soon to follow, and specialism in all lines of practice will be the vogue.

But a monument should be erected to his memory, describing his noble deeds of charity and pure beneficence, his immolation of self for the good of others, his extensive knowledge of disease and treatment, his profound sympathy with suffering humanity and his untiring zeal in the discovery of more satisfactory methods of treating disease and preserving the public health.

I. A. McSWAIN, M. D.

Paris, Tennessee.



UNCIVIL WAR.

THE ANATOMIST TO HIS DULCINEA

I list as thy heart and ascending aorta
Their volumes of valvular harmony pour;
And my soul from that muscular music has caught a
New life 'mid its dry anatomical lore.

Oh, rare is the sound when thy ventricles throb
In a systolic symphony measured and slow,
When the auricles answer with rhythmical sob,
As they murmur a melody wondrously low!

Oh, thy cornea, love, has the radiant light
Of the sparkle that laughs in the icicle's sheen;
And thy crystalline lens, like a diamond bright,
Through the quivering frame of thine iris is seen!

And thy retina, spreading its lustre of pearl,
Like the far-away nebula, distantly gleams,
From a vault of black cellular mirrors that hurl
From their hexagon angles the silvery beams.

Ah! the flash of those orbs is enslaving me still,
As they roll 'neath the palpebrae, dimly translucent,
Obeying in silence the magical will
Of the oculo-motor—pathetic—abducent.

Oh, sweet is thy voice, as it sighingly swells
From the daintily quivering chordae vocales,
Or rings in clear tones through the echoing cells
Of the antrum, the ethmoid, and sinus frontales!

—*Gleanings for the Curious.*

Dusty: "The doctor told me to take these pills before meals—will you stake me to my first meal in a week?"
The Tender-hearted Soul: "Sure—take off your coat and get busy with the stakes."

NOT ALWAYS AS IT SEEMS

"LOUNDS!" exclaimed the writer of this treatise. "I envy the artists who sketch their work so freely and easily, seemingly without effort."

"Alas!" cried my artist friend. "If I were only a writer!"

"Which would be all right," I retorted, "if you could think of anything to say and could say it."

We were both human, which accounts for our difference of opinion, for it is well known that the human race is in accord in thinking that "the greenest and sweetest grass is in the other fellow's pasture." Our work is the hardest—the other fellow has a snap.

(Since writing the above the writer has changed his view concerning the free and easy sketching of artists. The writer entered the realms of art and tried out its pleasures. He procured the utensils, paints, brushes, canvas, and made an easel. Having made a failure in trying to write he would cease it forever and settle down into the more solid comforts of art.

His success was indifferent—hardly that either. There is no appreciable word to describe it—none exactly suitable unless we use the words of the artist who viewed the results; and his words are not to be depended upon, for he was not an author and knew not how to express himself. Besides, he was peeved at the time.

However, the dictionary having failed to solve the problem and other references exhausted without success, I quote his words when I proudly showed him my efforts —my conception of art.

At first he could not speak. He snorted and snarled and raved. He tore his hair and bit his cigarette in two pieces and chewed one of the pieces, viciously. He pawed the air, choking, gasping. He kicked over several pieces of furniture. His face was reddish-purple and swollen, and the veins of his neck stood out like ropes. He was the picture of captious despair.

I realized that it was all my fault. I felt sorry for him. But how was I to know that my innocent sketching would make him so envious? How was I to know that he would rave so wildly when he saw my work, knowing full well that he could never hope to attain the success that I had achieved?

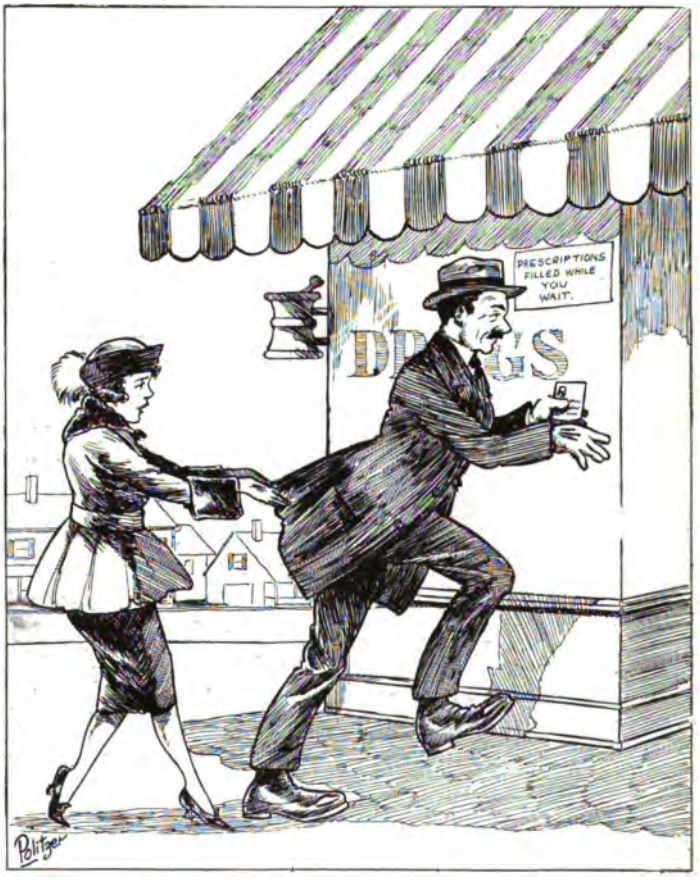
"It is hideous! hideous! hideous!" he finally exploded and sank into a chair, exhausted, pale, trembling.

But I was not satisfied. I showed several other persons the work, secretly, and consulted them as to their opinion, frankly. All of them agreed with him—not one who differed—but they were not so vehement about it.

Yes, the writer has changed his views, for the other fellow's work, which looks so easy, is not always as it seems.)

WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D.

Ottumwa, Iowa.



A MODERN VERSION.

"Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now!"

NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL TEACHING IN 1647

TEACHING in New England in 1647 was a grave but simple matter. A single person, combining in many cases, as in that of Mr. Giles Firmin, the offices of physician and preacher, taught what he knew to a few disciples whom he gathered about him. Of the making of that "Anatomy" on which my first predecessor in the branch I teach "did read very well" we can know nothing. The body of some poor wretch who had swung upon the gallows was probably conveyed by night to some lonely dwelling at the outskirts of the village, and there by the light of flaring torches hastily dissected by hands that trembled over the unwonted task. And ever and anon the master turned to his book, as he laid bare the mysteries of the hidden organs; to his precious Vesalius, it might be, or his figures repeated in the multifarious volume of Ambroise Pare; to the Aldine octavo in which Fallopius recorded his fresh observations. or that giant folio of Spigelius just issued from the press of Amsterdam, in which lovely ladies display their viscera with a coquettish grace implying that it is rather a pleasure than otherwise to show the lace-like omentum, and hold up their appendices epiploicae as if they were saying "these are our jewels."

His teaching of medicine was no doubt chiefly clinical, and received with the same kind of faith as that which accepted his words from the pulpit. His notions of disease were based on what he had observed, seen always in the light of the traditional doctrine in which he was bred. His discourse savored of the weighty doctrines of Hippocrates, diluted by the subtle speculations of Galen, reinforced by the curious comments of the Arabian schoolmen as they were conveyed in the mellifluous language of Fernelius, blended, it may be, with something of the lofty mysticism of Van Helmont, and perhaps stealing a flavor of that earlier form of Homeopathy which had lately come to light in Sir Kenelm Digby's "Discourse Concerning the Cure of Wounds by the Sympathetic Powder."

His Pathology was mythology. A malformed foetus, as the reader of Winthrop's Journal may remember, was enough to scare the colonists from their propriety, and suggest the gravest fears of portended disaster. The student of the seventeenth century opened his Licetus and saw figures of a lion with the head of a woman, and a man with the head of an elephant. He had offered to his gaze, as born of a human mother, the effigy of a winged cherub, a petrocephalous specimen, which our Professor of Pathological Anatomy would hardly know whether to treat with the reverence due to its celestial aspect, or to imprison in one of his immortalizing jars of alcohol.

His pharmacopoeia consisted mainly of simples, such as the venerable "Herball" of Gerard describes and figures in abounding affluence. St. John's wort and Clown's All-heal, with Spurge and Fennel, Saffron and Parsley, Elder and Snake-root, with opium in some form, and roasted rhubarb and the Four Great Cold Seeds, and the two Resins, of which it used to be said that whatever the Tacamahaca has not cured, the Carana will, with the more familiar Scammony and Jalap and Black Hellebore, made up a good part of his probable list of remedies. He would have ordered Iron now and then, and possibly an occasional dose of Antimony. He would perhaps have had a rheumatic patient wrapped in the skin of a wolf or wild cat, and in case of a malignant fever with "purples" or petechiae or of an obstinate king's evil, he might have prescribed a certain black powder, which had been made by calcining toads in an earthen pot; a choice remedy, taken internally, or applied to any outward grief.

Except for the toad-powder and the peremptory drastics, one might have borne up against this herb-doctoring as well as against some more modern styles of medication. Barbeyrac and his scholar Sydenham had not yet cleansed the Pharmacopoeia of its perilous stuff, but there is no doubt that the more sensible physicians of that day knew well enough that a good, honest herb-tea which amused the patient and his nurses was all that was required to carry him through all common disorders.

The student soon learned the physiognomy of disease by going about with his master; fevers, pleurisies, asthmas, dropsies, fluxes, smallpox, sore throats, measles, consumptions. He saw what was done for them. He put up the medicines, gathered the herbs, and so learned something of materia medica and botany. He learned these few things easily and well, for he could give his whole attention to them. Chirurgery was a separate specialty. Women in child-birth were cared for by midwives. There

was no chemistry deserving the name to require his study. He did not learn a great deal, perhaps, but what he did learn was his business, namely, how to take care of sick people.

Let me give you a picture of the old-fashioned way of instruction, by carrying you with me in imagination in the company of worthy Master Giles Firmin as he makes his round of visits among the good folk of Ipswich, followed by his one student, who shall answer to the scriptural name of Luke. It will not be for entertainment chiefly, but to illustrate the one mode of teaching which can never be superseded, and which, I venture to say, is more important than all the rest put together. The student is a green hand, as you will perceive.

In the first dwelling they come to, a stout fellow is bellowing with colic.

"He will die, Master, of a surety, methinks," says the timid youth in a whisper.

"Nay, Luke," the Master answers, "'tis but a dry bellyache. Didst thou not mark that he stayed his roaring when I did press hard over the lesser bowels? Note that he hath not the pulse of them with fevers, and by what Dorcas telleth me there hath been no long shutting up of the *viae naturales*. We will steep certain comforting herbs which I will shew thee, and put them in a bag and lay them on his belly. Likewise he shall have my cordial julep with a portion of this confection which we do call *Theriaca Andromachi*, which hath juice of poppy in it, and is a great stayer of anguish. This fellow is at his prayers today, but I warrant thee he shall be swearing with the best of them tomorrow."

They jog along the bridle-path on their horses until they come to another lowly dwelling. They sit awhile with a delicate looking girl in whom the ingenious youth naturally takes a special interest. The good physician talks cheerfully with her, asks her a few questions. Then to her mother: "Good wife, Margaret hath somewhat profited, as she telleth, by the goat's milk she hath taken night and morning. Do thou pluck a maniple—that is an handful—of the plant called Maidenhair, and make a syrup therewith as I have shewed thee. Let her take a cup full of the same, fasting, before she sleepeth, also before she riseth from her bed." And so they leave the house.

"What thinkest thou, Luke, of the maid we have been visiting?" "She seemeth not much ailing, Master, according to my poor judgment. For she did say she was better. And she hath a red cheek and a bright eye, and she spake of being soon able to walk unto the meeting, and did seem grately hopeful, but spare of flesh, methought, and her voice something hoarse, as of one that had a defluxion, with some small coughing from a cold, as she did say. Speak I not truly, Master, that she will be well speedily?"

"Yea, Luke, I do think she shall be well, and mayhap speedily. But it is not here with us she shall be well. For that redness of the cheek is but the sign of the fever which, after the Grecians, we do call the hectical, and that shining of the eyes is but a sickly glazing, and they which do every day get better and likewise thinner and weaker shall find that way leading to the church-yard gate. This is the malady which the ancients did call *tabes*, or the wasting disease, and some do name the consumption. A disease whereof most that fall ailing do perish. This Margaret is not long for earth—but she knoweth it not, and still hopeth."

"Why, then, Master, didst thou give her of thy medicine, seeing that her ail is unto death?"

"Thou shalt learn, boy, that they which are sick must have somewhat wherewith to busy their thoughts. There be some who do give these tabid or consumptives a certain posset made with lime-water and anise and liquorice and rains of the sun, and there be other some who do give the juice of crawfish boiled in barley water with chicken broth, but these be toys, as I do think, and ye shall find as good virtue, nay better, in this syprup of the simple called Maidenhair."

Something after this manner might Master Giles Firmin have delivered his clinical instructions.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1867).

CRUTCHES.

LUCK

The roundelay
I'll ne'er forget
The croupier
Sang at roulet :
In Monte Carlo
By the sea,
"Les jeux sont fait,
Rien va plus."*

The ball's in play,
The wheel spins free,
Les jeux sont fait,
Rien va plus.

Remember, when
You place your bet,
A gambler
Must not regret,
Though good or bad
His fortune be.
Les jeux sont fait,
Rien va plus.

I've gambled some
With cards and dice,
I've had good fortune
Once or twice.
When in the play
Luck frowned on me,
Les jeux sont fait,
Rien va plus.

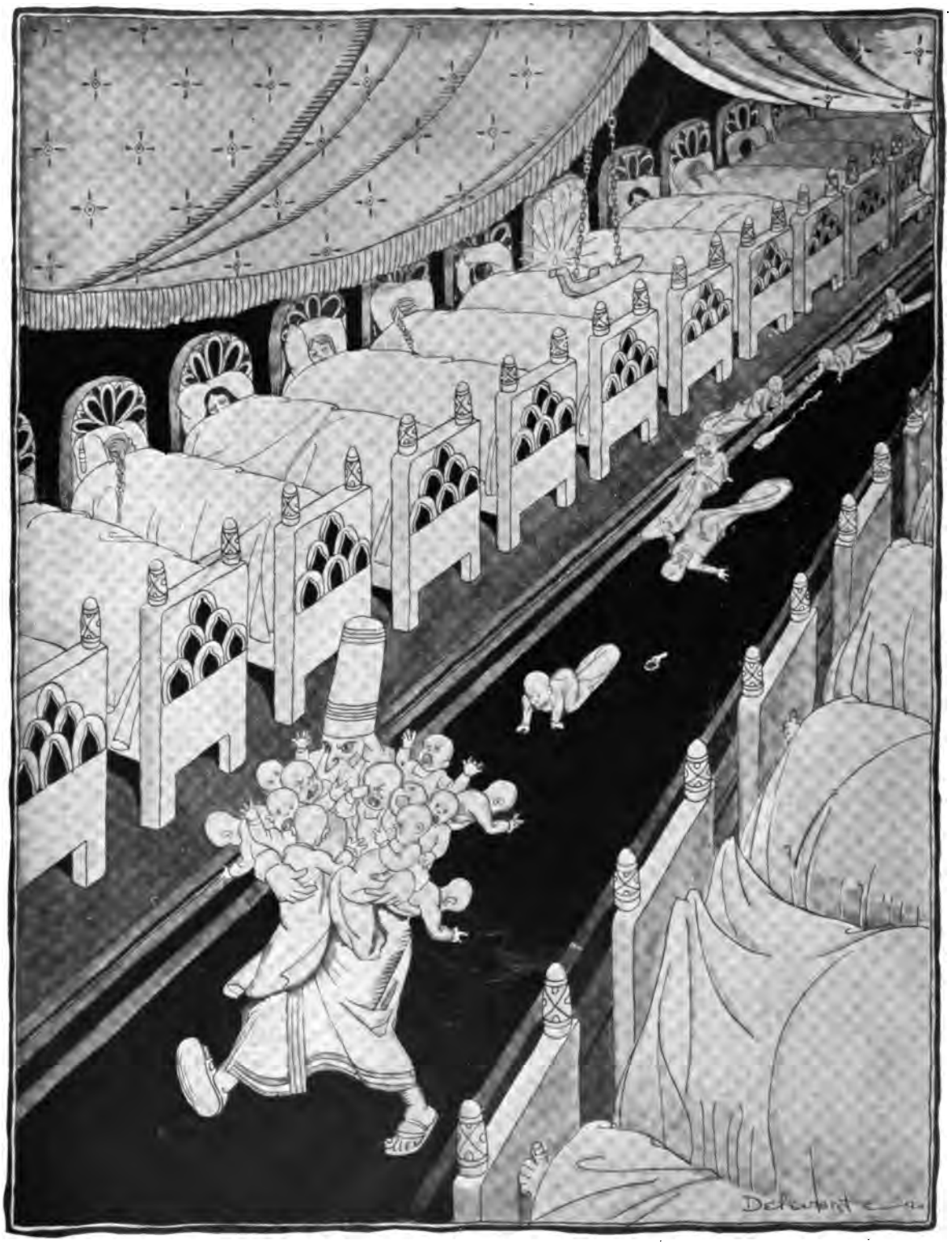
And life's a game
Of fortune, too,
Where pride or shame
May come to you.
Your boat, once launched,
Is on the sea.
Les jeux sont fait,
Rien va plus.

The ball's in play
The wheel spins free
Les jeux sont fait,
Rien va plus.

*The bets are closed.

MILTON HAHN, M. D.

A FEE FROM FEED.



KING SOLOMON HAS A RESTLESS NIGHT.

THE CUSTOM OF PAINTING THE EYES AMONG ORIENTAL WOMEN

THE little silver vase which is shown in the accompanying picture was purchased by the writer in Palestine because of its beautiful form and workmanship. It was interesting to discover that its use was for *k'hal*, with which native women paint their eyelids and brows.

We have all heard about the prevalence of ocular diseases and blindness in the Orient. Perhaps it is this age-long affliction which has led to the use of pigment ointments, common in the East since ancient times. Jezebel "painted her eyes" with *phuk* and Jeremiah (IV, 30) pictures the daughter of Zion, "thou enlargest thine eyes with *phuk*," which the Septuagint renders as stibium (antimony). [II Kings, IX, 30.] The Latin word and its Greek analogues *stibi*, *stimmi*, can be followed back to an ancient Egyptian form *sdmt* (antimony) and *sdm* "to paint with stibium." [Ebers "Die Maase u. d. Kapitel űber d. Augenkr., Leipsig, 1889, p. 206.] Ezekiel (XXIII, 40) describes the wanton "painting her eyes," using the word *kahal*. In the Talmud *phuk* is used once but in the sense of a remedy and not a pigment. The Talmud uses the word *kahal*, a word common to various Semitic languages, for the pigment and salve applied to the eyes. The pencil anointed with pigment was applied between the closed lids. [Preuss. Biblisch-Talmud. Medizin, Berlin, 1911, 325, 326.]

Wilkinson describes "the custom in Egypt of staining the eyelids and brows with a moistened powder of a black color," which was "thought to increase the beauty of the eye, which is made to appear larger by this external addition of a black ring," . . . "the lengthened form of the ancient Egyptian eye, represented in the paintings was probably produced . . . by this means." [Wilkinson, The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, revised by Birch (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), Vol. II, p. 347.] But it was also believed to improve the sight and possibly to act as a protection against the Evil Eye. Seligmann [Der Böse Blick, Berlin, 1910, Vol. II, p. 244] suggests this view. He states that the black color is looked upon as having certain protective character, and black spots are therefore painted on the face, on the ears, etc.; that in Serbia the nose is made black in children if they are pretty and strong. In Turkey children are painted with black across the middle of their forehead as a protective against the Evil Eye. In Persia the eye-lashes of the children are blackened with a pigment. In Bombay the Hindus and

Pigment Container and Bodkin.

Parsees blacken the eyes of children with lamp-black and the men and women of Bunia blacken their eyes on the fourteenth day of the month at Asvina. The eyes thus blackened are also believed to lose their power to throw the Evil Gaze. It was not only the living who were thus adorned. The pigment was also applied to the dead and even the statues of the gods had it applied daily. [Hirschberg, Egypten. Leipsig, 1890, p. 63.] It is suggested by Seligmann that the exaggerated lines forming the eyelids and brows in ancient Egyptian statues do not represent the natural forms but the prominent lines

of the pigment! [Seligmann, Der Gebrauch der Augenschminke bei den Orientalen. Hamburger Fremdenblatt, Nov. 21, 1906.]

K'hal containers have been found in the tombs, together with the bodkins for applying the moistened powder. Wilkinson has a number of drawings illustrating various forms of such boxes and bottles and Birch notes that they "had occasionally inscriptions on them describing the use of the cosmetics: as 'to lay on the lids and lashes;' 'good for the sight;' 'to stop bleeding;' 'best stibium;' 'to cause tears.'" [Wilkinson, 11, 349.] In the ancient graves in Benihassan dating 2130 B. C. a group of foreigners is represented as making an offering of the valued gift of stibium. [Hirschberg, loc. cit.]

The pigment was of various kinds; some was very rare and expensive. It was also used extensively for eye affections and is mentioned fifty times in the Ebers Papyrus, for every variety of eye disease. [Hirschberg, p. 64.] It was Virchow who first investigated the chemical character of the substances found in the ancient Egyptian pigment containers and found sometimes the sulphide of lead, at others oxide of manganese; and Hirschberg suggests that only the cheap pigments were placed in the graves—the valuable sulphide of antimony was used for the living wealthy. Other pigments besides those mentioned have been used. The pigment used nowadays in Egypt consists chiefly of vegetable substances with oxide of zinc, lead, copper, sulphide of lead, rarely the sulphile of antimony. Throughout the Orient, sulphate of lead is the chief substance used. Algerian women use a mixture of burnt sugar, lamp-black and vil, or burnt nut shells and oil. [See Seligmann, Der Gebrauch der Augenschminke bei den Orientalen. Hamburger Fremdenblatt, Nov., 1906, where the special pigments of many nations are mentioned.]

The use of antimony as an eye remedy has persisted until modern times, while the fashion of painting the eyelids was quite universal in the Orient and has continued until the present day. The pigment is also known under the name of "Ispahany" because it is brought from Ispahan and is used in such quantities that a poet has said that the mountains of Ispahan have been carried away on a needle—referring to the bodkin used to apply the pigment to the eyes! (Seligmann.) The Arab women of Palestine still look upon the use of the black pigment about their eyes as a part of their toilet. They apply the pigment to their eye-brows extending them laterally and also so that they meet in the midline, but also at times paint the margins of the lids as well. [Neumann, Die Heilige Stadt, 1877, p. 452.] Dr. Germann, of St. Petersburg, who made the first extensive study of ophthalmia in Syria and Palestine in 1896 (1) tells us that "both men and women, old and young, apply finely powdered antimony to the margins of the lids. It is supposed to preserve the eyes and to protect them against disease. . . . Usually a width of about one cm. about the lid margins is thus covered with black pigment, producing a revolting appearance. Some of the substance could generally be found in the conjunctival sac . . ." [Centralblatt für Augenheilkunde, 1896, p. 401.]

The powdered pigment is carried in little leather sacs or metal receptacles which are provided with a bodkin to which the powder adheres. The forms shown in the accompanying illustration are among the more ornamental. They are of silver. The chain indicates that the pigment container is carried about as western ladies carry their purses and powder boxes. The larger bodkin was probably for a lady's dressing table. The figure of the bird which adorns the loose bodkin as well as that attached to the vessel are in all probability placed there as amulets.

Some reader may put a query about the use of paints and pigments in western countries. This paper is limited to their use by the ladies of the Orient. The decoration of their sisters of the Occident—that is another story!

HARRY FRIEDENWALD.

Baltimore.

BRER FOX OF LAKE KEUKA

IF FOXES were as plentiful as rabbits and every fox pelt were worth two hundred and fifty dollars, the average man would starve to death trapping foxes if that were his sole support.

I asked a farmer whose farm is a hunting ground for foxes and whose home is scarcely twenty yards from a fox runway, whether he had seen any foxes lately, and he said, "No, not in years. I saw one five or six years ago, but I guess the dogs have them all caught out." Yet I never cross that man's farm in the winter time without finding it covered with fox tracks, and although he is up at dawn nearly every morning he never sees a fox.

No other animal I know of can compare with a fox in keeping out of sight and out of trouble. No other can meet an emergency in which life is involved with such prompt and decisive action. And no other keeps in such perfect physicial condition.

My hunting partner, Tad Spencer, and I were crossing Lake Keuka on the ice when suddenly the foxhound that was trotting along quietly beside us stopped and pointed his nose into the wind. Then he started to run south, and no amount of calling would swerve him from his course. He ran more than a mile and then stopped. Spencer, whose curiosity was aroused, followed the dog to investigate, and found the dog gnawing at a perch that was frozen in the ice. Is an animal's sense of smell more acute when it is hungry? I think so. And yet this hound had just been fed and was not hungry.

There is a suspicion in my mind that a fox has a nose as much superior to that of the foxhound as the hound's is to the nose of a common cur. While going over my trap line last winter I had a chance to observe the behavior of a fox that seemed to justify this theory. It was the only morning I did not carry a gun. There had been a light fall of snow in the night, and I was crossing a ten-acre field going east to a hedge on the other side of which, near an old haystack, I had a fox set. Near the haystack was a break in the hedge and a pair of bars. I saw a movement through the hedge and stood still. A moment later a large red fox trotted in a semicircle around the stack and then paused. What a beautiful picture on the snow background, with one forefoot lifted, his brush raised, his nose in the air, trying to localize me. Slowly he turned his nose from side to side apparently suspicious yet not perfectly satisfied. I stood as motionless as a statue. And then—if I had touched him with an electric spark he could not have started more quickly. His first jump seemed to be rather sidewise, and then using his tail as an extra propeller he fairly flew for the woods. It should be remembered I was going from west to east, and there was a stiff breeze blowing from the south. How did he do it? When I approached the spot where he had stood and backtracked him, I found he had followed the hedge from the north until he had reached a spot within six rods of the haystack, and there he had paused. My set was placed within a yard of the haystack and I had hidden a shot-torn rabbit on top of the stack. The fox, having paused near the stack, had described a semicircle until he had nosed me. Had I not interrupted the proceeding he would have made a complete circle around the stack. They invariably do that, and this very extreme caution often gets them into trouble.

Throw a dead rabbit under a brush heap and a fox will circle the pile at a distance of five or six rods. If there happens to be an old stump or a large stone he will mount it to reconnoiter. This well-known habit is always considered by the trapper, who puts his bait under the brush pile and his trap at the base of the stump or stone five or six rods away. When Mister Fox goes to mount the "listening post"—well, ain't it a shame!

A year ago, while going over my trap line, I noticed the track of a large dog fox on an old path near the edge of a deep gully. The second morning afterward I noticed it again. On the fourth morning I found it a third time. Apparently the fox was going over this runway every alternate morning. There was snow on the ground, but it thawed that day, so I decided to make a blind set for him. Hemlock trees grew along the banks of the gully. I boiled a pair of fox traps with hemlock branches in the water for one hour. I used baling wire instead of chains and boiled the wire with the traps. A week afterward it snowed one afternoon and I went to the path to make the set. I found a place where the path narrowed to wind through some standing blackberry bushes and in a yard-wide depression filled with dry leaves I set the traps, running the seven-foot wire off on either side to an eight-foot drag. After the traps were boiled in the hemlock water I handled them as little as possible and only with cotton gloves on, the gloves having

also been boiled in the hemlock water. I conjectured from the looks of the sky in the west that we would not have a very heavy snowfall, and my prognosis proved correct. In making the set I placed the traps sixteen inches apart, one on the north and one on the south side of the path which at this point was not more than eighteen inches wide. I covered the traps and wire with loose leaves and took great pains to leave nothing nearby.

While coming up the path I purposely crossed it a dozen times, and when I had completed the set I continued on above the set, crossing and recrossing at several points. It was snowing quite briskly when I made the set and it continued until an inch had fallen. Then the wind shifted to the north and it grew very cold. If anyone ever had a good prospect of trapping an old outlaw, I did, for never were all the circumstances, weather included, more favorable.

I usually start over the trap lines at dawn. The stinging cold helps a man to assimilate fried rabbit and buckwheat cakes. The city visitor, after a week on the trap line in zero weather, finds himself discarding his pepsin and nerve tonic and calling for fried pork! The booming of the frost-bursted tree, the tongueing of the hound, the sting of frost on the face and the roaring of the wind in the woods quickens the pulse and exhilarates like champagne. It was cold at the breakfast table with a fire at my back, below zero outside, and I am sweating. "How poor," said Shakespeare, "are those who have no patience." (Patience, not patients.) I was poverty stricken next morning. There was a runway where the fox usually crossed the gully, and I went straight thither without looking at other traps.

There in the snow of the runway were the round footprints of the fox. He had traveled on up the edge of the gully, making occasional little excursions to chase a field mouse or going down some distance into the gully to investigate a brush pile or stump. The path turned slightly away from the gully where the set was made, and I quickened my pace as the tracks led past the hemlocks and berry bushes, and sure enough he had still followed the path. I pushed the safe ahead on my gun and held it in position for instant use. I stopped stock still and looked at the tracks. He had trotted along to within two feet of the traps and there the tracks ended. Looking closely I saw that the snow and leaves had been kicked backward and when I looked beyond the traps I felt more respect for the sagacity of Mr. Fox than ever before.

He had jumped eight feet over both traps and then trotted unconcernedly along the path on his business.

It is not easy to describe my feelings, but I remember once attending a country fair—it was about fifty years ago—where a gentleman induced me, as he said, "just for fun," to knock down a wooden pin by means of a ball suspended on a cord. I knocked the pin down six times in succession without the slightest difficulty. The gentleman, a distinguished looking man most elegantly attired and breathing an atmosphere of affluence and good nature, praised my keen eyesight and steady nerves—especially my nerve. He threw a dollar on the board and announced that he was going to encourage me by betting me a dollar I could not do the little trick once more. I had only ninety cents, but with a magnanimity sometimes met with even today, the gentleman accepted it as my wager, which greatly increased my regard for him. . . . I missed. . . . Missed by a hair, the gentleman said. That ninety cents represented the proceeds of the sale of twelve muskrat skins, my whole spring catch (they would have brought sixty dollars last winter) and I hadn't another solitary cent on earth.

When I saw those fox tracks on the far side of the set, the same feeling came over me as that I had experienced when I lost my muskrat money, nothing ugly or resentful at all, but sad, just sad.

Elihu Root, in one of those thoughtful utterances that have from time to time lighted up a life of dignity and honor, said that life has its disappointments.

That fox skin would have netted me twenty-five dollars last winter, and I needed the money. But I consoled myself with the reflection that lawyers sometimes lose well prepared cases, doctors lose wealthy patients from apoplexy and other unresponsive afflictions—patients who should have gone with appendicitis—and I suppose the feelings of each of us under these trying circumstances are much the same.

Thirty rods north of where I stood I had shot a fox ahead of the hounds. He ran fifty yards after I shot him, and then he collapsed near the gully. Across the gully, twenty rods away, I had shot another as he bounded out of the gully in a swirl of snow close pressed by the hounds. With some satisfaction I remembered these more fruitful occasions and followed Mr. Fox's track until he turned north toward another large gully, then I continued on to the rest of my traps. Next morning his tracks were nowhere evident. I left the traps in the same position more with the idea of studying his methods than of pinching his cautious toes.

The second morning he crossed again, traveled much the same trail as before, but with this difference: when he came within a few jumps of the traps he detoured into

the gully and returned to the runway a few jumps the other side of the traps. I left them set for a week afterward, but he never approached within six rods of them. He could not have seen them, for not only were they perfectly covered, but everything around them was perfectly natural. The only solution is that he nosed them.

When I told my partner, Spencer, about it, he said: "He is a wise old dog fox that has some time or other had his toes pinched and remembers it was steel that did it."

It is my personal opinion that if one should fill a fox's nose with beechwood creosote the fox would still be able to recognize an apple by its odor a dozen yards away. Do you doubt it? Well, consider this incident: A year ago last fall I heard my hound bark "Treed!" near a gully a half mile north. It was night and very dark. I took a lantern and went up to see what he had. When the wind shifted I knew it was a skunk. As I approached the skunk tried to get into a woodchuck hole, but the dog knew the hole was there, too, and rushed him. In the mixup the skunk dosed the dog in the face. As the hound jumped back a boy who was with me shot the skunk in the head, killing it.

Never have I seen a sicker dog. He lay flat on his side and heaved laboriously for ten minutes. I expected to see him die right there. That fool hound always would grab an animal by the wrong end! When he finally was able to stagger to his feet he walked to the brook and lapped a few mouthfuls of water. And then, while the atmosphere around us was still blue and rank, that hound jumped the fence and in a moment was making the woods ring with his voice as he ran a trail. Then he suddenly stopped. The boy took the lantern and followed him up. After a while the boy called to me. When I got there the dog stood with his front feet on a pheasant which someone had winged. Think of it! Dosed with an odor that can be fully appreciated for miles and miles, and a few minutes afterward following in the dark the trail of a bird that might have passed the spot hours ago!

After one has trapped for years he invariably modifies his opinions of the skunk's defensive weapon, for a skunk, like vice, is "a monster of such frightful mien . . ."

Seen too oft, familiar with its face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace. But these are another's words and this is another story.

There are a hundred and one odors I dislike more than that of the skunk. I had much rather have a skunk in my kitchen than sauerkraut, or even some table butter that some folks think is fit to eat. To my mind, the lofty and sensitive dread of an alarmed skunk by those who can tolerate the odor of limburger cheese—and ignore the odor while taking a mouthful—is one touch of humor that makes the trapper grin.

J. D. BUCKLEY.

China's Great West Abounds in Irrigation Opportunities

Railways Must Replace This Costly and Inefficient System of Transportation

A TRANSPOSITION OF VISCERA FROM A NON-MEDICAL JOURNAL.

A CASE OF DIPLOPIA

"When the visual lines of the two eyes are not directed toward the same object, *i. e.*, when one eye deviates, *diplopia or double images result*, unless the image of the deviating eye is disregarded or suppressed."—May.

"NO!" shouted Doctor D'Alroi to his pretty, black-eyed daughter. "It cannot be—never! That's all there is to it!"

He stepped into his automobile and kicked the starter, and the big car snorted down the road. He worked all night and the next morning. In the early afternoon he rejuvenated himself by accepting the honest, heartfelt hospitality of his happy host out in the country. Ordinary drinking tumblers were used for receptacles and were filled to the brim with the rich, red juice of the strawberry.

The old doctor held the glass at arm's length, in order to see more accurately. He watched the rapid ebullition of the liquid. The tiny bubbles formed here and there, hesitated for an instant, gathered force and shot to the top, as strawberry juice is apt to do when carefully prepared according to certain secret processes. Then, as if its life force was almost spent, it effervesced more slowly.

"It looks like wonderful, sparkling nectar," he said. "It will put new life into my old body, after a long night's work like I've just been through."

While driving towards home he began to realize that he had taken an overdose of hospitality. This realization came to him gradually. At first there was a slight fullness in his head, a sensation of bouyancy; then a feeling of uncertainty, as the automobile seemed to leave the ground, at times, and sail through the air, lightly, gently, to descend again without perceptible jar or jolt, always on the road, but frequently out of the beaten track.

"That's blamed annoying!" he told himself.

In a few more minutes he was decidedly dizzy, and it was then that he came to the little bridge—the one which spans Sugar Creek. He saw two bridges.

"I'm going too fast to stop," he thought. Therefore, he tried to suppress one of the images by shutting one eye, but the remaining bridge was so hazy and indistinct that he hastily opened it again. Then he concluded to disregard one of the images, so he chose the most distinct bridge and aimed for it, hoping that the machine would take to the air again, maybe. He stepped on the accelerator and the response of the big car was immediate if not gratifying. But he had disregarded the wrong bridge. He missed it—the real bridge—entirely.

Doctor Long stepped into the street at the exact time when Deacon Lory was showing the new minister over the city and introducing him to any of the inhabitants they might encounter.

"How d'ye do, Doctor," exclaimed the diminutive deacon. "I want you to meet Reverend Holsworth, our new pastor at the Elm Street Church." Then, to the minister with a chuckle: "This is Doctor Long. He heals the body of its ills, while you administer to the spirit."

"Glad to know you," muttered the physician, offering his hand. "Get in my car, both of you. Doctor D'Alroi's machine went in the ditch and he's out there with a broken leg. I want somebody to help bring him in."

"Certainly, we will be glad to go," said the stalwart minister.

"Surely," agreed the little deacon.

They found the old doctor propped up against the bank of the creek, smoking his pipe, cheerfully. Ned Wilson, a farmer who had found him, was there and the four of them lifted him up, and laid him down again quickly when he explained that the manipulation was painful. He did a thorough job of explaining—yelling, howling, finally swearing a little.

"My good friend, that will not benefit you," insisted the Reverend Holsworth.

"You go to thunder!"

Doctor Long studied the steep bank. "We've got to carry you up there," he avowed, "and you've got to grit your teeth and stand it."

"I'm blamed if I do! Look how you carried on when I lanced your finger, and what's a measly little finger compared to a leg?"

Doctor Long, remembering the incident well, made no reply.

The minister stood thoughtfully viewing a pile of brush. "Just a minute, gentlemen," said he. "I rather think I can manage it so that our sufferer can ride in comfort. Has anyone a large knife?"

"Here's one," proffered Ned Wilson.

The young minister dragged out two small trees from the brush pile and trimmed them of their appendages, making two firm, straight poles, about seven feet in length. Then he went to the automobile and procured

the laprobes. He laid them on the sand, overlapping each other so that the two of them together were six feet long, and laid the poles along the outer edges. Then he rolled the robes over the poles, as a window shade rolls over the roller, until a foot of the cloth was wrapped around them. This made a litter about two and a half feet wide and six feet long, with good handles to carry it.

"That's more like it," said the old doctor, eyeing the apparatus with deep satisfaction. "You've got sense."

They laid him on it gently and started up the steep bank. The patient uttered no complaint. All went well for a time, until they were nearly to the top of the incline, when Deacon Lory, being small and inexperienced, slipped on a stone and slid and rolled and landed in the sand. The minister, who was his partner at the rear end of the litter, grabbed the handle in time to prevent it falling to the ground, which happening would have provoked wrath from the occupant. The deacon, bruised, battered but undaunted, scrambled to his feet quickly and ran up the bank and took up his share of the burden without further disaster.

They took him home and put him to bed. His wife and daughter were both gone. Doctor Long reduced the fracture and placed sand bags alongside of him—literally tucked him in with them—and stuck him up with adhesive plaster and tied a rope to his leg and ran it through a pulley at the foot of the bed and fastened a bucket of sand to it. Then he left.

"Look at me!" roared the old doctor to the deacon and the minister. "Look at that!" He pointed to the pulley and the rope. "Isn't that a fine apparatus for me to be hitched up to? Six weeks to be in bed!—I guess I'll get rested up all right. Where's my pipe?"

Deacon Lory searched the discarded trousers for the pipe, but failed to find it. He brought forth a red tin box of tobacco and some matches, but no pipe. The minister, fearing another outburst, took up the trousers and continued the search.

"Listen!" exclaimed the old doctor. "There's my wife coming in the front door. Would you tell her that I'm—?"

"Yes, I'll tell her," replied the minister, without waiting for him to finish the request. But Deacon Lory was ahead of him and was rushing to the door, so Reverend Holsworth turned and came back.

In a moment there was a smothered scream at the front part of the house—a horrified scream of a woman in distress. The minister ran at once toward the source of it and arrived in time to see the nervous little deacon standing before an elderly lady who was sitting on a settee in the hallway. She was staring at him with wide eyes, and her pale, almost chalk-like face was motionless as a marble statue. The little man was fanning her with an open newspaper, clutched in both hands, which he waved back and forth, desperately. It produced no breeze.

"Calm yourself, madam," he consoled her. "It was the will of Providence. Let us hope for the best and be thankful at least that he will live."

The lady sat up straighter and continued to gaze at him. "Then he will live?" she inquired anxiously. "I thought you said he was mortally injured."

"Well, no; not mortally injured, Mrs. D'Alroi, but grave, very gravely hurt, I fear. You must have courage."

Reverend Holsworth hastened to interrupt: "It's nothing dangerous, Mrs. D'Alroi—only a broken leg, and, as Brother Lory says—"

The lady drew a long sigh of relief and arose, trembling. "Well, for goodness sakes, why didn't he tell me that?" She turned and went upstairs to the room of the sufferer, while the minister and the worried deacon followed close behind. Deacon Lory was wiping the sweat from his brow.

The old doctor shouted to his wife while she was still on the steps: "You needn't be alarmed, Mary. I'm not hurt very bad, but laid up considerable. I've decided to take that rest you've been talking about."

She advanced to the bed and took his hand in her trembling one, and none noticed that her eyes were a little moist.

"I'm glad, Enry, that it is no worse," she said, biting her lip to hide the emotion that welled up within her. Then she went into the next room to remove her street garments. And who would blame her if she sat down on the edge of the bed, after the door was shut, and cried a little, and, in the solitude, offered up the thankfulness that was in her heart?

"Now," said the old doctor, smiling at the young man before him, "I should like to know to whom I'm indebted for riding on that litter?"

"Oh, I forgot to introduce him," sputtered the little deacon. "This is Reverend Holsworth, our new pastor at the Elm Street Church. He heals the spirit of its suffering, while you administer to the bodily ills."

"Humph!" scowled the old doctor.

There followed a silence, deep and sinister, while he lay thinking.

"Mary," he called into the next room.

"Yes, Enry," came the answer.

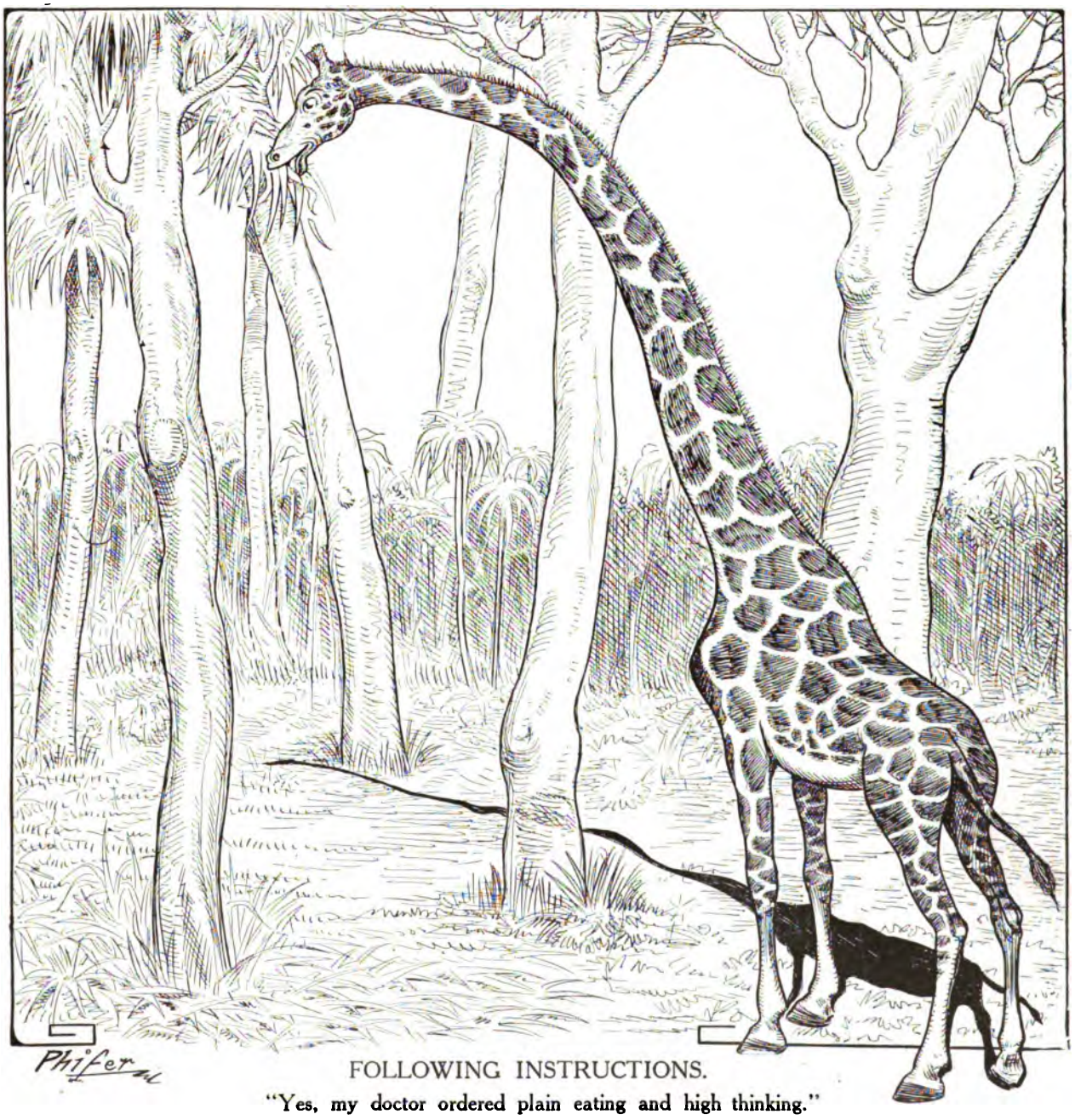
"Where's Edna?"

"She went over to Emma's."

"Call her on the phone and tell her I've had a vision —a double vision—and say that I've been thinking it over, and tell her that I've given my consent to that new preacher she met at college and who she said was coming today to ask for her. Tell her she'd better come right home, too. And say, Mary, see if you can find that old pipe I threw away."

WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D.

Ottumwa, Iowa.



FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

"Yes, my doctor ordered plain eating and high thinking."

HIS FIRST CASE

CHAPTER 10.—The Faded Picture.

IN the business district of Philadelphia, not far from Independence Hall, Judge Ronaurd B. Zeay half reclined in a swivel chair before a large, flat, glass-topped mahogany desk. His head was bent forward until the double chin rested on his breast, his eyes were almost closed, and his hands were folded across the prominent abdomen. No muscle moved; no breathing was visible.

Into the outside office there came a man of wealth who stood high in the city, a client with a case for the legal genius to unravel, a case that involved considerable money, one in which the fee would be handsome. Such cases were coming with increasing frequency to the solemn judge since his change from the judiciary to private practice. His years on the bench had given him wisdom, as well as prestige, and the respect of the people for his legal talent was shown by the number of important cases that were constantly coming to him.

The man of wealth was announced with due formality. The judge seemed not to hear—no sign of life did he show. The office boy stood stiffly at the side of the big desk for a moment; then he announced the client again. The judge responded in low, guttural tones, still no muscle moved: "I'm not in. Tell Collins to take the case." Collins was his assistant.

An observer at the moment would have noticed that his judgeship's judicial dignity was not lacking, but only pushed to the background. His long, thick, iron-gray hair was parted straight and was trimmed evenly over his ears and along the back of his thick neck. His broad, high forehead was not hidden in his attitude of relaxation, but the determined chin was obscured with rolls of fat, and it seemed as if it had been pushed down into his neck. His nose was rather puggish and deep lines extended from either side of it to the corners of his small mouth. His eyes, could one have seen them, were dark gray, but they were hidden under the half-closed lids.

In a few minutes more, there came into the outside office a lady of fashion. She wore the finest of raiment and the most expensive of jewels. Every movement of her figure showed culture and high breeding. The beauty of youth, although perceptibly faded, was retained by artificial means. Her presence, too, was announced to Ronaurd B. Zeay.

"Show her in," he growled.

The lady of fashion entered. She found the judge busy at his desk, sitting quite erect in his swivel chair and signing papers with an ease that seemed impossible for one so heavily built, and she stood on the threshold of the magnificent office, as if struck with the dignity of his person.

"Come in and shut the door," he said, sharply.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" she asked, as she obeyed his command. Then she bent and kissed him. "Don't frown that way," she scolded. "It makes you look so—so terribly efficient—and cross."

The judge looked at her with that hard, piercing look which had cowed many prisoners at the bar. "Sit down," he said. "I suppose you have come prepared to accept either of the plans I have submitted?"

"Yes."

"Have you no choice?" he asked.

"Not particularly—either method will allow me to keep up in a social way. Perhaps the money would be better, for I can no doubt enter into a prosperous marriage if I wish. Of course, I'm fond of you, but really I'm afraid you're going to get grouchy as you get older."

He reached for a pad of blank cheques and filled one out.

"That is my answer," he said, handing the cheque to her and bringing his huge fist down on his desk. "Now, go!"

She examined the cheque very carefully and deposited it in her purse. Then she flashed her most fascinating smile upon him, the smile that had placed him in her power and made him her slave throughout his long years of dignity on the bench, the smile that had bled him financially, the smile that made him ever fearful.

"Won't you give me one last kiss?" she asked.

"No!" he cried, springing to his feet and opening the door for her. "I will not!"

She arose and passed out quickly. The judge returned to his chair again and sat as before.

"Mr. Bonnell to see you, sir," announced the boy, a moment later.

"I'm not in," muttered Judge Zeay. "Tell him to see Collins. . . . I'm not in until I ring for you."

"Very well, sir," and the door closed noiselessly.

The judge opened the door of his massive safe and unlocked a drawer, from which he extracted a bunch of age-worn, musty papers. He went to the desk again and sorted them over until he came to the article for which he had been searching—a small, faded picture.

It was the photograph of a woman holding a baby in her arms. It was a small photograph—a half-cabinet in size, mounted on a plain brown card. The faces were faded and so were the lesser details of the clothes. At a casual glance it appeared to be only an ordinary, uninteresting photograph, faded with time, but closer observation caused one to be struck with the beauty of the woman who looked straight at you, so innocently. Her hair and eyes were black and even time had not been able to lessen the intensity of the hue. And that was all that one could definitely point out as striking, yet there was a vague something that held one's gaze firmly, as if a magnet was exerting its power.

But the most remarkable feature of the faded picture was the wonderful eyes of the babe. It was a pretty child, even though it was very young—not more than three months old, and its tiny face was faded and dimmed almost beyond recognition—except the eyes. They stood out brightly, as if they were inlaid with ebony, and the baby stare seemed to penetrate into the very heart of one who looked upon it.

The judge sat silent as before, with his half-closed eyes fixed on the faded picture. No muscle moved; no breathing was visible. He sat thus for an hour. Then he reached out and pressed a button on his desk.

* * * * *

Scarcely ten minutes later the head of a large detective agency called at the office of Judge Ronaurd B. Zeay and was immediately shown into the private office.

"Must be something important, to demand me in person," he greeted the judge.

"Sit down, Joe," said Judge Zeay, motioning to a chair, "and listen to my story. "I didn't want one of your assistants, because you're the only one I could tell it to. Here, see this picture?"

"Yes," nodded the detective, taking it into his own hands and studying the subjects with a shrewd eye. "That's a fine-looking woman, and the baby, too, is pretty nice—sharp-eyed youngster, isn't it? He ought to be a good detective. What's up; did they murder somebody?"

"No; that's my wife and child."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished detective, who had known the judge for many years. "You don't mean to tell me you were ever married?"

"I have just told you that very thing," said the judge, leaning back in his chair and producing two cigars from his pocket. He gave one to the detective and lit the other, puffed a few times and examined the end to see if it was burning properly, and continued speaking: "Yes, it is my wife and baby. You see, in my younger days I was a wild fellow, but somehow a miracle happened and the heavens guided me to one of the best and purest women on top of this earth, and I married her.

"She loved me as only a woman of her kind can love, and she loved her home. But she was content with that, while I wanted to be roving around in society or at clubs."

"I should say she *was* the best woman on top of earth," interjected the detective. "You don't find that kind very often."

"This state of affairs caused trouble," continued the judge, "for she objected to staying alone, night after night, and when I offered to refrain from my pleasures and take her to a theatre, she usually refused that, too. It was exasperating business for me to sit around home and talk to her, or to read, and this was exactly what she wanted me to do. Every night I would find my smoking jacket and slippers by my favorite chair, and once I kicked them clear across the room."

The detective groaned but said nothing.

"That was the first time I ever saw her assert her temper, and you may believe that I didn't do any more actual kicking around the house. But then, as always happens, another woman entered the scene. She wasn't so pretty as my wife, but she dressed well and was gay and frivolous, and—well, you know. I thought I loved her, so the next question was a divorce. I knew my wife's prejudice against such a thing, and I further knew she would never seek one for herself and would fight my proceedings for one. I had known this for years, because, when we were classmates in school, she read an original essay on 'Divorce' that was the most violent attack I had ever heard. That was before I ever went with her or knew her very well.

"All this happened in a small town in Vermont where I was practicing law. She had spent her younger days here in Philadelphia, but she had been away for a long time, so very few persons knew that she was married, or what her name was. Hence, it is not surprising that no one knew that I had ever been married, especially as I was a most obscure lawyer when I came to the city, known only to my landlady and to a few people of shady character, from whom I obtained my business."

The detective knocked the ashes from his cigar and nodded for the judge to go on with his story.

"But I'm getting ahead of things. A child was born to her—the one in that picture—a girl baby. I wouldn't have minded a boy so much—but a girl! I put up with it for six months, meanwhile becoming more and more infatuated with my affinity, and then I did an awful thing, Joe."

He paused and gazed at the detective.

"Yes, I did an awful thing. It was the meanest trick any man could do to a woman. I told her that our marriage was a farce, that I had used her for a plaything, that the child was illegitimate.

"Of course, there was another outburst of temper, but I knew her opinions on morality and I was not afraid of her causing any serious trouble, for she would want to shield the baby from future shame. She did exactly what I thought she would do—disappeared. She had twelve thousand dollars in her own name and I wasn't worried over her financial condition, for I knew she would take care of that money—if she had let me have my way it would have been gone long before that, but whenever I had mentioned anything about using it I had met with a firm refusal.

"Of course, I soon tired of the other woman and she married and dropped out of my sight, and for a short time I grieved over the loss of my own wife and tried to locate her, without success. Then another woman, a stylish widow whom you know, took my fancy. She had inherited a nice home, but nothing to keep it going with, and I soon discovered that I was entangled hand and foot in a net, and it took almost all the money I could make to satisfy her. I had a streak of luck in investment last month and she found it out some way, so she issued an ultimatum that I either marry her—she's been trying to get me to do that for ten years—or give her my savings.

"I don't want her, Joe. I gave her a cheque for seventy-five thousand dollars and she went away satisfied. I'm not exactly old, but, still, I'm beginning to feel my age, and I want a home—I find I do want somebody to have my slippers and smoking jacket ready when I come home nights. I've been a fool! I'd send anybody over the road in a minute if he had done the same thing and came up before me in court. I want my wife and baby, Joe. I want them badly. *And you've got to find them.*"

He paused and lit his cigar again, waiting for the detective to reply, which he did, after studying the picture once more: "I see where I come in on the thing, now, and it's a difficult job. You infer that you have no idea where they are. Perhaps they've moved a dozen times since they went away. You must realize that the expense of such a hunt will be considerable."

The judge nodded his head. "I have twenty-five thousand dollars left, and it's yours to use. I'll have some more, I hope, by the time that's gone. I tell you, Joe, *I want my wife and baby.*"

The detective took a notebook and a silver pencil from his pocket, ready to write down the necessary data.

"When did they disappear?" he asked.

"May third, 1899."

"How old was the wife?"

"Twenty-four."

"And the baby?"

"About six months."

"That would make her almost twenty-two, now."

The judge stared at him. He gulped and stared at him. Then he wiped his glasses and placed them on his nose and stared again; not the hard, piercing look of a judge, but the surprised stare of a stunned man. "Great Caesar!" he cried, "it would, wouldn't it? and yet I've been picturing her to myself as a little girl. Time flies, doesn't it? . . . Twenty-two! the age of her mother when I married her!"

"What were their names?" asked the detective.

"My wife's name was Labena and she called the baby Justina."

"Their last names?" reminded the detective.

"Why, Zeay, of course."

The detective smiled and tapped the picture with his pencil. "Hardly!" he said. "Didn't you tell me that you told your wife that you were never married? Would you expect an innocent, respectable woman, as she appears to be from this photograph and from what you've said of her, to keep *your* name? What was her maiden name?"

The judge frowned. His legal mind had overlooked this state of affairs, but the detective was right. The thought of such a thing was most distasteful—his own daughter, legally his, not using his own name! "I guess you're right," he admitted, thumping his desk nervously. "Her name was Everett."

The detective replaced the pencil and notebook in his pocket. "I'll have to take the picture and have a thousand or so made from it," he said, rising to leave.

"All right, but take good care of it."

"One possibility that might complicate matters," continued the detective, is the fact that the lady, your wife, has no doubt married again and has another name."

"No," objected the judge emphatically. "I know her code of morals. She's never married again."

"I forgot one thing," said the detective, reaching for his notebook. "What relatives did she have?"

"None, except a sister in California. I have written her and she has never heard from them."

The detective picked up his hat and stood with one hand on the door knob. "Has it ever occurred to you that one of them, or both of them, might be dead?"

The judge bowed his head in thought. "No," he answered, "I had never thought of that."

"It's possible," said the detective, "and I mention it so you will realize some of the difficulties we may encounter in locating them. I'll let you know of any developments as they occur. Good-bye."

After he had gone the judge again lost himself in reverie, but this time instead of seeing the bright and cheerful future his mind was filled with the many ugly possibilities that could have happened—for instance, suppose his wife had died and left the baby in strange hands? He sat silent as before, and through those half-closed eyes the faded picture floated before him and a feeling clung to him that the earnest eyes of the babe were appealing to him for help.

(To be continued.)

WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D.

Ottumwa, Iowa.

THE PATIENTS WE LOVE.

The New Patient: Ye see, Doc, I was goin' to Doc Soakum, but Missus Flannigan says to me, "Go to Doc Brown," she says. "He's a pretty good doctor, an' *cheap*." So here I am.

WHIZZERINKTUMS

PRAYER FOR BRIDE AND GROOM.

"O Lord, keep Thou the anterior lobes of our pituitary glands in first-class working order, for upon them rests our future happiness."

A lawyer reserves for his dullest phrases a space following the bright words, "to wit."

THRIFT.

We saved a little more than ten thousand dollars during 1920 by not having it to spend on luxuries and what-not, mostly what-not.

One does not like to be a crepe hanger, but Group Medicine is coming and will certainly come to stay. The "ultras" who, at this moment dominate the medical world of teaching, are taking our country lads in colleges and fitting them only to function in costly laboratories and marble palaces of equipment. As a direct result the country districts lack physicians. One state had 600 influenza deaths in one county with no doctor to sign the death certificates. Such counties will soon see that a Community Hospital, equipped with good physicians, Roentgen-ray apparatus, and all modern tools wherewith we examine a man and advise him that he most certainly has not got 85 different diseases (but cannot tell him what he *has* got), and these groups will carry on the health work so ably begun by the Public Health Service. Weep as you will, ten more years will bring Group Medicine. Perhaps it will have its good points, especially in sparsely settled places.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

Sometimes, deep in me
Moves
An urge to burlesque
Free verse and it feels
Like the gripe of
Green apple colic.

CHANGING WORLD.

A few weeks or months ago we were roundly scolded for spending money so freely with bold profiteers, but now we are asked to buy until it hurts our credit.

OPTIMISTIC NOTE.

Few ladies chew tobacco.

COME ONE, COME ALL.

Whizzerinktums offers to accept contributions to build a monument for war slackers to be made of green cheese, all nicely shellacked in a bright yellow. A crocheted hot water bag will be given to the one offering the largest contribution.

SCIENTIFIC ITEM.

Mosquitoes never sing jazz, but prefer minors to majors.

GOOD JUDGMENT.

In reality very few truths are known in medical sciences. This is somewhat astonishing when you consider the vast number of research workers, great clinics and ponderous thinkers always seeking the Golden Fleece. One no sooner begins to follow a belief than some worker proves it all an error. The fact that we cannot say with exactness that this is always thus and so, has created the so-called Christian Scientist and that wily quack, the chiropractor.

Often a new truth is found. But in the correlation of truths many errors are made. Medicine is, after all, a matter of good judgment.

One discovers that removing the liver successfully demonstrates some glycogen truths, and bases some facts upon the liver and basal metabolism studies. And the posterior pituitary function is lost sight of in the analogies and correlations of facts. Like the high specialization, which has run mad, we are fast becoming worship mongers of the laboratory temples.

The public does not demand this of its physicians. The public wants a man who will practice in sympathy and who loves to feel that he is in some ways imitating the Great Physician.

Aesculapius should have selected these times in which to live, in order to devote interest to the endocrines. Are we to feed glands and breed poets, musicians and artists out of street car conductors? Is sex in the background of everything we do to have our being? And can "Art for Art's Sake" be popularized? We dunno. We conjecture that we should prefer the income, genuflexions and commanding mannerisms of a master plumber to anything we can think of offhand. What gland does one eat to become a money-making lowbrow?

SING LO.

REQUIEM FOR DEAD HOPES

(On receiving a flattering acceptance but no check from the Editor of THE MEDICAL PICKWICK.)

While doctors and other folks pile up the treasure,
A poet must live for the esthetic pleasure
Of seeing his fair name in print.

Some editors, now, are possessed of the notion
That poets exist on an exquisite potion,
(This statement is merely a hint)

Of envelopes diced, and with maybe a dressing
Of pen points, or glue, either one most distressing,
And manuscript encaserole.

The next time I'm ill, I shall call a physician,
And setting aside all established tradition,
I shall murmur, while hiding my roll,

"Your visit has pleased me, kind sir, most extremely.
Your medicine's good, and your methods are seemly—"
Now, wouldn't he be in a hole?

LILLIAN MAYFIELD ROBERTS.

(Editorial Note)—

What! Pay for a Poet? Well, not if I know it!
Whatever put notions like that in your head?
This mag is your creditor the moment the editor
Accepts some mere verses which should be killed dead. (W. B.)

A DISTASTEFUL DECREE

His loud entreaties were in vain,
She looked him fiercely in the eyes—
His burdened soul was filled with pain;
She heeded not his plaintive cries.

He knew that Time had laughed at him
And all his plans. The end had come:
His eyes were sad with tears abrim
And still he tried not to succumb.

She knew that she would have her way;
She stood a victor near her spoil
And said proud winner of the day,
"Now, Willie, drink the castor oil!"

MAXWELL MALTZ.

Medical Professor (exhibiting skull): "How do we describe the possessor of a skull of this type?"
Student: "Bonehead, sir."

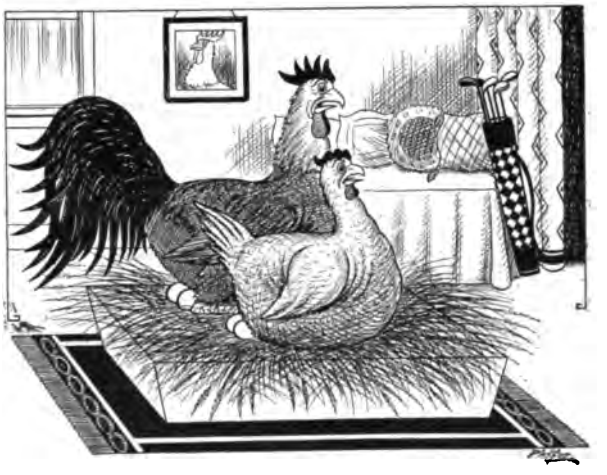
THE OIL BOOM HITS ARKANSAS CITY

You may talk about your Klondikes
And the Days of Forty-nine,
Of the big strike on the Yukon
And the Anaconda mine,
Of the veins of gold and silver;
But there still remains to tell
Of the oil wells drilled within the
Old Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Ten yards south of the cigar stand,
When the evening mail was in,
Every man drew up an arm-chair,
And we promptly spudded in.
Scorning solid ground our visions
Mounted quickly to the stars,
And we saw a golden future
In the smoke of our cigars.

Now the old oil map is faded,
And our hopes have faded, too,
And we're hustling for a living,
As we always used to do,
But memories of other days
Still cast a golden spell
On the oil wells drilled within the
Old Fifth Avenue Hotel.

MILTON HAHN, M. D.



Mr. Henpeck: "But, dear, the doctor said I should get out and exercise!"
Mrs. Henpeck: "Never mind, Hennery; help me hatch these eggs. You'll get exercise enough minding these sixteen chickens soon."

"DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT."
I guess I've found the sort of bait that catches fish.

GRAPHOMANIA

In a recent communication to the French Academy E. N. Bergson, the well-known philosopher of the new school, defines the issue as follows:

"The graphomaniac," he says, "is a man who is a prey to the irresistible need of writing. It is an impulse, obsession, passion—it matters little the word we use to describe it. It is the fixity of the desire to which during the time of the affection almost excludes all other endeavor.

"In the literary form of this disease the subject copies and reproduces every thought which comes to him. Probably he once produced original work, but when he gets this disease he cannot produce original work, yet nevertheless continues to write and write. The worse his writings get the greater grows his opinion of his writings. He becomes convinced that humanity demands the publication of his works. His dream is to fix upon himself the attention of the public. His happiness is to read his name everywhere. He undertakes to persuade critics to think well of him when they cannot."

Although the author tactfully refrains from stating what profession furnishes the highest percentage of patients, he who reads between the lines cannot avoid the inference that he doubtless had in view our own. In fact, we can all recall not only sporadic cases, but veritable epidemics, such as those of influenza, the origin of which is wrapped in mystery. The twentieth century has been peculiarly afflicted with both diseases, while in both no certain prophylaxis has been discovered.

So far as our observation goes, few members of the medical profession have been exempt in the past and there seems to be few whom frequent attacks have rendered partially immune. M. Bergson presents a resumé of the well-known symptoms and diagnosis. The prognosis is always uncertain and, so far, no protective serum has been placed on the market. It remains for future research workers to discover a cure.

H. C. COE, M. D.

TIME CHANGES

A truth to which humanity seems ever blind is this—that everything that is born must die; and that institutions, being a part of this ephemera, are also subject to the law of change and death, giving place to new and ever rising forms, which prove more adequate to express the eternally progressive spirit of man.

It is hard to believe this truth, because nothing seems so substantial and lasting as a great institution, established upon ideas and practices that have enlisted the acceptance and faith and activities of countless men and women; moving on beyond human life and death; and receiving anew the devotion of successive generations. It seems to stand immune to change, to be above mortality.

STANWOOD COBB, Atlantic Monthly.

Sent to a Patient, with the Present of a Couple of Ducks

I've dispatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter,
To say that Miss ——— is very much better,
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a couple of Quacks.

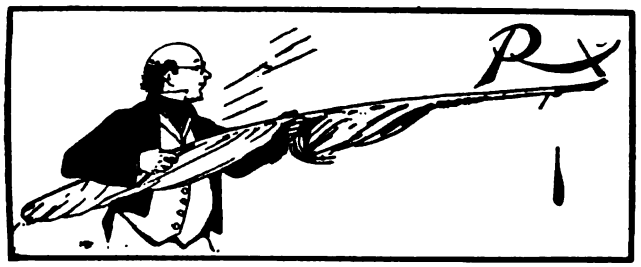
DR. EDWARD JENNER.

TWO FAMILIES

Ding Dewsy deals in wornout suits
And curling irons and rubber boots,
And bones and iron and rags and zinc
And hides and wool and things that stink.
His house is damp and bellied in
And patched with old straw hats and tin;
Flies sit around and sneeze and store
And cooties gambol on the floor.
Ding's age is just one hundred flat—
He chins himself and skins the cat.
His wife weighs nearly fourteen tons—
She climbs up trees and leaps and runs.
Their kids eat doodle bugs and mites
And all they catch is appetites.

Phill Willow deals in ladies' muffs
And bolts of lace and powder puffs;
And scented soap and crepe de chine
And pink flapdoodles and cold cream.
His house was planned by young Doc Botts
And built of antiseptic knots;
And experts probe and pry and peer
And fumigate it by the year.
Phill Willow's age is thirty-four
He's bald and spavined, lame and sore,
His wife weighs nearly eighty-three
Has rinderpest and milkmaid's knee.
Their kids eat predigested breeze
And cough and snore and snort and sneeze.

TRAMP STARR.



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MARCH, 1921.

LEND ME YOUR EYES

"BEWARE the Ides of March," foretold the doom of Caesar. Again the fateful date has come. A new Editor knows not its portent. Does it bring death and Nirvana or life and nervousness? Time alone can tell where the wreath will rest—on the head or at the feet. Be it the lily or the laurel, what matters to one who would "meet triumph and disaster, and treat those two impostors just the same?"

Wherefore know all men by these presents, that another victim awaits sacrifice on the Editorial altar. The youthful aspirant looks about calmly and unafraid. His sensitive thyroid and adrenals struggle to overcome him, but even his endocrine balance is maintained. Hopeful, sanguine, with faith he advances to plead for mercy before the tribunal of patient readers of THE MEDICAL PICKWICK.

He offers no excuses. He admits the crime, but beseeches a postponement of all penalties because of one extenuating circumstance. Had he not been born, this trial would have been unnecessary. But he was ushered into this world and must try to be something before he leaves it. You ask, but why afflict us? Frankly writing, he does not know. Forebear and believe, "Whatever is, is right."

BOOKS AND MORE BOOKS

HAD the ancient genius of China ever realized the possibilities of the modern printing press, would he have invented printing? Possibly not, and the world would not have been poorer—because it would have originated in another brain. The potency of the human tongue would not suffice the needs of the present era for what pleasantly are termed the demands of civilization.

The incivilities of Mars were responsible for a marked limitation in the output of books, but the world fought on. How wonderful would be the sense of comfort, if, by international agreement, no books were to be published for the period of one year. The lack of new and near-new volumes would be observed by a few who hunger for a varied gratification of their literary palates. The vast majority of humans would not recognize a dearth of printed thought.

Possibly the world might become calmer, more philosophic, happier. The wealth of the ages might be remined, and the precious metals might be inspected after oxidizing in the crucible of Time. What possibilities lie hidden in the undigested literature of centuries!

The libraries of the nations are mausoleums, rich in the offerings that were buried with the dried mummies of the living words. Literary exploration into ancient archives brings rich rewards. Digging into the accumulated literature of a single nation, ancient, medieval, or modern, would yield a year's treasure, to last a lifetime.

The publishers complain of labor troubles, paper scarcity, and enocomic depression, but the number of books continues to increase. It must be financially advantageous, but what is the contribution of the favorite books of the year? The constant stream of words laves and cools the cerebral water-wheels, but few have the power to move them. The stream is too broad—if it could be dammed, temporarily, its force would be multiplied. Gathering strength during a year, what a rushing torrent might burst upon the world! What ideas and ideals, what facts and fancies, what theories and demonstrations, what science, art, philosophy, aye, religious principles might engulf a world awaiting the flood tide of reconstructive literature!

But there will be no year for meditation and authors may continue to write, publishers to publish, and the general public to scramble for the latest expression of words or thought.

WORTH A MONTH'S THOUGHT

"THE doctor must be the chief educator of the people in the way of health; in being that he cannot escape his share of responsibility in the study and handling of many of the medico-sociological problems which surround us—education, recreation, housing, the conditions of industry, sobriety, cleanness of living, the prevalence of venereal disease, prostitution, the penal laws, the causes of certain crimes, the integrity of family life—all such matters concern us, and to fulfill our vows we must be concerned with them. We cannot be wise healers of the patient or the community without a large sympathy and a liberal humanism. But we must not think that the medical factor is the only or the decisive factor; we must interrelate medicine with the social, moral and ethical movements and aspects of man's mind."

SIR GEORGE NEWMAN.

WEDDING A LA PHYSIOLOGY

THE engagement of Poly Saccharide to Si Atica had caused a great stir in the village of Anatomy. Now that the wedding was to be solemnized interest and solicitude were redoubled. June fourth was the day set for the event and all was in readiness, as they say in our best sellers.

Patella and Latissimus Dorsi were to attend the bride, Azygos to act as best man. Pectoralis Major assisted as general master of ceremonies. Tibia and Fibula, prominent in most fashionable functions these days, preceded the bridal couple strewing flowers along the pavement epithelium. The procession, passing through the esophageal orifice, stopped under the palmar arch to permit numerous reporters and others to focus their crystalline lenses on the picture. The organ of Corti throbbed forth enchanting harmonies in accompaniment of the great trochanter. Every one was duly impressed by the tone of the arteries and the excellence of the hormone service rendered by the Thyro-Adrenal Company.

As frequently happens even in our most exclusive families, the anastomosis was slightly delayed at the critical moment because the excited bridegroom was unable to find the Circle of Willis.

Following the ceremony the happy couple and their joyous friends repaired to the Glenoid Fossa, a resort justly famed for the reception of the humerus. Here the Dura Mater served a wedding breakfast, assisted by Hepatic Duct and Receptaculum Chyli.

Immediately after breakfast the bride and groom were spirited around the splanchnic pool to the station in a vasomotor car. They were joined on board the train by the bride's maid, Sara Bellum.

The bride wore a very becoming traveling gown of gray matter cut in the prevailing style, with a fissure of Rolando on either side and draped from the diaphragm in graceful folds by bits of spinal cord. The groom was attired in the conventional and appropriate mourning raiment of dense fibrous tissue.

Mr. and Mrs. Si Atica plan to include in their tour visits to the Islands of Langerhans, Peyer's Patches and the crypts of Lieberkuhn. They will spend a few weeks before their return with relatives of the bride in the Isle of Reil.

GENEVIEVE HILGER, R. N.

HEROIC TREATMENT

The doctor's lad, a tiny tad,
Sat on the doctor's knee.
"A story, prithee, tell me, dad."
And so this tale told he.

"'Twas in the early days," he said,
"When the land was rough and wild,
I was called from my warm bed
To go and save a stricken child.

"My nag was old, the night was cold,
And the wind cut like a knife,
And the village church bell sadly tolled,
As I raced 'gainst Death for life.

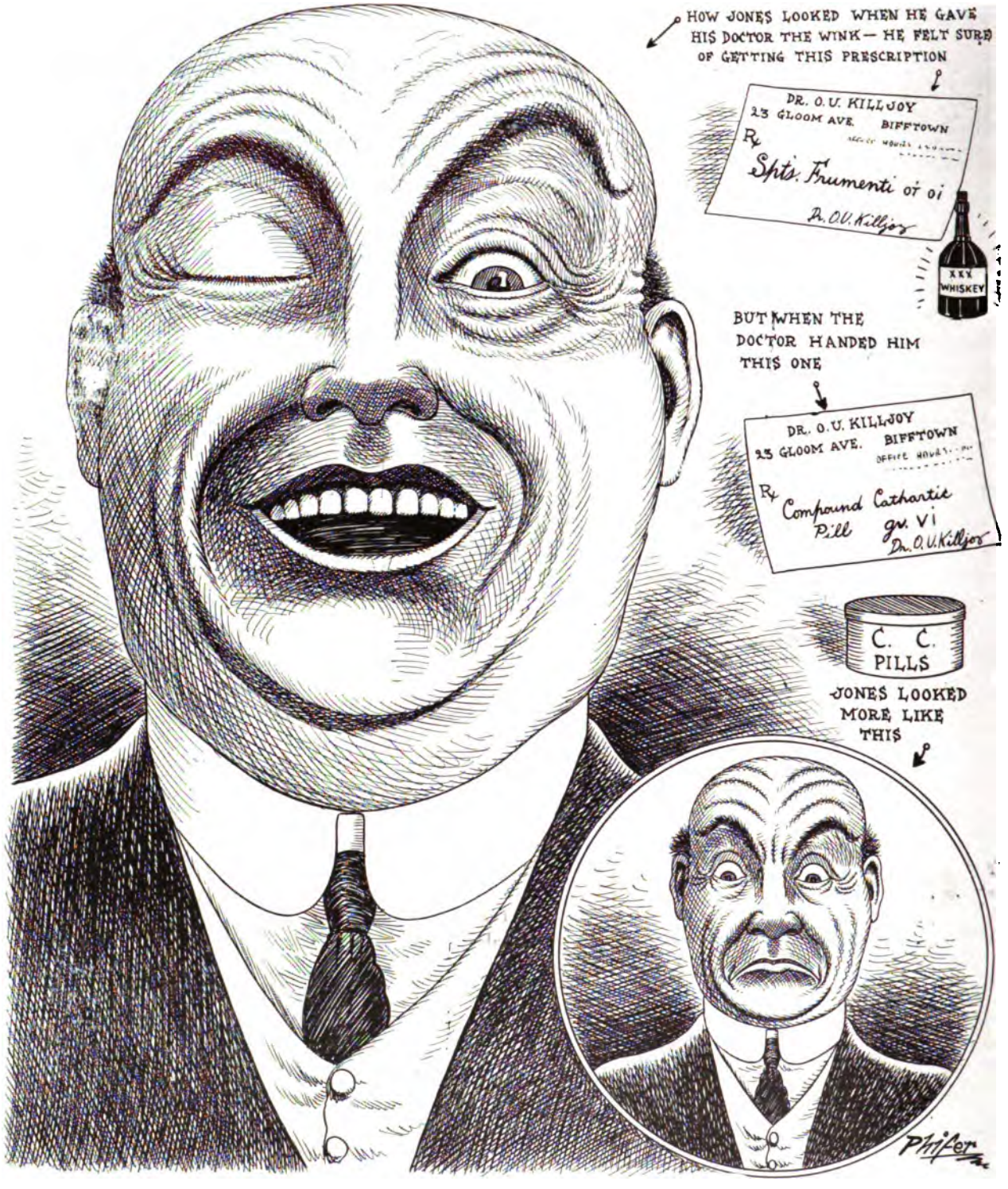
"Towards the coming dawn I galloped on
O'er the hard, frost-bitten track.
The stream was up and the bridge was gone,
But naught could turn me back.

"The spur I sank in the horse's flank
And he crossed the swollen flood
And boldly gained to the other bank,
Though his mouth ran foam and blood."

So the tale was spun, how the race was run,
And many dangers braved,
And how with the sun the goal was won.
Thank God, the child was saved.

Quoth tiny tad, "What did you, Dad?
That the child might sav-ed be?"
"'Tis time you were in bed, my lad."
And a solemn wink winked he.

MILTON HAHN, M. D.


HOW JONES LOOKED WHEN HE GAVE HIS DOCTOR THE WINK — HE FELT SURE OF GETTING THIS PRESCRIPTION
DR. O. U. KILLJOY
23 GLOOM AVE. BIFFTOWN
℞
Spts. Frumenti oi oi
D. O. U. Killjoy
XXX WHISKEY
BUT WHEN THE DOCTOR HANDED HIM THIS ONE
DR. O. U. KILLJOY
23 GLOOM AVE. BIFFTOWN
℞ Compound Cathartic Pill gr. VI
D. O. U. Killjoy
C. C. PILLS
JONES LOOKED MORE LIKE THIS
Phifer

SLIPPING THE DOCTOR THE WINK.

A VISIT TO BURE-LES-TEMPLIERS

WITH the exception of the five Divisions designated to march into and take possession of the American Bridgehead at Coblenz, all of our remaining Combat Divisions were ordered to march from their positions in the line back to their allotted billeting areas in France soon after the Armistice in November, 1918. The Sixth Division, to which I belonged, occupied billeting area No. 14 and was pretty well settled, and winter activities began by January, 1919.

As our work was largely routine, and Field Hospital No. 37, of which I was in command, had an excess of medical officers, there was abundant opportunity for each of us to make side trips to the many places of interest within a day's journey from Recy, where we were stationed.

The most frequently visited place was Bure-les-Templiers about 20 kilos east of us. It was occupied by the 318th Engineers and is rich in interest for every good Mason.

The town is situated in a charming and picturesque valley, surrounded by rather poor farming land. Sheep raising was—before the war—the principal pursuit.

The town itself differs little from hundreds of other war-weary French villages. Before the war Bure numbered 1,300 inhabitants. Its present population is 300, made up largely of old people and children. Many of the houses are in various stages of ruin and decay, little or no attempt being made to do the necessary repairs.

The principal street is the main thoroughfare passing through the town, one of the official "Route Nationales" of France. About its center is an old stone building facing a small square and the Hotel-de-Ville (Town Hall). To the right stands the Ecole (school), while a little farther on is the church; a few short side streets complete the picture. There is evidently an old and a newer section of the town; the old one surrounds the church and interests us most.

It is only when we wander around the old section and dig back into the centuries long past, that the village becomes interesting, and we find that Bure has a history that is unique and fascinating, as it was the home of the earliest order of Knight Templars in France. What its earliest beginnings were I could not find out. There are several derivations of the name of the town, but the following seems to be the most probable.

In the olden times the Latin name was Burce or Buricum (signifying a wet place). Its present name of Bure or Bures was acquired about the 12th century.

From the year 1118, the village begins to acquire its own unique history. Hugo de Paganis, belonging to the Noble family of the Counts of Champagne, arrived in Palestine as a Crusader during the First Crusade under the command of Godfrey de Bouillan—and found that the Moslem inhabitants infested the approaches to Jerusalem and other sacred places and persecuted the pilgrims who were not able to protect themselves. He gathered with him eight other companions, viz.: Godefroi de St. Aldemar, Roral, Gundemar, Godefroi Bisol, de Montdidier, Archibald de St. Aman, Andrew de Montbar and the Count of Provence, and bound themselves to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, in A. D. 1118, "to guard the approaches to the Holy City, so that pilgrims to the sacred places might have easy access; to live as regular Canons of the Church under the Benedictine Rule; and to fight for the King of Heaven and the Bride of Christ, in chastity, obedience and self-denial." A mosque on Mount Moriah, then known as "Solomon's Temple" and now known as the "Mosque of Omar" was assigned to them as their quarters.

From this palace or "Solomon's Temple," they took the name of "Templars" and were also called "poor fellow soldiers of Christ and the Temple of Solomon." In 1119 Hugo de Paganis became the first Master.

During the decade which followed until 1128 their numbers did not increase, but their fame, valuable services and acts of benevolence and charity had been spread all over Europe by the returning pilgrims. In that year Hugo de Paganis, with his fellow Knights, left Jerusalem to return to Europe, and presented himself before the Council then assembled at Troyes.

The president of the Council was Cardinal Mathiew, the representative of Pope Honorius II. Recognition of their Order was asked of the Council and granted. Statutes were formulated for the new Order and they were ordered to wear the white mantle to distinguish them from the Hospitalers who wore a black robe, and seventy-two rules of discipline were adopted. In 1146, Pope Eugenius III added the red cross which was to be worn on the breast as a symbol to invite martyrdom. Thus in the year 1128 the Order of the Knight Tem-

plars found itself definitely established and recognized by the Church of Rome. It had two distinct purposes, one religious, the other military. Each Knight was obliged to take vows of charity, obedience and poverty. All joined and assisted at religious services both day and night. They could eat meat only three days a week. They must, among other things, endeavor by the strength of arms to recover the Holy Land and to deliver it from the cruelty of the Infidels. They were enjoined to cut their hair short and wear their beards long. They must sleep fully dressed, ready at a moment's warning to repel the attack of their enemies. Each Templar was allowed three horses and an esquire or attendant. The chief man of the Order was to bear the title of "Grand Master."

With this official recognition of the Templars by the church, the Order grew rapidly. By reason of the restless and turbulent times, and because of the dual principles of religion and war the Templars obtained great sympathy and respect from both peasants and nobles. To the poor it offered protection from their enemies so that they could pursue their work in peace and tranquility; to the nobles was offered an association to carry out the vows of religion within the peaceful walls of the monastery, and an opportunity to win fame on the field of battle. The number of knights increased rapidly so that in a short time the Order found itself very rich and powerful.

With this brief history of the founding of the Templars, it is of interest to ascertain its influence upon the town of Bure.

Paganus de Bure was at this early time one of the leading figures in that section of the country. He is reputed to have been very wealthy and very powerful, though a vassal of Rainald, the Lord of Grancey le Chateau. Paganus lived in the center of his village and was surrounded by his serfs. He resolved to join the new Order, so secured permission to do so from his lord and his family. As soon as he became a member, he gave over to the Order all that he possessed, which ceremony took place in the presence of the Bishop of Langres and the Duke of Burgoyne besides a large gathering of nobles. As Guileneus was Bishop of Langres at this time, it established the date when Paganus deeded his property to the Templars; i. e., between 1126 and 1136. This Gift of Paganus established the fact that at Bure was founded one of the first, if not *the* first preceptions of the Knight Templars created in France. Possibly this was the real birthplace of an Order which soon spread rapidly and became one of the most powerful religio-military organizations that the world has ever known.

Of the actual life of the Templars at Bure, very little is known. No record is left as to the number that lived there. However, this much is certain, that after the departure of Paganus, who went to Palestine, several knights were installed there for the purpose of collecting revenues and receiving young noblemen who desired to enroll themselves under the banner of the Templars. We do know that in 1185 Endes the First, son of Rainald the Second of Grancey, became a Knight Templar and retired to the house of the Templars at Bure. He was the most powerful noble in that part of France excepting only the Duke of Bourgoyne, and the Count of Champagne. His son, Endes the Second, some time later left with the Crusaders and met his death in the Holy Land.

Some years after this, Bure came under the control of the Knights of Malta, probably due to political reverses. In 1572 the Knights of St. John, who were the successors of the Templars, came into possession of Bure, and apparently continued until the time of the Revolution. After 1572, however, Bure was abandoned by the knights, who left it and made their homes at Epailly near Montigny-sur-Aube.

So much for a brief historical sketch of the Templars of Bure. We will now look at the interesting remains of many of their works. The church itself, at least part of it, is the work of their hands. There are three distinct portions, built at different periods, but it is impossible to ascribe a definite time to their construction. The oldest part was probably built about 1120. This part is now the principal nave of the church and is easily distinguished from the rest by its edge. A large solid block of granite set into the floor between the two older portions of the church contains carved thereon the emblems of the Order. A finely preserved tombstone with the figure of a Templar in full armor is kept at the back of the church. Other relics of parts of armor, etc., and marble slabs upon which are inscriptions are scattered around the back of the church. The preception was joined to the old part of the church on the east, and while most of it is in ruins, much remains to remind us of its former glory. The Cross and Shield of the Order is still seen carved in the stones above the ancient windows. The private chapel of the knights can still be seen, though much of the roof is fallen. Massive stone stairs in a belfry at the back of the chapel still remain in perfect condition. The solid oak beams, 12 to 15 inches square, are very well preserved.

The preception and chapel form two sides of a small square courtyard. The other two sides comprise stable buildings and quarters for attendants. The latter are well preserved, having small square rooms upstairs and larger rooms on the ground floor. In one is a huge fireplace, with stone ovens, evidently the kitchen. The underground arched cellars are of interest, as they are very deep and one of them is said to have been used as a dungeon.

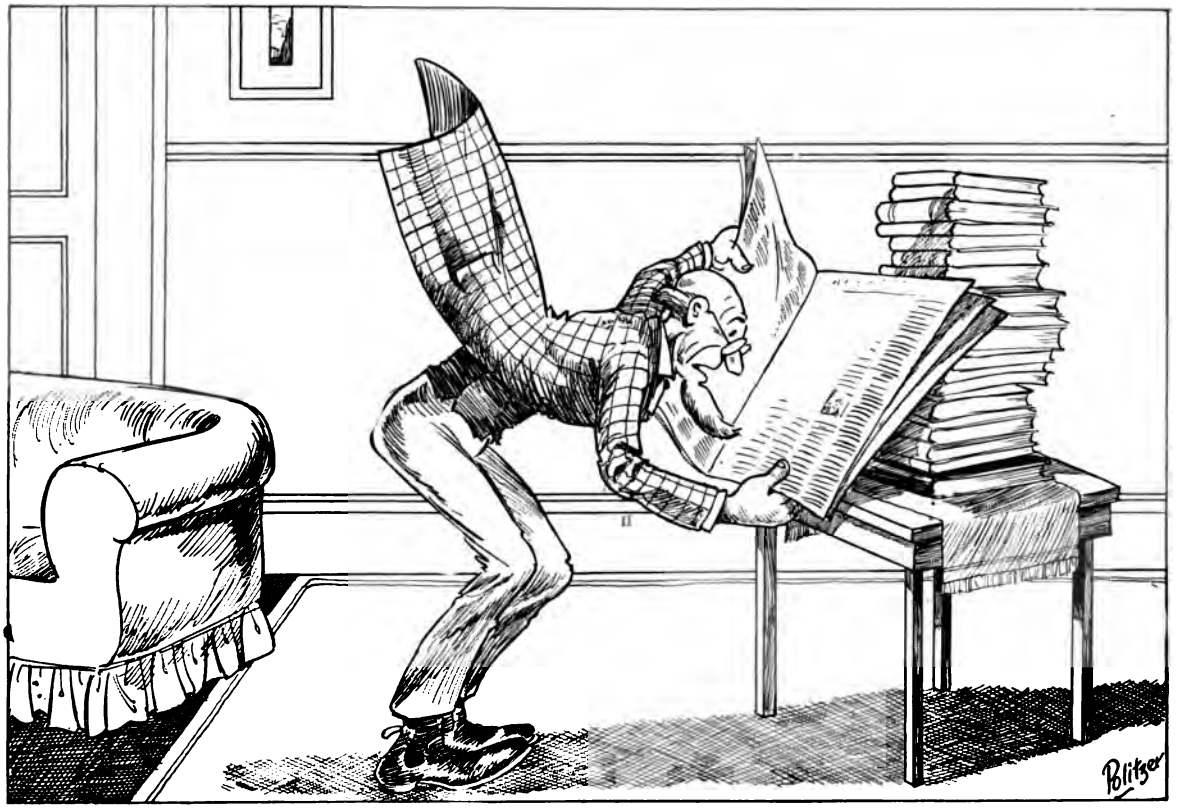
The preceptory and chapter house undoubtedly occupied the same ground as that of the fortress of Paganus who gave the property to the Templars and was its first preceptor. In the days of its power, the church and preceptory were surrounded by a high and strong wall of which now not a trace remains. The walls of the buildings are all very strong, about one meter in thickness, so the Templars were well able to withstand any attack upon their stronghold. From the fact that quite a number of the older houses near the church have the Cross and Shield carved on the large stones that surmount the doors and window casings, we can but believe that the Order was quite large in numbers. In one house there are carvings of the emblems in nearly every room. In one of the rooms is a huge mantle of stone over the fireplace. On its face are cut two panels, separated by a scroll. In one panel is carved the Square and Mallet and in the other the Level and Plumb.

Time changes all things, and as we look on these ruins of what was once a powerful Order, we are to be congratulated that it was our privilege to glance back over the pages of history and to see with our own eyes some of the conditions under which these illustrious men lived.

I wish to thank Captain Charles Dillington, M. C., 318th Engineers, 6th Division, for his assistance in securing some of the above data.

GEO. S. REITTER, M. D.

Indianapolis, Ind.



THOSE OLD PERIODICALS AGAIN.

In Doctor Jones' waiting room Hiram Slow first learns of an inheritance of $560.13, if claimed within sixty days. The paper is dated April 1, 1917.

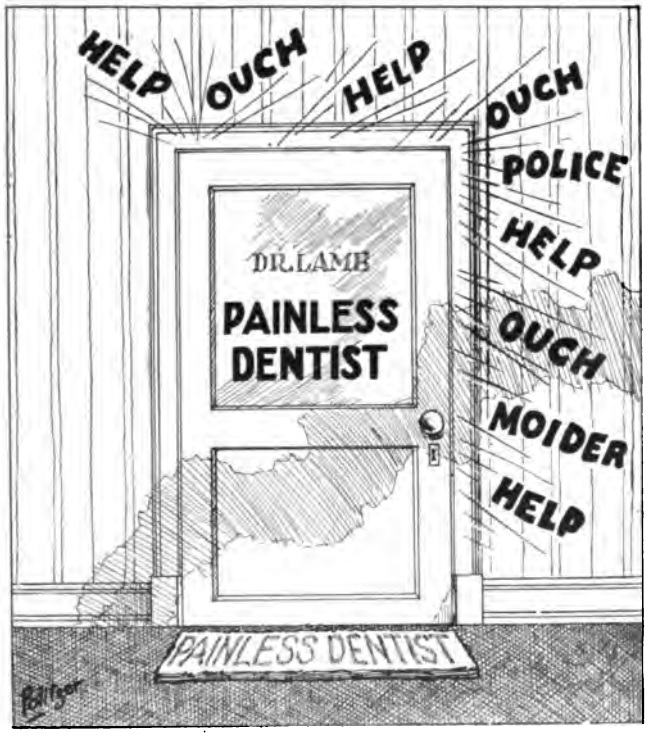
TWO BLACKS AND A WHITE

In school Johnny Jones was a good boy, but very shy, especially so of the female sex. As he grew to manhood he did not change very much, but in time he found an affinity and was married. Every Sunday found John in the little church of which his father and grandfather had been members before him. But things changed as the population increased; the congregation of the little church outgrew its size and a more pretentious building was planned. Contributions were solicited, and in addition to a substantial money gift (John had become well to do) he donated a window on which he suggested the following be inscribed, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Eighteen months later Mrs. Jones presented John with triplets.

The morning after the arrival, the news had filtered to the street, and was the general topic of conversation among the children; each one of which acted as a messenger to convey the good tidings to their mothers; there were two boys and a girl. Mrs. Davis was busy about her household duties when in rushed her five-year-old son, eyes protruding and almost breathless he yelled, "O Mamma, Mamma, Mrs. Jones has triplets, two blacks and a white."

J. HENRY DOWD, M. D.

Buffalo, N. Y.



"THE TRUTH WILL OUT."

THE INDIAN MEDICINE MAN

The Yuma Indians have their own native medicine man. Their practice of medicine is very similar to Christian Science and the faith cures— in addition to this they perform massage—they also suck the patients, that is, if they have sore eyes they suck the eyes and so on. Several years ago the medicine men killed a great many babies by sucking the fontonelli of the baby; their medicine will not do the work unless they get paid for their services. One of their very good customs is cremating the dead. This is a most excellent method for them as syphilis and gonorrhea are very prevalent among them.

The Navajo Indians also have their own native medicine man. When a Navajo Indian is sick he thinks it is because there is an evil spirit ("chini") in him. The medicine man then attempts to draw out this evil spirit by means of incantations, singing, dancing and so on. The Navajo medicine man also has quite an array of parapharnalia such as feathers, rattles, herbs and so forth. He also paints in the sand to drive the evil spirit away. He is a very shrewd business man also as the patient must pay dearly for the treatment. He pays with horses, sheep, cattle, etc. I am inclined to think that the Navajo medicine man can give pointers to the white physician in the matter of collecting. Sometimes when an Indian is sick they have a squaw dance. The squaws are in the center of a place arranged for the dance and they grab a man by the arm—she never reverses, but keeps turning in the same direction. Of course the man has to keep whirling in the same direction also. Before she will let him go he must pay her some money. Very often the squaws reap quite a harvest from these squaw dances. The Indians seem to think this is very beneficial for the patient—I have attended several of these squaw dances and everybody seemed to have a good time but the patient.

LEON JACOBS.

ON AUFIDIUS

A hum'rous fellow in a tavern late,
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate;
The surgeon with instruments and skill,
Searches his skull, deeper and deeper still,
To feel his brains and try if they were sound,
And, as he keeps ado about the wound,
The fellow cries, "Good surgeon, spare your pains,
When I began this brawl I had no brains."

ACTIUS SANNAZARIUS.

THE TRUE STORY OF RIP VAN WINKLE

(NOT BY WASHINGTON IRVING)

Once on a time there dwelt in a village near the Catskill Mountains a citizen ycleped Rip Van Winkle, without doubt one of the laziest men that ever lived. If he had been one of the poor whites of the South, medical science would have attributed his laziness to the hookworm, and he would have received thymol to eradicate the cause. But living as he did in eastern New York where no one had ever heard of uncinariasis, his malady was not understood by the neighbors who usually spoke of him as "that Ornery old Rip."

His dislike to work, however, did not apply to the consumption of food and drink. He had even been known to work sometimes in order to obtain the price of a gallon of liquor. This, however, was only as a desperate last resort. He usually preferred to beg or steal—I mean, borrow it without permission.

One sultry day in July he wandered off into the woods with his gun and his dog. He had just endured a scolding from his wife, who, naturally, objected to his going on a "bat" for weeks at a time, and that is what he had been doing just then. Of course, after a three weeks' spree, his nerves were in no shape to stand much more talk, so taking the aforementioned gun and dog, also a demijohn of liquor he had appropriated, he set off for the woods for a quiet day.

On the way he sampled the contents of the jug so frequently that by the time he reached the sylvan shades, he had begun to see wonderful things.

Now, the sky darkened suddenly and a thunder shower came up and came down. When a man's nerves are worn to a frazzle by John Barleycorn, thunder and lightning do not have exactly a sedative effect. So the first flash of lightning showed a tall tree to Rip, who thought it a giant. This giant, in a voice of thunder, ordered him to drink copiously some liquid fire from an asbestos cup holding a gallon. But Rip began to scream, and tear his hair, vowing that never, never, never, so help him, John Rogers, would he ever touch liquor again, if he got out of this scrape.

Presently the rain stopped, as summer showers are wont to do, as suddenly as it had begun. A little later some men going through the forest path came upon Rip who was still raving about the giant and saying, over and over, "I'll take the pledge, if you'll only get me out of here."

They got him down to the village, then called a taxi and rushed him to Bellevue Hospital, where he was placed in the psychopathic ward. His stay in the hospital was quite a long one, as he had contracted rheumatism, and it took longer to rid him of that than to cure the d. t's. After his recovery, he returned to his home, where he surprised everyone by taking the pledge.

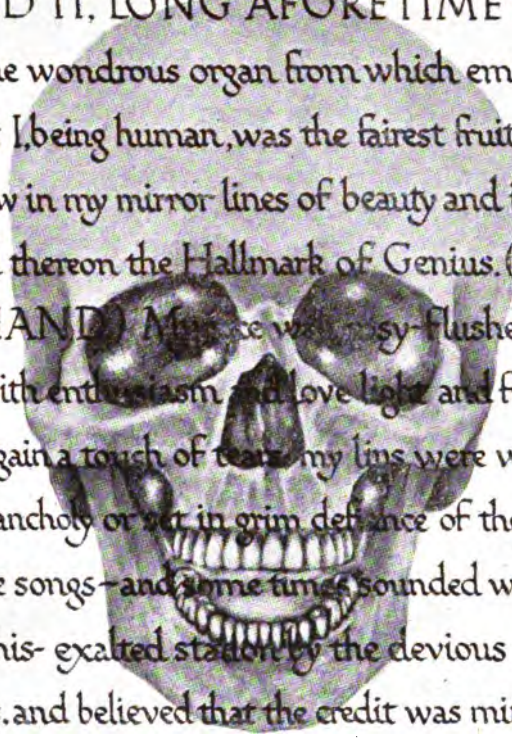
Of course, his neighbors said it would never last. They regarded him as a case of

"When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;
When the devil got well, the devil a saint was he."

But contrary to all expectations he kept his pledge, became a model citizen of the community, worked his farm and made it pay so well that he left forty thousand dollars to his children, in addition to a splendid reputation for sobriety.

SIDNEY HOPE.

A LONG SMOKE.



I AM ONLY A SKULL – and not fair to gaze upon, but the bony frame I once surmounted, erstwhile was clothed by living, pulsing flesh, moulded in the image of the Creator of All Things – the Master of the Universe. (THIS I KNEW WAS SO; FOR HAD NOT THE PROPHETS SAID IT, LONG AFORETIME?) Within my bony case, was enclosed the wondrous organ from which emanated thought, and the fond conception that I, being human, was the fairest fruit on the topmost bough of the Tree of Life. I saw in my mirror lines of beauty and intelligence; my brow was lofty, and I beheld thereon the Hallmark of Genius. (WITNESSED BY MINE OWN HAND.) My face was rosy-flushed with youth and health; mine eyes sparkled with enthusiasm and love light and flashed keen with ambition – with now and again a touch of tears; my lips were wreathed in smiles and anon tinged with melancholy or set in grim defiance of the worst the Fates might do; my voice sang love songs – and sometimes sounded war-cries – in brief, I was. It. I had climbed to this exalted station by the devious paths of evolution through countless ages, and believed that the credit was mine, all mine, and that the world too, was mine, in the fullness thereof. YEA, I WAS A SUCCESS IN THE EYES OF MEN. For the space of a breath I hung and basked in the sunlight away up there on that lofty bough, never looking back into the eternal silence whence I had sprung. – And then a gigantic, spectral, irresistible hand came out of the bottomless nether space and clutched me – dragged me down, down into the realm of Cimmerian shadows and of ghosts, my bones rattling impotently – and the breath of me spending itself in a single expiring gasp – that nobody heard.

AND THAT'S WHY I'M LAUGHING.

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G. Frank Lydston

A MEDICAL TRAGEDY

The physician is seated in his magnificent sanctum surrounded by stethoscopes, medical journals, patent medicine samples, alcoholized gall stones, preserved adenoids, embalmed tumors and nice little bits of discarded nosaries. Enter Rich Patient. The patient is carefully surrounded with an expression of intense agony.

The Physician: "Good day. What can I do for you, sir?"

The Patient: "O doctor, I am suffering terribly. I think I am done for. I haven't slept for a week. I am dizzy; my heart is pumping like an engine. I can't eat. I can't sit. For two whole weeks I have been in constant agony. Not a second's respite. I'd give fifty thousand dollars for relief. Oh! Ouch! There it goes again. For heaven's sake, do something for me. Tell me my case isn't hopeless. Drive away this pain."

(The physician examines his heart and a few other things. Thumps him in the ribs, pounds his knees, peers at his eyeballs, takes his heart pressure and looks into his ear. Then goes to closet, takes out a white powder, places some of it on a spoon and administers. Sits back to watch the result.)

The patient sits quietly for a few minutes. The agonized lines leave his countenance. Rises and stretches himself. Starts to smile.

The Patient (gleefully): "I guess I am all right now. I haven't felt this way for years. Wonderful! How much do I owe you?"

The Physician: "Ten dollars, please."

The Patient: "Ten dollars. What an outrage! For two minutes' work. Why, a grocer works hard all week, gets up at four in the morning and drives to market in the dark for ten dollars. My last physician—"

(Pays ten dollars grudgingly and exists in a huff, thoroughly cured.)

The Physician: "The next neurasthenic that darkens this door and offers fifty thousand dollars for relief will sign a certified check before I lift a finger!"

(Curtain.)

SUNSHINE

(Adapted from Robert Reinick's "An den Sonnenschein")

O sunny ray—O sunny ray,
That deep within my heart dost stray,
Awaking Love's young tender dream
Flooding my soul with brightest beam.
The sunshine lures me from my home
In budding woodlands far to roam,
And there I meet in bowers green
The fairest maidens ever seen.
O sunshine, do you then suppose
That as you kiss each budding rose,
I am to woo each smiling maid
I meet beneath the leafy shade?
Full many a year is past and gone
Since first on earth the sunlight shone,
Thou oughtst to know: it cannot be.
O Sun! Why art thou tempting me?

F. ROBBINS.

"'TIS A LONG LANE HAS NO TURNING"

Long lane, dreary lane,
Lane that knows no turning;
Merrily I started once, tramping on your way.
Soft sun shone on me, now his rays are burning:
Bright green your hedge-rows,
In the dawning day.
Long lane, weary lane,

Go you on forever?
Endless rows of dingy homes, endless road ahead,
Endless little garden plots—pitiful endeavor—
Endless stones, endless dust
Neath my lagging tread.

Long lane, life's lane,
Turn must come at last.
Weary travelers then may rest, weary hearts be still.
Nevermore we'll watch the road, all our search is past,
Rest has come, the turn is there
Just beyond the hill.

EDWARD WILLARD WATSON.

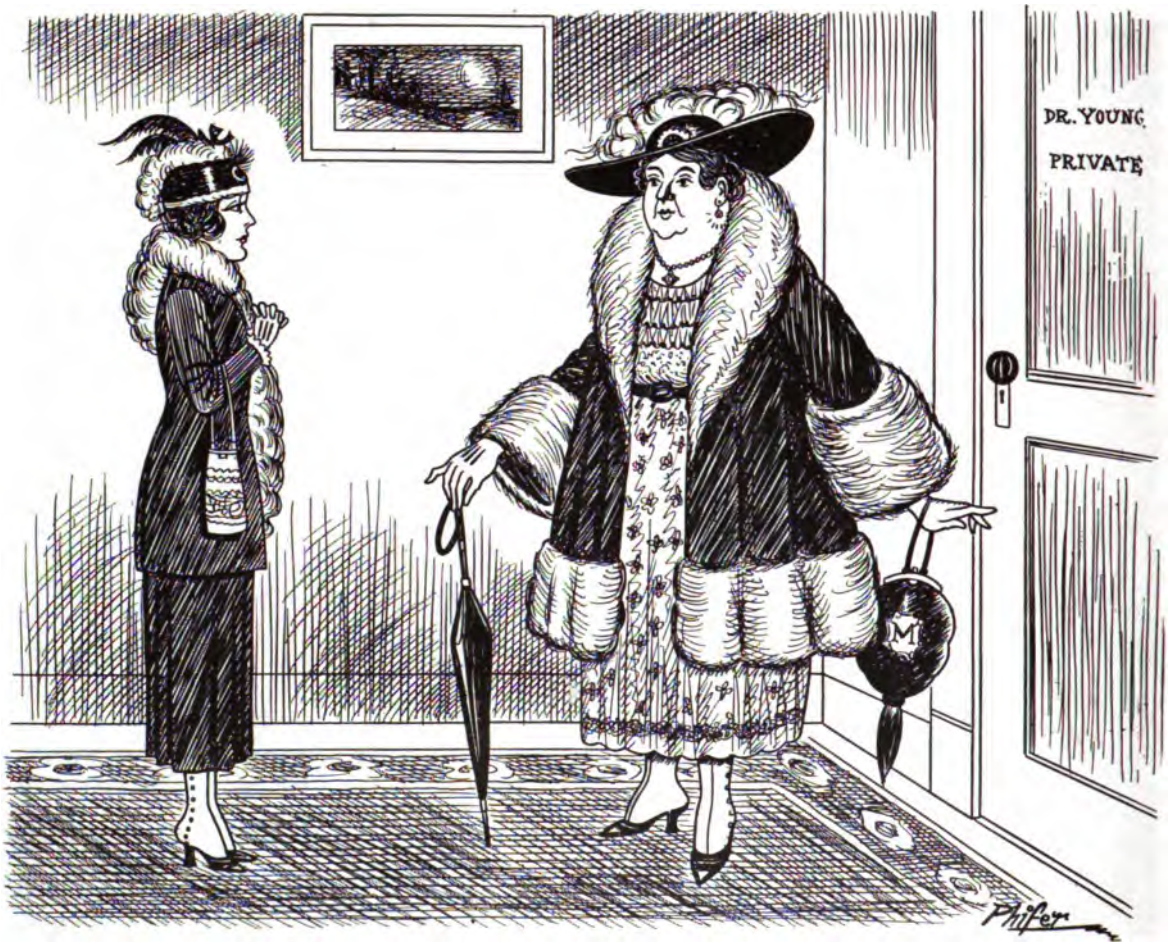
IT'S A WISE CHILD THAT KNOWS ITS OWN FATHER'S BLOOD

An esteemed lay contemporary has recently exploited a surprising advance in haemology, no less than a proof of parentage based on a comparison between the appearance of the blood in an infant and that of its supposed father. The case cited was a complicated one, but the scientist triumphantly announced that all doubt was removed by his finding two nationalities represented in the baby's corpuscles, sustaining the position that the father was an Italian and the mother a Spaniard (!). This admitted that "man is fearfully and wonderfully made," but science is opening up so many new vistas that this trite statement no longer impresses us.

Hereafter we shall not be content with the ordinary blood tests, but shall require more refined ones, especially in doubtful cases. Whether such evidence will be admitted in court remains to be seen. Certainly the judgments of Solomon will be regarded as archaic.

There should be abundant clinical material owing to the widespread miscegenation of war time. We can only hope that the microscopist will not find too often an American admixture in the case of unfortunate infants whose paternity is doubtful, as it might reflect on some of our respected citizens, who may have had weird experiences in foreign countries.

H. C. COE, M. D.



Mrs. Stoutleigh: The doctor said there was no medicine he cared to give me to reduce my weight, but wants me to come to his office every day.

Mrs. Slender: What's the idea of that?

Mrs. Stoutleigh: You see I live five miles away and he thinks the walk back and forth will do the trick.

TO THE DOCTORS WHO WENT

When tyrant Kings devoid of shame
Assailed the world with harsh decree,
And hideous war in fierce acclaim
Invaded lands that long were free,
When bleeding Belgium's sobbing pleas
Were wafted on the ocean breeze,
They placed their fortunes in the flame
That fed the torch of liberty.

No hideous horror of the Beast
Deterred them from their sacrifice,
They laughed like lovers at a feast
Through summer's heat and winter's ice;
They braved the gas-fumed halls of hell
The flaming storm of shot and shell,
The greatest and the very least
Alike, regardless of the price.

To you who went we raise our voice,
O brothers brave who ventured all,
You stand above the common throng
Who heard the words of duty's call;
Through all the years of countless days
A world made free shall sing your praise,
You cleansed a land of ancient wrong
And earned a place in Freedom's hall.

JOHN FOOTE, M. D.

Washington, D. C.

A NERVOUS CASE

Poor little Marie was a nervous case:
She had pains in her chest and her liver;
She had pains in her stomach, and pains in her head.
Say, what was a fellow to give her?

I gave her placebos to quiet her nerves.
Improve? Why, her mind wouldn't let her!
She kept it right there on herself,
So of course poor little Marie grew no better.

Poor little Marie took another bad turn.
When they phoned me I wearily said,
"And what does Marie think's the matter today?"
Said the nurse, "Now she thinks that she's dead!"

And she was. But the thing that troubled the doctor was what to call it in the death certificate.

L. J. BRIDGART.

Dover, N. J.

DO YOU REMEMBER, LOVE?

One Summer evening, many years ago;
How, when the sun had vanished, and the stars
Lent their rare beauty to the scene around—
You, Dear, and I were riding through a wood
Whose very foliage seemed to breathe of love,
All Nature hushed, and every element still;
Save that I felt a love impassioned force
Straining my heart strings, striving to impart
To thee, fond one, the sentiment it bore.
You heard the impulsive beatings, and well knew
The wholly vacant place within my heart;
How I would fain have clasped you to my breast,
And held you there forever, and then, too—
How, when with faulty speech, and eyes suffused
With tears unbidden, and all else forgot,
Save that I loved you: How I tried to tell
The Story ever old yet ever new;
When ere the lingering utterance was voiced,
To which methought you would sweet answer make:
Our careless steed, lone wondering, unrestrained,
Tipped us both over in a miry ditch!

A. W. PARSONS, M. D.

San Antonio, Texas.

LE COUCHEMAR

(LINES TO A LITTLE GIRL)

Miss Topsy Turvy lies in bed,
With feet placed where should be her head;
'Tis not surprising she should snore,
And sometimes fall upon the floor.

She wakes with fright and loudly screams,
Because she has such awful dreams;
From nightmares she is never free,
For she's as set as she can be.

She'll not change of her volition,
When in bed her queer position.
The only cure that I can see
Is that she perch up in a tree.

With hooting owls and flying bats,
That bite and squeal like hungry rats,
To keep awake she'll drink strong tea,
And all night long sing tweedle-dee.

MELANCTHON FAIRCHILD.

New York, N. Y.

The Centennial of an Immortal Book: The "Mediate Auscultation of (Rene Theophile Hyacinth) LAENNEC.

"Mediate Auscultation, or A Treatise upon the Diagnosis of the Diseases of the Heart and the Lungs, founded principally upon this new method of exploration," by Leannec, is a chef-d'oevre, of which the beauty, far from diminishing, grows with the lapse of time. Contemporary has medicine in its "Charte fondementale," and the Medical World conserves most devoutly its ineffaceable pages.

The BOOK of Laennec is a century old, but one would say that it was of yesterday. It attracts the reader, it retains his attention anod forces him to meditate: Let us meditate also upon this capital work. The occasion is favorable to us: we celebrate its CENTENNARY at QUIMPER in Brittany.

EPOCH. 1819. The hour was arrived! Constrained by the fulgurant genius of Bichat, French Medicine had demanded for twenty years from general anatomy, from physiology, pathological anatomy and from chemistry a Scientific basis, which was still lacking.

Of all the old Masters, the most illustrious, Pieel, was 74 years old, and his "Traité de Médecine clinique, which was about to be issued, was not the "New Work" which had been anticipated. Corvisart, incomparable clinician and a marvelous teacher, the chief of the "School of the Charité," was about to die, without having been able, notwithstanding his talents, to renovate medical Art.

Broussais, in his iconoclastic zeal, pulled down the ancient edifice, but his "Doctrine Physiologique" which he erected upon its ruins was nothing but a romantic novel. Bayle, finally, the pure, pathological anatomist, the friend and intimate of Laennec, was about to disappear from the scene.

Thus the School of Paris with its Cruveilhict, its Andral, Louis, Récamier, Piorry, Gendrin, Brettonneau, Bouillaud, all this enthusiastic youthfulness was in full travail, and looked for a Chief. They sought a sure Guide, versed in the medical art, imbued with the new spirit, and capable of showing to the world the road towards the future, while conserving the hippocratic traditions, the common fund of our millennial richness and learning.

Laennec was to be this man; his book, the first appearance of which we celebrate today, was to become the Keystone of the arch in the temple, the rock of inalterable Breton granite upon which Medical Science should build, stone after stone an imperishable monument to the illumination of TRUTH.

The BOOK appeared; and was a Revelation. It presented to the medical public an enormous number of documents as precious as they were unexpected, and one found a series of maladies which were barely suspected, or totally unknown. At the same time, in order to allow practitioners to study the living patient, the author taught a new and unknown method, a technique so practical and yet so simple, that at the first lecture, the Reality seemed to be improbable indeed. The Glory in which the name of Laennec is resplendent, is not founded simply on the immense labor which permitted him to draw out of the chaos of Pathological Anatomy the group of lesions affecting the Respiratory apparatus, and this is true also of the process of clinical investigation promulgated by him to the Medical world.

But the eternal glory of Laennec will rest more than upon all else, on his Medical Life; his faultless method of work has fixed for all future generations the only true road, the only sure way: Anatomo-clinical Observation. It has inculcated forever in all investigators the love of positive SCIENCE, of SCIENCE which does not lose sight of the sick Body, even when lifted to the highest conceptions in seeking for the CAUSES of human distresses.

In the name of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, I bring to the Founder of contemporary medical Science our tribute of admiration and of profound respect and recognition to the immortal author of the "Traité de L'auscultation médiate.

To the MASTER of all our MASTERS; eternal Glory to LAENNEC!

MAURICE LETULLE.

(Translated and condensed from "La Presse Medical," November 15, 1919, by Albert N. Blodgett, M. D., Boston, Mass.)

January 10, 1920.

HERMAN T. RADIN, M. D.

The Specialist: "I've been asked to go to Mrs. Vanderloaf's fancy dress ball. Can you suggest a suitable costume?"

The Humble Practitioner: "Why not just take a pad of account forms in your hand and go as a charger?"

The Medical Pickwick

VOL. VII APRIL, 1921 No. 4.

DR. SYDENHAM.

Tells a curious story of one of his patients, who had consulted him for a length of time, with very little relief to his complaint; when, at length, the doctor told him that he could really do no more for him; but that there was a Dr. Robinson, at Inverness, who was wonderfully clever in such complaints as his; that he would give him a letter to the physician, and, he was confident, he would return cured. As the patient was a gentleman of fortune, he was soon enabled to set out on his journey. But, what was his surprise, when, on arriving at Inverness, he found there was no physician of that name, nor had there been, within the recollection of any inhabitant in the town. The patient returned, vowing everything that was hostile to Dr. Sydenham. When he arrived he indignantly told the doctor that he thought he had used him very ill, to send him a journey of so many miles for nothing. "Well," says Dr. Sydenham, "are you in better health?" "Yes," replied the gentleman, "I am well now, but no thanks to you." "No!" returned the doctor, "but you may thank Dr. Robinson for curing you. I wanted to send you on a journey, with an object in view, which I knew would do you good; in going you had Dr. Robinson in contemplation; and, in returning, you were equally busy in thinking about scolding me."—*Ana of Medical Literature*, 1825.

PASTEUR TO THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

Young people, young people, confine yourselves to those methods, sure and powerful, of which we as yet know only the first secrets. And all, whatever may be your career, never permit yourselves to be overcome by skepticism, both unworthy and barren; neither permit the hours of sadness which pass over a nation to discourage you. Live in the serene peace of your laboratories and your libraries. First ask yourselves, "What have I done for my education?" Then, as you advance in life, "What have I done for my country?" so that some day that supreme happiness may come to you, the consciousness of having contributed in some measure to the progress and welfare of humanity. But whether our endeavors are more or less favored by the circumstances of our life, on approaching the great end we must have the right to say to ourselves, "I have done what I could."

LOUIS PASTEUR (1892).

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THE PHYSICIAN.

There are men and classes of men that stand above the common herd: the soldier, the sailor and the shepherd not unfrequently; the artist rarely; rarelier still, the clergyman; the physician almost as a rule. He is the flower (such as it is) of our civilization, and when that stage of man is done with, and only remembered to be marvelled at in history, he will be thought to have shared as little as any in the defects of the period, and most notably exhibited the virtues of the race. Generosity he has, such as is possible to those who practice an art, never to those who drive a trade; discretion, tested by a hundred secrets; tact, tried in a thousand embarrassments; and what are more important, Herculean cheerfulness and courage. So it is that he brings air and cheer into the sickroom, and often enough, though not so often as he wishes, brings healing

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHIMPANZEE SUZETTE.

The mother of the first chimpanzee born in a zoological park or garden, and the second in captivity. Photograph taken immediately after her retirement from the vaudeville stage, where her forearms had been shaved as shown.

Photographed by Elwin R. Sanborn.

NOTES ON THE BIRTH OF A CHIMPANZEE

THE scarcity, or nearly total absence, of any reliable information relating to the breeding of anthropoid apes, justifies us in recording the following notes and observations, dealing with the birth of a chimpanzee baby which took place on July 14, 1920, in the Primate House of the New York Zoological Park. So far as known that event constitutes the record of the second chimpanzee ever born in captivity.

Dr. Louis Montane, Professor of Anthropology at the University of Havana, Cuba, records the birth of a chimpanzee, on April 27, 1915, at the home of Senora Rosalie Abreu, owner of the "Quinta Palatino" estate at Havana, Cuba. The breeding of a chimpanzee by Senora Abreu represents the first successful attempt at breeding chimpanzees in captivity, an event that has attracted world wide interest among anthropologists and scientists generally. Judging from Dr. Montane's description of the seclusion prevailing upon the estate of Mrs. Abreu, conditions must have closely approximated the ideal for the breeding of chimpanzees.

Studies in infant psychology are of comparatively recent date, few in number, and in most instances very incomplete; while, as regards animals lower in the scale, such investigations are still more imperfect. The science of comparative psychology is a very youthful one, so that anyone who contributes a single fact will be a real friend to its progress.

It is for this reason principally that these notes, however meager and incomplete, are published with the hope that they may add something to the scanty literature of a subject that is of so much concern to those who are responsible for the care of anthropoid apes in confinement.

In a zoological garden, the list of births among the mammals affords a very good index of the general health and condition of the collections. A long and varied list of births is one of the best indications that a healthy environment has been established.

The breeding of animals, aside from the hoofed stock, never has been with us an important factor, chiefly for the reason that the demands for exhibition and educational purposes are so imperative that all other conditions have been of secondary consideration. The successful breeding and rearing of captive wild animals on any considerable scale requires special provisions to afford the seclusion and enlarged quarters that would insure satisfactory offspring. The providing of quiet, comfortable and sanitary quarters with proper isolation cannot be satisfactorily arranged in a Park like ours, where the animals, and especially the higher apes, must be constantly on exhibition to thousands of visitors each day. When one remembers these conditions, and the absence of the many factors deemed necessary for the propagation of offspring among the rarer species of our wild animals, the fact that we have succeeded in breeding a chimpanzee should be considered the more noteworthy. In addition to the chimpanzee we have successfully bred and reared the Japanese red-faced monkey, long armed baboon, macaque and lemur.

On account of their undoubted physical and mental resemblances to man, the study of the higher apes and monkeys is naturally of the greatest interest to the student of comparative psychology, as well as to the ordinary observer whose only plea to science is his love of animals. The higher in the scale the animal that is studied, the nearer we are approaching on the whole to man.

Anyone who will watch the countenance of an ape or monkey when he feels himself insulted, and again when he is fondled by his keeper, will be forced to admit that the changes of expression of the features, and the gestures are almost as expressive as those of man.

There is a striking difference between the dispositions of the chimpanzee and orang-utan, the most intelligent of the apes. The temperament of the chimpanzee is of the nervous or stubborn type, but its mind is more alert and prompt in action than that of the orang. The chimpanzee while showing great affection for his keepers or those frequently about him, generally resents being handled by strangers.

With a fair degree of precision, the chimpanzee exercises the faculty of reason on problems that concern his comfort and safety. He is quick to interpret motives, to discern intents, and is a rare judge of character. Ordinarily he is docile, and quickly learns anything that lies within the range of his mental plane.

The appearance of dejections in a chimpanzee when in poor health, is as plain and almost as pathetic as in the case of a child. This state of mind and body is shown by listless movements, fallen countenances, dull eyes, and changed complexion.

Terror and rage are expressed by the chimpanzee by

the utterance of shrill screams and terrified yells, and a harsh barking noise, the lips being drawn back, so that the teeth are exposed and with nostrils dilated. The hair becomes erect, the arms are thrown wildly about, and sometimes the hands are clasped tightly over the head. A young chimpanzee in a passion presents a curious resemblance to a child in the same state of emotion.

The investigations of Professor Robert M. Yerkes, of Harvard University, on "The Mental Life of Monkeys and Apes," furnish much interesting data for the student of animal psychology; also the work of Dr. Haggerty on "Imitations in Monkeys," which was carried out in the New York Zoological Park, and submitted to Harvard University as a thesis for his degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Haggerty's tests of the ability of young orangs and chimpanzees to solve simple problems, and to use tools in various ways, yielded results which may be safely accepted as evidences of a fairly high degree of reasoning in these animals.

Both parents of our baby are unusually large and well developed chimpanzees, such as rarely are seen in captivity.

Suzette, the mother (*Pan Chimpanzee, Meyer*), habitat Gambia; West Africa, was acquired March 2, 1918, through the gift of the John L. Cadwalader Fund. She was born about 1910, making her age at this time about ten years. She is three feet and ten inches in height, and weighs approximately 130 pounds.

Suzette was purchased from Mr. Fred D'Osta, who had trained her on the vaudeville stage for about two years before we secured her. She was an accomplished performer and gave some remarkable exhibitions of "trick" bicycle riding, roller skating, ball rolling and other feats. Owing to her great strength, and at times, an erratic disposition which made her difficult to handle on the stage, she was retired from theatricals about the time we purchased her from her trainer.

Boma, the father, is a hairy-headed Schweinfurth chimpanzee (*Pan chimpanzee*, Giglioti). His habitat is *Soudan*, German East Africa, and he also was acquired through the gift of the John L. Cadwalader Fund. He arrived at the Park on August 21, 1915. He was born in 1912, making him about eight years old. He stands about three feet and eight inches in height, and weighs approximately 145 pounds. Since coming to the Park, Boma has developed a wonderfully fine physique, but owing to his untamed and wild spirit, no effort has been made to train him in any way. During the past year he has developed a more amiable disposition, especially toward his keepers, although still he resents undue familiarity.

On July 14, 1920, about 10:45 a. m., while passing through the Primate House, Keeper Palmer reported that the chimpanzee Suzette had not eaten her breakfast, and upon going to the outside cage to examine her, we found her lying on her back, where she had apparently just a moment before given birth to a baby. The baby was lying on the mother's abdomen, face downward and covered by the hands of the mother. Because of the fact that the event occurred several weeks before it was expected, no one was present at the critical moment save Boma, the father.

Boma had been with Suzette in the outside cage for about an hour and when I found him he was sitting, apparently unconcerned, about twenty feet from Suzette.

Boma was allowed to enter his own interior cage, while Suzette with her baby tucked into her left groin, and clinging to her hair, was quickly returned to her own cage. Here two bundles of fresh straw were provided, out of which she at once made a comfortable bed for herself and infant. In walking from the outer to the inner cage, Suzette walked on her hands and right foot, keeping the left leg flexed upon her abdomen, with the infant's head appearing at the anterior point of the hip bone.

When moved to the inner cage Suzette was very quiet and docile, and soon settled down in her bed. Upon hearing Boma in his cage she became restless and started several times as if she wished to join him. When offered food she ate hungrily. As Suzette made her bed up close to the front bars of the cage, an opportunity was thus offered to study the appearance of the baby, whenever its mother uncovered it, which she did frequently.

When first seen in the outer cage it was feared that the baby might be premature, but on a closer view it appeared normal in every way. There was an abundance of thick hair on the head, and this was parted in the middle as neatly as though it had been combed. There was also hair on the shoulders and arms as far down as the elbows. The eyes were wide open, brown in color, and had the appearance of being able to see. The standing height and weight of the baby, estimated at birth were, height sixteen inches, weight three pounds. The more accurate measurements made when it died nine days later showed the estimated weight and height as approximately correct. The baby was active, and clung to the hair of the mother's abdomen. In lying down on her side Suzette always shifted the baby to the upper side. She handled it very gently, and always changed

THE MOTHER OF THE FIRST CAPTIVE BORN CHIMPANZEE.
Picture at right shows the young animal.

it from side to side by first supporting the head and lifting it.

Being present when the baby made its first sound or cry, I was able to note the effect of this on Suzette. While Suzette was half reclining and busily engaged in eating her first meal, after the baby was born, the baby uttered a low, plaintive cry, the sound of which caused Suzette to stop eating, and to sit upright and listen with a startled expression on her face. When the cry was repeated she looked down at the baby, and then hurriedly began making her bed anew, fussing with the straw and shifting the baby from the right to the left groin.

Whenever Suzette would lie down without shifting the baby to the uppermost groin, the slight pressure exerted on the baby would always make it cry. This was always a signal for Suzette to hurriedly sit up, shift the baby, and rearrange the straw bedding. During these times the baby would often grasp some of the straws in its hands or feet, but Suzette would always take them away, not by pulling the straws, but by gently opening the hand and taking the straws out of them, carefully looking between the fingers as if searching for pieces which might be retained there.

The following day, July 15, Suzette appeared somewhat depressed, and coughed a good deal, but when food was offered she appeared hungry. She drank milk containing raw eggs, and ate some bananas and stewed prunes. The breasts were not enlarged, and there were no evidences of the secretion of milk. The baby was kept tucked in Suzette's groin, but while the hands and feet were frequently in motion the position remained the same. Both Suzette and the baby slept frequently during the day, but whenever she would hear Boma calling from the outer cage she always roused up, and made an attempt to join him by going to the outer cage door.

On July 16, there was a noticeable enlargement of the mammary glands, and Suzette was paying more marked attention to the baby. She frequently examined the inside of its hands and feet, and would lie on her back and fondle the baby's feet without looking at them. She also would sit upright and make a chuckling sound, accompanied by a vibration of the abdominal muscles, which expresses the emotion of pleasure, and is frequently observed in chimpanzees when they are tickled under the arms by their keeper. On this day the baby was carried higher on the abdomen of the mother, and clung by holding on with hands and feet tightly grasped to the hair.

On July 17, Suzette was depressed and showed very little interest in her food. She had a distressing cough, fever and headache, the later manifested by keeping her hands pressed over her forehead. For most of the day she was restless and drowsy. Her breasts showed some enlargement, but there were no evidences of milk secretion.

The baby seemed more active, and occasionally would cry, and this acted as a signal for the mother to immediately sit up, shift the baby, and hurriedly readjust the straw bedding.

On July 18, Keeper Spicer reported having seen the

CHIMPANZEE BORN IN THE ZOOLOGICAL PARK.
It was slender, fragile, and looked like a tiny, emaciated old man.
Photographed by R. L. Ditmars.

CHIMPANZEE BORN IN THE PARK.

Its diminutive size is apparent by comparison with the hand of the man.

Photographed by R. L. Ditmars.

baby nursing on the left breast at 9 a. m., for about one minute. Suzette appeared much brighter and took considerable food consisting of cocoa and milk, bananas and prunes. The baby was not so active on this day, and appeared to be noticeably thinner. It slept practically all the time.

Suzette moved her bedding from the front of the cage to the top of the sleeping boxes. She lay on her back with the baby in her groin or across her abdomen.

On July 19, Suzette seemed in better spirits, and her cough was less troublesome. In addition to her regular food she ate some mashed potatoes and two lamb chops with great relish. She kept to her bed and rarely left it, and then only for a moment. In starting from her bed for food, she apparently brought pressure to bear on the infant, for it usually emitted plaintive cries, which caused Suzette to immediately hurry back to her bed, hastily rearrange the straw, and lie down. In a few minutes she would again start to leave the bed, but the baby's cry again caused her to settle down, shift the baby to the other side, and rearrange the straw.

On July 20, Suzette remained in her bed all day, and this did not afford such a good opportunity to observe the movements of the baby. It had not been seen to nurse since Sunday morning, July 18, nor had it been seen near the mother's breast.

On July 21st and 22nd, Suzette still kept to her bed. The baby seemed less active, thinner, and weaker in the movements of its hands and feet. Suzette seemed to have less interest, and to pay less attention to it.

On July 22, about 9 a. m., when I appeared in front of Suzette's cage at once she came from her bed directly toward me, and while watching for the movements of the baby, I saw its body relax, and realized it had just died.

Suzette almost immediately seemed to realize that something was wrong. She became uneasy, and in moving away from the front of the cage the baby hung limp and lifeless, and ready to slip from her groin.

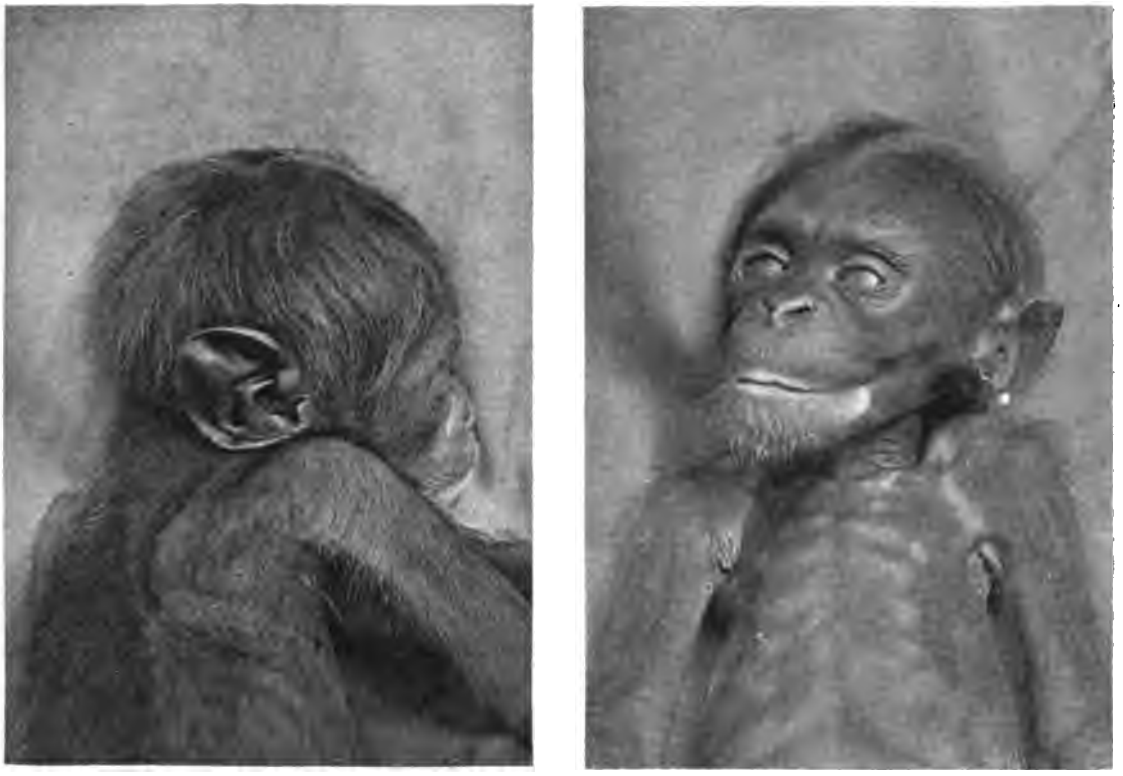
She sat down, gazed intently at its face, gently put her finger-tip in the baby's mouth, and turned back the lips. She also put her fingers up in the nostrils. She carried it about as before, but would frequently sit down and examine it, looking into its face with an anxious and puzzled expression. Several times Suzette allowed the baby to slip from her groin to the floor of the cage, whereupon she would immediately pick it up again, and tuck it into its place. Once or twice she laid it on the straw beside her, and studied it intently, as if she expected it to move.

It was during one of these quiet intervals that, Suzette's interest being attracted to an offering of food, the keeper succeeded in extracting the dead baby from the cage. When Suzette realized what had happened she became furious, and in her rage rushed about the cage, screaming, and pounding the floors and walls. When Boma in the outside cage heard her he also became greatly excited, and joined her in her rage and expressions of protest.

LIKE A BEING FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

The ear of the chimpanzee is large and well formed.

Photographed by R. L. Ditmars.



FRONT AND PROFILE OF THE YOUNG CHIMPANZEE.

There was an abundance of thick long hair, the ear was huge in comparison with the head, and the lower lip and jaw were covered with fine gray hair.

Photographed by R. L. Ditmars.

Concerning the psychology of the death episode, Director Hornaday has furnished the following notes:

"The death of the infant was reported to me as I sat in my office, by Boma himself. The frightful and long continued yells and screams that issued from his outside cage, and rang out for half a mile in every direction throughout the Park, clearly indicated an unusual provoking cause. Never before had I heard such cries from the throat of a wild animal. After they had continued for about five minutes, I hurried to the Primate house, where I learned the cause.

"When by strategy Keepers Spicer and Palmer succeeded in snatching the dead infant from Suzette's possession, her cries of rage and protest were heard by Boma in his outside cage. The fact that Suzette was in real trouble excited him to the utmost, and his rage knew no bounds.

"Presently Suzette calmed down, and approached her keepers with plaintive whines, beseeching that they give back her baby. It was decidedly pathetic. Keeper Spicer held out his empty hands and said, '*I* haven't your baby, Suzette. I can't give it to you!'

"Suzette, being in a fair way to become feverish with anxiety and disappointed motherhood, Boma was immediately admitted to her cage, whereupon the two animals at once became quiet; but to them Death remained an unsolved mystery."

The loss of the chimpanzee baby was one of the keenest disappointments that we ever have experienced. If it had been possible to assist Suzette in teaching her to nurse the baby properly, it might have thrived. However, it was out of the question for even her most trusted friend and keeper to get near enough to her to attempt assistance. Suzette resented any interference with her baby. If any had been attempted it would have been a dangerous proceeding for the keepers, and certainly would have resulted in the killing of the baby. If persisted in it might have caused the death of Suzette herself.

The aroused maniacal rage of an adult chimpanzee is a fearful thing to witness, and the fight she would have put up to keep her baby certainly would have ended in a tragedy.

MEASUREMENTS OF BABY CHIMPANZEE:

NINE DAYS OLD.

Length of body	15½	inches
Length of head and body	10½	inches
Circumference of chest	5½	inches
Spread of arms	20¾	inches
Length of arm	8¾	inches
Length of leg	5½	inches
Length of hand to tip of middle finger	3	inches
Width of hand	1½	inches
Length of foot to tip of middle toe	3¼	inches
Width of foot	1⅛	inches
Circumference of head	8¾	inches
Ear length	1½	inches
Ear width	1¼	inches
Weight	35	ounces

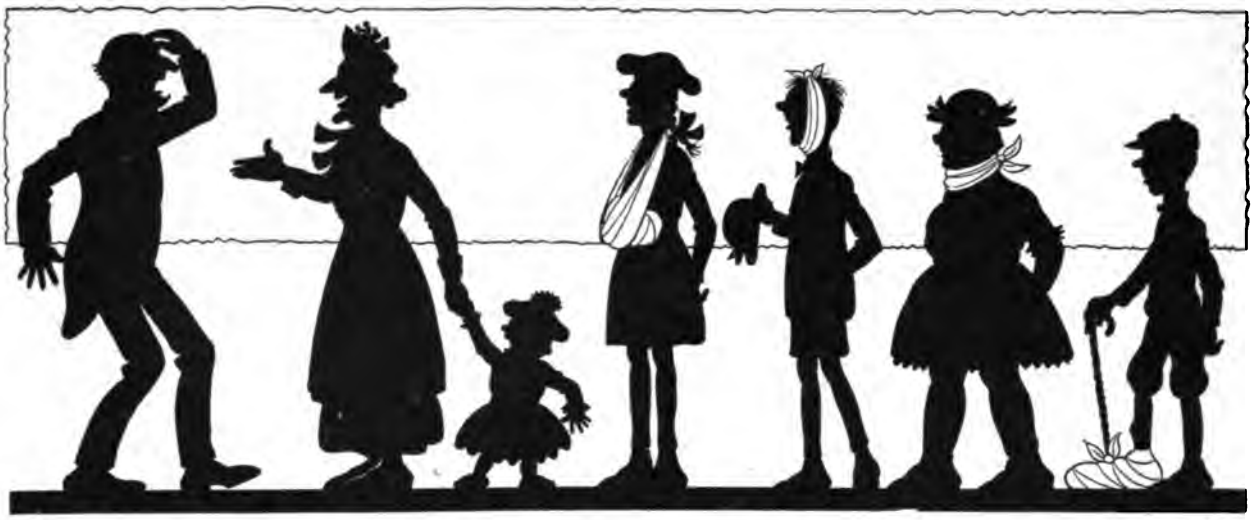
Thick hair on head; also hair on back and arms. Gray hair on lower lip and jaw. No teeth.

W. REID BLAIR, D. V. S.

New York City.

SAY THE WORD, DOC, AN' I'LL RUN OUT A COUPLE O' DOZEN O' THESE HENS
WOT DID YOU GET SUCH A YOUNG DOCTOR FOR?
HENRY INSISTED ON IT. I WANTED SKILLEM.
IS THERE ANY CONGESTION, DOCTOR?
I KNOW IT'S TYPHOID FEVER
OLD DR. SKILLEM NEVER USES THESE NEW-FANGLED CONTRAPTIONS
I'VE HAD THIRTEEN AN' RAISED FIVE—I'D OUGHT TO KNOW.
NO—SKILLEM JEST LOOKS AT THEIR TONGUE AN KNOWS RIGHT AWAY.

THE PATIENTS WE LOVE.



MRS. SQUIGGS: "I thought as long as I had to come an' see ye anyhow, Doctor, I'd just bring the children along—they're all ailin', an' ye kin fix 'em up on the one office call."

SCIENTIFIC OSCULATION

(If you would be sanitary kiss your girl in the evening or afternoon. Disease germs lurk in the morning kisses. . . . It's a good thing for the human race that courting is done at night and in the late afternoon."—Dr. Lawrason Brown.)

If you'd practice osculation
In a scientific way—
You must never go a-courting
Any time before mid-day.

For the early morning kisses
Harbor germs of dread disease—
Not till noon are maids and misses
Sterilized by sun and breeze.

There is safety in the gloaming,
Afternoon's a healthy risk—
For the germ of a. m. roaming
Is by p. m. not so brisk.

So fearing the unheeded warning,
Kind fate contrives that suitors tarry—
The danger's chiefly in the morning—

But some may ask: "May lovers marry?"
Perchance the Gods to death impel us,
The Scientific Men don't tell us.

G. W. E. DANIELS.

A DISCOVERY IN BIOLOGY

I think I know what Cupid is;
BACTERIA AMORIS;
And when he's fairly at his work,
He causes DOLOR CORDIS.
So if you'd like for this disease,
A remedy specific,
Prepare an antitoxin, please,
By methods scientific.
Inoculate another heart
With germs of this affection,
Apply this culture to your own,
'Twill heal you to perfection.

MARY E. LEVERETT.

LET GOD BE THE JUDGE

Who knows of the care and sorrow
In the heart beneath his vest?
Who knows how much he suffers
From the pain within his chest?
Who knows of the worry and sadness
That forever play a part
In the life of him we meet,
When we cannot read his heart?
A friend is ofttimes censured
For the things he's wont to do—
But say not a word that is ill of him,
For God is his judge—not you.

C. J. GOSE, M. D.
Kinderhook, Ill.

DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

"Doctor, did you examine my book?" inquired an author.

"Yes, I regret to say it needs more than the appendix cut out."

G. A. DRENNEN.

SIMILAR.

Patient: "Doctor, those last pills you gave me were not very effective."

M. D.: "They're like these monthly statements of mine."

G. A. DRENNEN.

WHEN MRS. JONES CALLS YOU TO BRING JUNIOR TO TOWN AT 2. A.M
-AND YOU JUST GET BACK FOR BACON AND EGGS WHEN MRS. GREEN INTERRUPTS YOUR MEAL WITH A "VERY URGENT, DOCTOR" CALL
-AND WHILE AT MRS. GREENS A TELEPHONE CALL SENDS YOU SCURRYING TO MRS. BROWNS WHO IS WORRIED OVER LITTLE WILLIE'S TEMPERATURE OF 99°
-AND THEN JUST AT THE FIRST MOUTHFUL OF LUNCH MRS. RUSH PHONES THAT JOHNNY HAS BROKEN A LEG
-AND AFTER A BUSY AFTERNOON YOU SIT DOWN TO ENJOY-A MEAL WITH THE FAMILY WHEN HENRY SMITH PHONES TO COME "RIGHT OVER
HE SAYS 'VERY IMPORTANT'
-AND YOU GO AND FIND SIX OF THE BOYS WITH A BIRD AND A BOTTLE AND SEVEN STACKS AND TWO DECKS AND- OH-H-H- BOY!! AIN'T IT A GR-R-R-RAND AND GLOR-R-R-RIOUS FEELIN'?
TA TATA TYA
BRIGGS

—Courtesy of *Becton, Dickinson & Co. Copyright, 1920.*

SOPHOCLES, MIRROR OF "THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE"

"O, our Sophocles, the royal,
Who was born to monarch's place."
Elizabeth Barrett-Browning.

WHY "Sophocles, the royal?" In comparison or in contrast, as may be, the queen of English song has likewise styled the author of "Agamemnon" and "Prometheus Bound," "Aeschylus, the thunderous." The awe-compelling spokesman of heroes, demi-gods, and gods, the mouthpiece of the unconquerable Titan's superb defiance and disdain, the oracle of the inexorable Erinyes, the prophet of the eternal Moirai, he indeed is "the thunderous." That is at once clearly and strongly phrased. And so again Mrs. Browning has designated the writer of "Alcestis," "Electra" and "Helen," "Euripides, the human." That, too, is plainly pertinent. The sympathetic, tender, colorful limner of wifely affection and devotion, of the strong, close bond of love and trust between sister and brother, of social episode, of domestic incident, the master who makes of great Hercules a boon companion and a jolly good fellow, and who changes a dire, revolting chapter of the epic of Troy into a sweet marital romance, truly such an one is superlatively "the human." But why "the royal" as an appellation for Sophocles? He was not autocratic; he was not imperious; he was not supercilious; he was not pompous; he was not gaudy—not in the least are his dramas so characterized—such ordinary markings and trappings of royalty in no way appertain to him. A king, however, should, more than all else, constitute the arch-type, the representative, the exponent of a people and a civilization. "*L'état!—c'est moi!*" proclaimed the *Grand Monarque*. And by that essential token, stands Sophocles as pre-eminently "the royal"—by warrant of that proud title, a monarch was and is he.

More accurately and completely than in any other monument of art, more than in painting or in sculpture or in architecture, a civilization enshrines itself in its literature. And with a more sensitive and delicate touch than the other literary forms, the drama preserves the life, the spirit, the tone, the hue of national existence and development, especially of any outstanding, full-blown epoch. History dissects and embalms, but it must work as upon a corpse. The epic is powerful, but it magnifies and idealizes. The lyric inspires, but it exalts and glorifies. The stage, if it be true to itself, faithfully reflects actualities and events as they are—each line, each shade, each movement. In the drama's crystal depths floats a second landscape, feature for feature like the landscape in the air.

When we would think of Greece, straightway before us rises the City of Cecrops. One can no more dissociate Hellas from Athens than Rome from the Eternal City. And when, too, our thought would turn to Greece's golden age, out before the mind's eye in panorama unrolls the period of Pericles. Oh! that transcendent century between the days of Marathon and the death of Socrates! —what luster, what splendor, what grandeur! There is a central sun shone Athens' first citizen himself, universal artistic *connoiseur*, in eloquence and in statecraft his own master and his own model, yet who in his last hour set forth as his strongest claim to remembrance that through no act of his had any fellow-citizen ever worn mourning. And there, each shedding a light that endures as fame, were Phidias and Xeuxes, Herodotus and Thucydides, Hippocrates, Pindar and Socrates, lives that never die, names that never dim. But there, too, paramountly reflecting their era, were Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, peerless triad of votaries of the tragic muse. Finally mention must not fail of Aristophanes, the cogent, the hammerer, a "lord of the ringing lists." But he is a comic playwright, and comedy is chiefly woven of defects and shortcomings, of faults and failings. Now this has its unique and beneficent use—is a potent instrument of good. Yet when merit and worth are in question, persons and peoples alike have the right to be judged largely by their nobler traits and finer deeds—to be mainly thought of at their best. Comic drama stultifies, while tragic drama dignifies the civilization they mutually portray.

Of Greece's immortal three in tragedy, Aeschylus stands at the dawn of the epoch of the culmination of Hellenic triumphs. He is a forerunner, a pathfinder. His vision sweeps a new horizon; yet his voice is as the echo of things passing away. Euripides walks in the sunset of the same epoch. But he faces the future, not the past. He is the interpreter of transition. He is the herald of still another day. Sophocles sits in the full noon-tide effulgence of an era that is the crown of all the ages. And he translates the civilization of which

he is so true a protagonist into his perfect lines. He is "Sophocles, the royal." He is the mirror of "the glory that was Greece."

Let the author of "King Oedipus" be himself here introduced. His life span reached from 495 to 405 B. C. During his long literary career, extending as it did from his early manhood to near his death, he produced one hundred and fifteen pieces whose titles are known, of which there remain only seven in complete form, with, besides, some nine hundred and seventy-nine fragments of those lost, preserved as quotations by other writers. He was well-born, rarely favored physically, richly gifted intellectually, admirably poised morally. He was, in short, a shining example of the cultured Athenian gentleman of the times when Athens was the Pharos of the world.

And now let us come to our Sophocles as revealed in his own utterances, and as he therein reflects the civilization of which he is so integrant a part and factor. In lighter vein, and as a diverting introduction, from "Ajax" may be cited an expression which hints that, even at the age of Pericles, Dame Gossip's tongue was wont to wag, and "they say" had its usual prominence and authority. "News too true, announced by the leaders, and exaggerated by public rumor," is the phrase.

In Sophocles' day the government of Athens was nominally a democracy; indeed, the simplest and purest of democracies. Yet through the populace ran a salient, rigid line of demarcation between an upper and a lower class. There was a recognized aristocracy distinguished and separated from the common people. Our poet was a scion of one of the great families. He gives us an inkling of a prevalent conception of the relationship between the high and the low. In "Ajax" he says: "The little without the great are for a city a feeble rampart; they have need of mutual succor to assure their prosperity." And again: "I shall no more be astonished to see a man without birth commit some fault, when men claiming to be well-born hold language so senseless." In "Philoctetes" he remarks: "Often men become culpable only by the example of those who govern them;" and in "Maidens of Trachis," "One may find wise counsels even in the most obscure conditions."

The Athenian matron was strictly and stringently domestic. Her home was her world. There was a class of unmarried women of easy virtue, the "Hetairae," who led a life at once more lax and more free. To this class belonged the notorious Aspasia, Lais and Phryne. But in spite of their privileges, their attainments, their influence, they must wear their brand. They could not stand by the altar when sacrifice was offered, and they could not give birth to a citizen. Time and clime, however, work no change in "*das Ewig-Weibliche*" of Goethe. Woman is forever woman. So Sophocles makes one of his female characters complain thus—"He responded to me in these words which are in the mouth of all the men—'Woman, silence is the ornament of women.'" "Women love to weep," categorically asserts the brusque Son of Telamon. More earnestly and sympathetically in "Electra" our poet exclaims, "How nature has power over a mother! No, even though they outrage her, a mother cannot hate her children." Yet in "Maidens of Trachis" he interposes the question, "What serves it to bear the glorious name of mother if one belies it by her conduct?"

The Greek's love of liberty rooted to the very center of his being. He was formed for freedom. Sophocles vents a national impulse when in "Ajax" he declares, "Servitude is for man the greatest of ills." In "Antigone" he magisterially proclaims, "The state is a state no longer when it is the property of a single man."

The principles of public policy advocated by Athens' favorite bard are guileless and lofty. He says, "A state where wrong and license are unpunished ends by falling from the summit of prosperity into an abyss of evils." "Him who esteems a friend more highly than his country I despise," he scornfully declares. Solemly he asserts, "Anarchy is the greatest of evils." With deliberate emphasis he avers, "I would rather shipwreck acting with honor than succeed by a perfidy."

Paradoxical as the statement may seem, the Athenian though a great warrior was not warlike. He preferred the ways and victories of peace. Such was the spirit of Sophocles. In "Ajax" he moralizes thus—"Why had he not disappeared in space or in the vast gulf of Tartarus, he who first taught the Greeks the use of arms and the odious art of combat! Oh, inexhaustible source of ills! He was the scourge of humanity." In "Philoctetes" he plaintively comments, "War always takes pleasure in reaping the good, and the wicked it carries away only with regret."

Athenian civilization was fundamentally not materialistic—or, any rate, materialistic only in so far as its idealism found material expression. Mind's triumphs and trophies were accorded supreme rank. To the sovoreignty of intellect our poet pays tribute unstinted and unqualified. He says in "King Oedipus," "I see that always success accompanies the counsels of experience;" in "Ajax," "It is not force of body nor breadth of shoulders but wisdom alone which establishes the power of men;"

in "Electra," "Foresight and sagacity are for men the most valuable possessions;" in "Antigone," "The gods have given to men reason, the most precious of benefits;" while in "Philoctetes" by twenty-two centuries he outdates Bulwer-Lytton's "The pen is mightier than the sword" with the line, "The tongue, and not the arm, among men controls all."

The allusions in Sophocles of medical relevancy are few and of little scientific significance. It may be of interest to doctors, however, to note that this prince of dramatists himself erected an altar to Aesculapius, and composed a paean in his honor. Medicine did furnish him the material of two of his most effective metaphors, both found in "Ajax"—this, "Do not proceed to aggravate thy misery by a remedy worse than the disease;" and this, "An able physician does not resort to magic chants for a malady which the knife alone can cure." He states a well-known physiologic fact thus—"The least shock causes old age to collapse." A constant truth that must forever promote humility in the medical scientist he thus formulates—"Man has discovered the art of baffling the most cruel disorders, but his art is impotent as to escaping death." He refers to the heroic brother surgeons of the Greek army in the siege of Troy, Machaon and Podalirius, making the son of Achilles promise Philoctetes that he shall have their services—"Thou shalt find in the camp the sons of Aesculapius who will cure thy wound."

The Greek was nothing if not a philosopher. In fact philosophy constituted both his forte and his foible. Sophocles was a remarkably sane and sound thinker; and his plays are replete with sage comments that are real maxims, with the inimitable charm of Hellenic lucidity and grace. What we can present will be mere samples taken almost at random from here and there, and altogether too sparse and brief to be adequately representative. Indulgence is craved for a rapid grouping of them. "The presents of an enemy are not presents, and are always baneful" is a prototype of Virgil's "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*" Also four centuries before the oft-quoted "Accursed-thirst-for-gold" passage in the "Aeneid" came this—"There is no metal so pernicious to man as gold. That it is which ravages cities, which drives citizens from their fireside, which corrupts virtuous souls and carries them to vice. That it is which teaches men all perfidies, all impieties." Without annotation are offered the various quotations following: "The fool does not appreciate the good he has until after having lost it." "Success is ever bought at the price of care." "Illegitimate gains are more frequently injurious than advantageous"—and, "One does not long preserve the fruit of guile and injustice." "The side of the truth is always the best." "It is a truth ancient and accepted here below that one cannot before the death of a man pronounce upon the good-fortune or ill-fortune of his life." "The rigors of fate and the favors of fortune are ephemeral; joy and sorrow succeed each other by turns." "When one is fortunate it is, above all, then that he should watch his life in order that he be not surprised by adversity." "How terrible is knowledge when it is not subordinate to the one who possesses it!" "To serve humanity is the most beautiful use that man can make of his art and his power."

The Athenian temperament and Athenian manners were exceptionally mild and gentle albeit proud and robust. Of this characteristic may be placed in evidence the great names of Pericles, Aristides and Phocian. Within the city stood an altar solitary, yet prominent and honored. No image of a god, no emblem of a cult distinguished it. It was the altar of Pity. To mankind it was the pledge of the inviolable sanctity of mercy. Now, attuned to this chord, hear the humane voice of Sophocles—"To pursue a man after his death, though he be an enemy, justice forbids it." "One should hate an enemy as being able some day to love him." "Although my enemy, I pity his misfortune, seeing the calamity to which fatality has chained him. I consider at the same time his fate and mine. Feeble mortals! what are we in life? Phantoms, vain shadows."

Pensively, if not plaintively, our contemplative poet chants of life and of death, still "the royal," still the coryphaeus of the drama of Attic civilization at its climax. In "King Oedipus" he exclaims, "Oh! race of mortals, how nearly your existence verges upon nothingness! What man, truly, has known other good-fortune than that of believing himself fortunate, illusion which is soon dissipated?" In "Oedipus at Colonus" he remarks, "Whoever desires to prolong his life beyond the ordinary duration appears to me foolish; for often days in multiplying themselves but bring chagrins to us." In "Electra" he asks, "What serves to the miserable one, overwhelmed by a thousand ills, a delay of a few instants when it is necessary to die?" In "Ajax" he makes the chorus say, "Happier should be Ajax hidden in the night of Hades than tormented by an evil without remedy." In a strain more elevated and intense again in "Electra" he says, "Even in the midst of misfortune a noble heart will not consent to dim or tarnish its glory;" and again in "Ajax," "To live or die with glory, that is the duty of a man of heart."

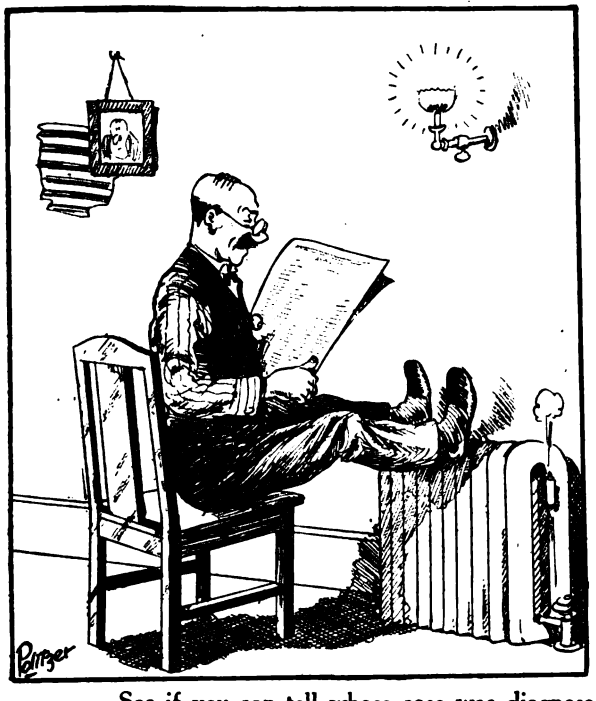
From two ideas Greek thought could not get very far away—that of retribution and that of destiny. This is more strongly portrayed in Aeschylus, but, also, powerfully sways Sophocles' mental movement. Referring to the Erinyes, he terms them "these inevitable dogs that pursue crime." Elsewhere he designates them "These invincible virgins that we tremble to name, before whom we pass without raising the eyes, without speaking, without opening the mouth, allowing to escape from our hearts only the thought of prayer."

As to destiny, his conception, fixed and reassertive, is clearly set forth in the two passages following, both from "Antigone"—"It is not in the power of mortals to escape the ills that destiny sends to them." "The power of destiny is a power irresistible. Neither tempests, nor Ares, nor ramparts, nor ships whose black flanks are beaten by the waves, can rescue one therefrom."

But, after all, Greek polytheism was in reality a parasitic growth upon the oak-stock of monotheism. Indeed, that is true of polytheism quite generally. There is scarcely another idea so universal as the God-idea. Yet rank, fantastic vines of superstition have ever fastened themselves to its sturdy, majestic trunk. They hide it; they mar it; but they cannot choke it or overthrow it. And a question arises whether it were better with might and main to cut them down, or to leave them alone to decline and wither away. Gods come and go. But just as above and beyond the fickle, fleeting clouds there remains the changeless, everlasting blue, so back of the gods is God. And back of the hags of vengeance is the Over-Soul. And back of the monster of destiny is the All-Father. These things our Sophocles must have apprehended. Down into the limpid depths of his thought the truth must have shone. In his city, the city of Pallas Athene, anon were reared altars to "the unknown god." Doubt you that his great soul more fully grasped what thus the common intuition vaguely shadowed forth? Nearly half a millennium after him, the chief protagonist of a rising cult, Simon Barjona, the Cephas, the Petros, upon a noted occasion solemnly announced, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respector of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him." Now let our poet speak again. We offer finally two quotations—one in evidence of his theism, the other as indicative of the breadth of his religion. In "Electra" he says, "There is in Heaven a puissant god, Zeus, who sees and governs all." In "Philoctetes" he makes the apotheosized Heracles say, "The mighty Zeus prefers piety to all else. Piety follows mortals into the tomb; whether they live or whether they die, it is a possession they cannot lose."

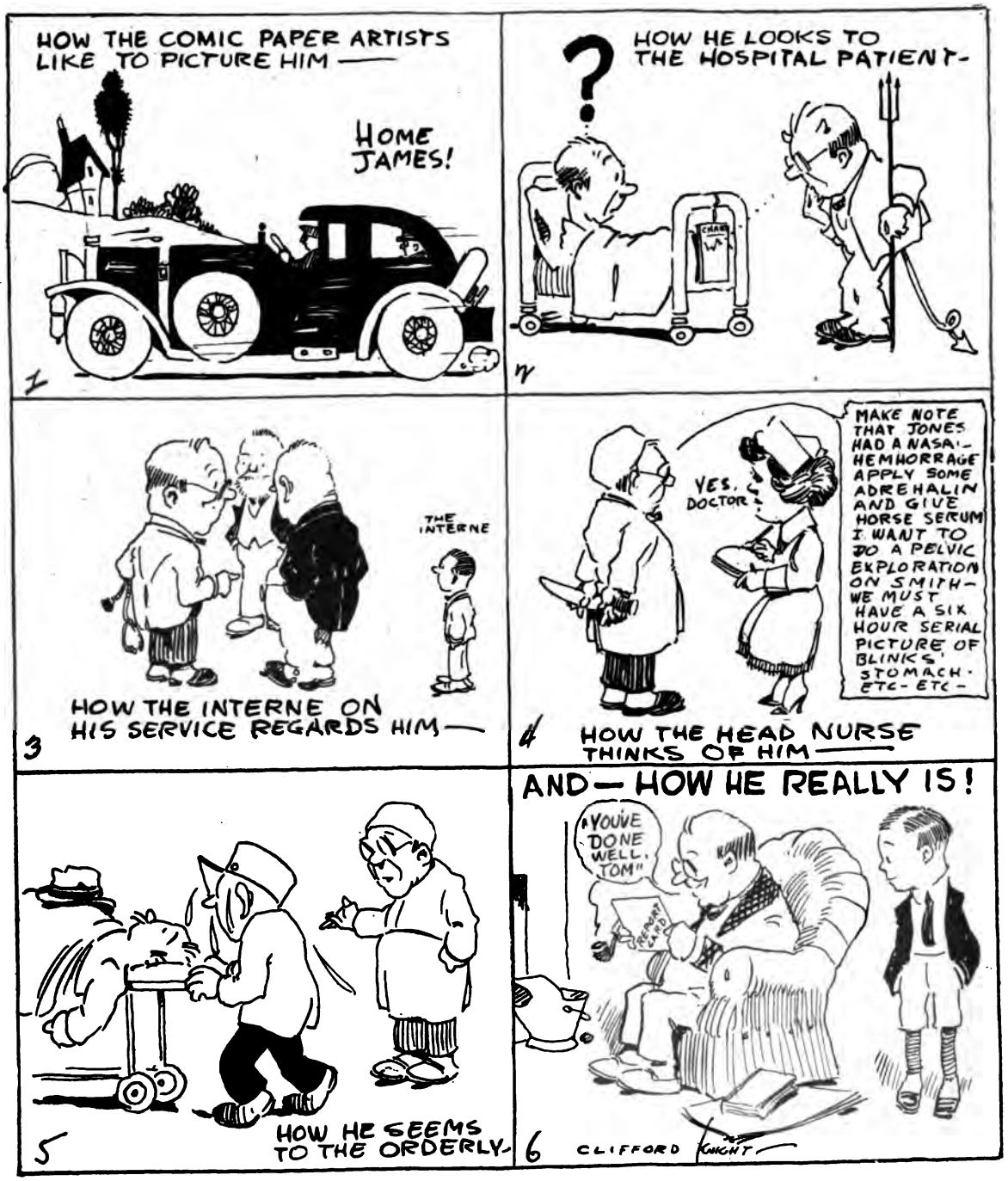
W. B. KONKLE, M. D.

Montoursville, Pa.



See if you can tell whose case was diagnosed as the gout, and which one just plain, old-fashioned rheumatism.

THE VISITING PHYSICIAN.


HOW THE COMIC PAPER ARTISTS LIKE TO PICTURE HIM —
HOME JAMES!
1
HOW HE LOOKS TO THE HOSPITAL PATIENT-
?
CHAIR
2
THE INTERNE
HOW THE INTERNE ON HIS SERVICE REGARDS HIM —
3
YES, DOCTOR
MAKE NOTE THAT JONES HAD A NASAL-HEMORRAGE APPLY SOME ADRENALIN AND GIVE HORSE SERUM I WANT TO DO A PELVIC EXPLORATION ON SMITH- WE MUST HAVE A SIX HOUR SERIAL PICTURE OF BLINKS' STOMACH- ETC- ETC-
4
HOW THE HEAD NURSE THINKS OF HIM —
AND— HOW HE REALLY IS!
"YOU'VE DONE WELL, TOM"
REPORT CARD
5
HOW HE SEEMS TO THE ORDERLY-
6
CLIFFORD KNIGHT

IN TANGIERS

A Moorish lantern hangs above my window seat,
An antique rug of rare design lies at my feet,
Whereon many a holy mullah knelt in prayer,
When the turbaned muezzin's call rang out the air
From yon white gleaming, slender minaret.

From the fretted casement across the narrow street,
Are wafted the notes of a dulcimer so sweet,
Above the Yashurak which veils her lovely face,
Flash the dark eyes of fair Zuleika's ancient race,
And since that day I've felt for her a vain regret.

As I sit cross-legged and smoke my nargileh,
I wonder, dear Zuleika, what you would say,
Were I from Kandahar instead of Kokomo.
And told you that I would always love you so
That your life would seem an everlasting, happy dream.

Would you consent to fly with me and be my bride,
Were I to be your own Boabdil at your side?
We would mount a fleet camel's back and ride and ride,
Across the sandy desert to an oasis green,
Where the date palms wave, and no Giour was ever seen.

We would dally by the murmuring fountain there,
And Bismillah! eternal love to you I'd swear.
We'd listen to the bulbul's tender plaintive song,
Far from Samarkand and the city's noisy throng.
And back I ne'er would go to the town of Kokomo!

MELANCTHON FAIRCHILD.

New York City.

Another Theme for H. G. Wells

The best seller of the season has undoubtedly been the pseudo-scientific "Outline of History" by the brilliant and prolific novelist who has written so many entertaining books. It can be said truly of him as in Johnson's sonorous epitaph of Goldsmith: "Hil Nullum quod quod tetigit non ornavit."

He has surprised and charmed us so often, even when we did not take him seriously, that we have become accustomed to his vagaries. It is not given to many writers to cover, or to attempt to cover the whole range of science and literature, psychology and theology. He has given us a new philosophy of life, a new religion, a new sociology —in fact, one cannot recall any specialty on which he has not spoken authoritatively. He has analyzed the soul of a bishop, as well as traced the primitive ideas of the caveman.

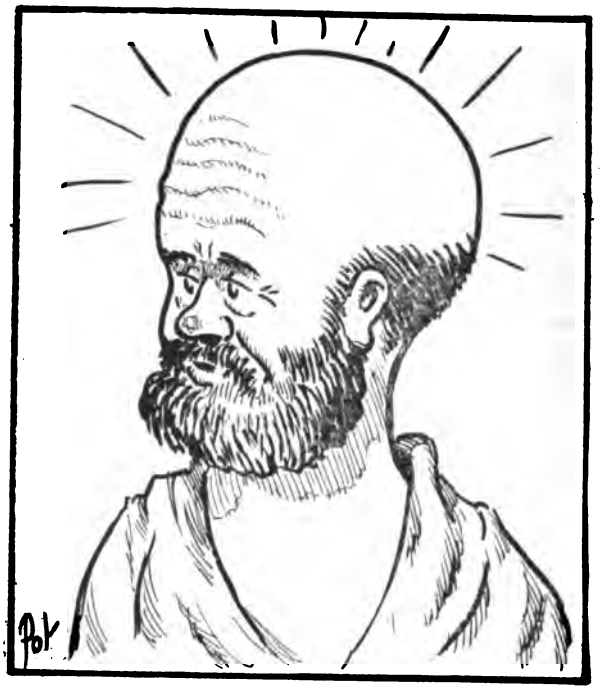
Mr. Wells has written many noble words. We cannot forget his war books, for every mourner who has had the experience of Mr. Britling has felt that the mystery of pain and sorrow had been solved when *he* learned its lesson.

We like H. G. W. and he has no rival in our affections. That he will continue to be as original and as industrious as ever for years to come is the hope of his admiring public. Incidentally one hopes that he may be chastened in his mature years and be able to look back on Bolshevism, as on War, as a bad dream. He will always be a futurist, and look forward to universal peace, even when thoughtful soldiers, from General Wood to the Chief of the German General Staff, pronounce it a "beautiful dream." Assuming that our novelist will continue to evolve new and startling theories (he has not yet tackled Einstein), may we modestly suggest that a rich field lies before him ready for his trenchant pen, or rather plow, the medicine of the future.

Doubtless his attention has been directed to endocrines, but the possibilities of this subject from the standpoint of the novelist (and poet?) apparently have not yet dawned upon him. Requiring in a high degree the exercise of the scientific imagination, as well as patient research, we can conceive that it will appeal to such a mind as his as peculiarly fascinating, since it opens up a wide range of prophecy with regard to the future of the race, when the physiology and pathology of the ductless glands are thoroughly understood (not in our generation) and all human aberration, mental, moral and physical, will be eliminated by the judicious use of the proper tabloids.

In order to prepare his acute mind to grapple with this theme it is suggested that he adopt the same plan as in the "Outline"—refer his statements to high medical authorities, who can add their comments pro and con in footnotes. As a preliminary stimulus let us furnish him with such fragmentary literature, in the shape of reprints, reports of cases, etc., which have appeared up to date. His fertile imagination will do the rest.

H. C. COE, M. D.



HIPPOCRATES.

(A Recently Discovered Cartoon.)

He was said to have gotten into a great fury upon being presented with a set of military brushes.

STREET CRIES

Oft seems the Time a market-town
  Where many merchant-spirits meet
Who up and down and up and down
  Cry out along the street.

Their needs, as wares; one *thus*, one *so;*
  Till all the ways are full of sound;
But still come rain, and sun, and snow,
  And still the world goes round.

SIDNEY LANIER.

A MICROBIC TALE IN VERSE

A Microbic Tale in Verse
There was a man in our street,
I've mentioned him before,
Who lived at number twenty-nine
Over the Grocery-Store.

He worked at College every day,
All night his light it shone,
For he was always studying
Microbes and spores in bone.

Now, microbes of today, said he,
We know are mighty small,
But what they were in ancient days
We do not know at all.

Behold the mighty Dinosaur,
The Dyplodocus, too,
The bones of all the saurian hordes
They find in Timbucktoo!

Think of the Megatherium,
The Pleiosaurus bold
The thousand mighty beasts whose names
Can never now be told!

These must have had their parasites,
Their germs of fell disease;
Were they not also mighty, too?
Give answer, Science, Please!

Lo! I will find their ancient spores
And raise them up once more,
For spores can stand a heap of heat,
And years, a million score!

So I will hie me, on the sly,
To Arizona's shore
And look for Prehistoric bones
And search them o'er and o'er,

Perchance their microbes I may find
And soak them back to life.
Though Science doubt, I'll bring about
Vast scientific strife!

He went, he came, he delved the slopes
Of Arizona's hills,
And what he found, Oh fact profound,
My soul with wonder fills!

Spores by the million! Dried up germs!
Like ours, but Oh how great!
He packed ten boxes full of them
And left that distant state.

Arriving home, he hired a hall,
Immense in breadth and height,
And there he incubated them,
And watched them, day and night.

He had astounding luck, the germs
That lived in ancient days,
Were also mighty feeders, too,
And very hard to raise.

A ton of sweet potatoes
Was for them a flimsy meal,
And after fifty pumpkin pies
They'd still with hunger squeal.

All died but one, a cunning thing,
With well marked tail and head;
He taught it to say yes and no
And fed it ginger-bread.

Her face grew quite intelligent,
More and more words she said.
Her eyes were bright, her skin was white,
Her hair was *Titian red.*

And soon his soul became absorbed;
He learned her lingo, too.
They talked of prehistoric days
When all the world was new.

He questioned her on many things
About that bygone time.
Recalled her prehistoric life,
When Earth was mud and slime.

They spoke of the gigantic ferns
That covered all the earth,
And how man came, and how he was
A chimpanzee at birth.

Her little head was quite well read,
Her knowledge up to date,
And every day he longed to say,
Oh come and be my mate!

Now this went on for most a year,
And daily his face grew pale,
He had fallen in love with a microbe
That had a head and tail.

Now there's a difference in microbes,
The ones that we have today,
Have heads that are tails and tails that are heads,
You can turn them either way,

But the germs of the Paleolithic age
Were a very superior kind,
They had eyes and ears and shed real tears,
And to love were by no means blind.

But how could he marry a Streptococc,
No matter how fair she be?
He, a Professor who taught a class
In bacter-i-ol-o-ogee!

But the fair bacilla fairer grew
And greater as days went by,
But his days were numbered in numbers few,
For his time had come for to die.

He fed his darling on bon-bons sweet,
And barrels of Roman punch,
Till one sad day, Nature had her way,
And she gobbled him up with her lunch!

You have asked me, she said, as she choked on his head,
You have asked me your mate to be,
And elope with you, which I mean to do,
When you're safe in my "Tummy," you see!

Oh men who discover, and men who tread
In the tracks of Nature's feet,
Forever befare of the Titian hair
That grows on a microbe sweet,

And seek not to pry, with too eager an eye,
In the secrets the Past may hold,
Or your fate may be, what today you see,
Was the fate of our hero bold.

His class though it wept, the memory kept,
Of his terrible doom, and placed
Over a tomb and its somber gloom,
A Man and a Germ, embraced!

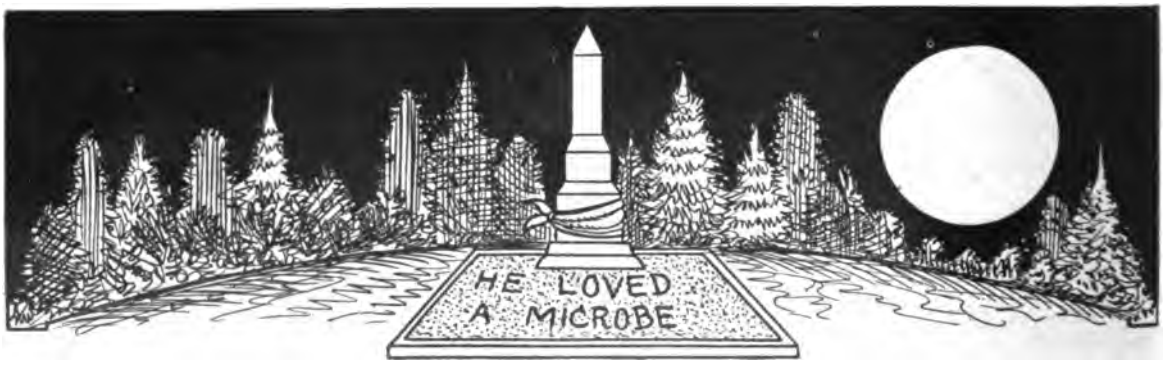
But the Legislators who guard the State,
From indelicate sight and sound,
They feared that the group might convey the croup,
And in cheese-cloth they wrapped it round,

But no one can say, to this very day,
Where the fair bacilla went,
She escaped in the night from mortal sight,
And also from mortal scent,

But under that massive marble group
They inscribed o'er his grassy bed,
This legend, "He loved a microbe,
And her hair was Titian red."

Mourn not for him, 'tis honor great—
Too great for a human worm,
To die as he did and be lost and hid
In an Antediluvian Germ!

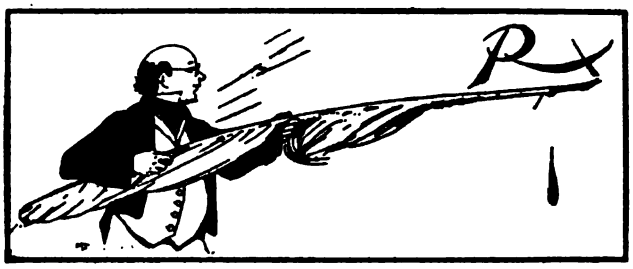
EDWARD WILLARD WATSON.



SIMILAR, YET DIFFERENT.

DOCTOR: "What happened to you, Briggs? Been in a wreck?"

BRIGGS: "Well, well! Doc, I'm surprised that a man with your skilled eye can't distinguish the difference between a railroad wreck and a chiropractor."



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APRIL, 1921.

MIRABILE DICTU.

MAN is fearfully and wonderfully made, but his status is improved when he is compared to the greater fearfulness and wonderfulness of woman.

It has remained for endocrinology to expound a doctrine of being that almost shatters the atomic theory, reduces biochemistry to lowest terms and establishes the Freudian complexes as the most simple in life. Nature has been prodigal in supplying human beings with useless elements. Possibly the "factors of safety" suggested by Meltzer were necessary to protect mankind against the absurd pretensions of pseudoscientific endocrinologists.

The nebular hypothesis possesses some appeal to reason. Ehrlich's theory has served to make understandable many phases of immunity. The weird cerebral emanations of superficial but dogmatic endocrinologists of the unscientific and non-experimental type merely challenge attention, amuse, and arouse a sense of interest in the well being of the confused thinker, or rather the confused writer. As illustrations of what we mean two quotations from a recent volume on the endocrines must suffice.

"Woman is a combination of glandular ovary, corpus luteum, adrenal medulla, glandular thyroid, posterior pituitary, and mammary acting much more energetically and specifically than in man."

"It is the corpus luteum which is responsible for hyperthyroidism."

These "facts" may perchance be new, and they are thought provoking if true, but one cannot avoid wondering about hyperthyroidism in the male. Presumably this condition in man is an inheritance. That this conjecture is not wholly unreasonable is patent in the following example of diagnosis by inclusion and conclusion.

"Patient, married six years, 2-para, menstruation every 28 days, duration 4 to 7 days, large in amount. Her premenstrual phenomena are sleeplessness and frequency of bowel movements, which have become more marked in the last year. Her blood pressure was 140, and my diagnosis was hyperpituitarism combined possibly with hyperthyroidism. In asking her whether she had nursed her second baby, born two years ago, she replied: No, because the baby had suffered from pyloric spasm and had been operated upon for the same. If the whole question of heredity is, as I believe, *mainly a matter of inheritance of endocrine relationship*, then this hyperpituitarism in the mother and pyloric spasm is more than a simple coincidence."

Apparently, endocrinology can account for all human distress, inherited or acquired. Brothers, let us rise and give thanks to Chronos who nullifies such vagaries.

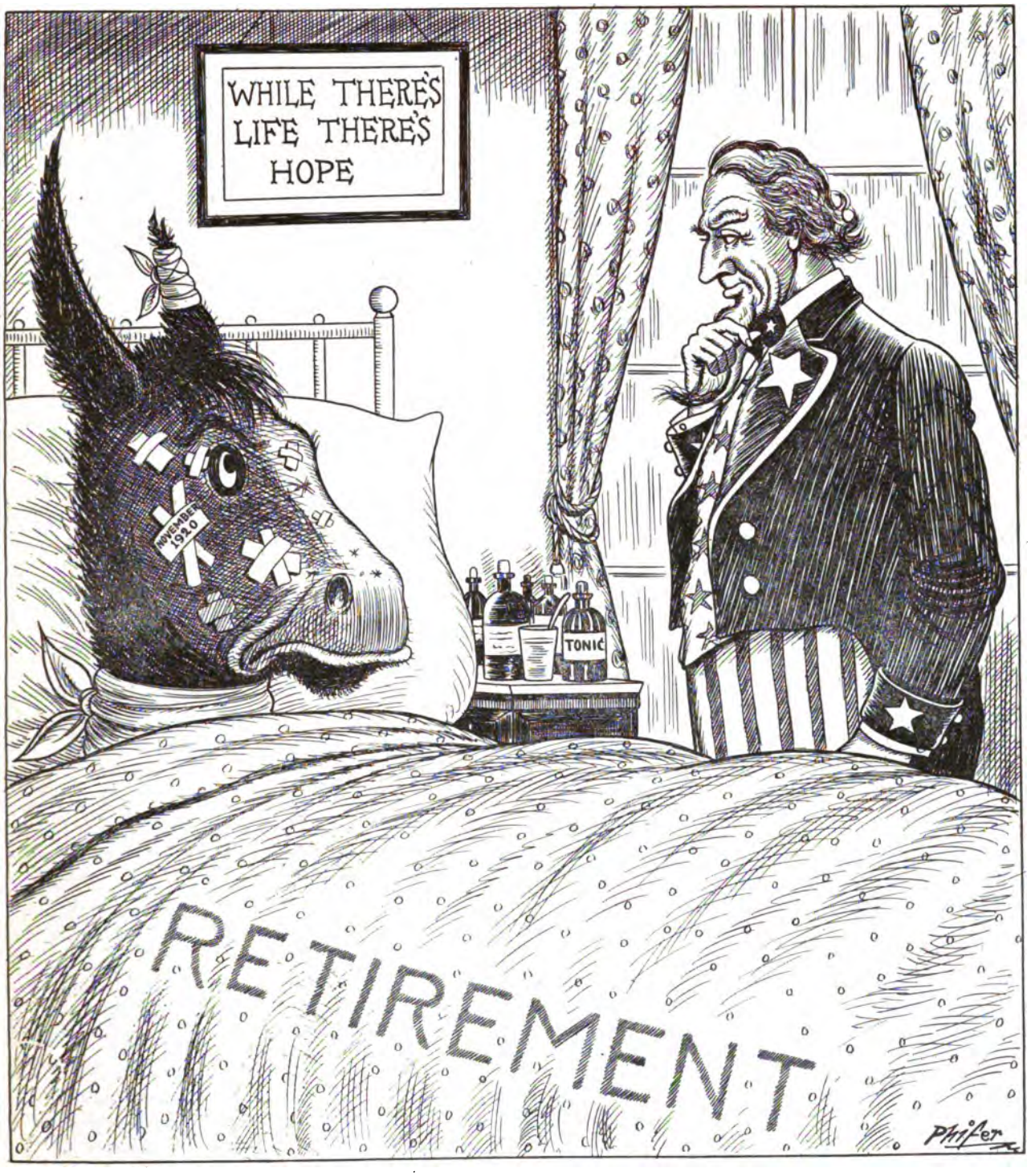
WHEREVER YOU LIVE.

IN "Broadway" Sinclair Lewis has given a remarkable description of life in Gopher Prairie. His character delineations are so frank and true as to immediately suggest to the reader a number of persons who fit the descriptions.

The principal idea left with the reader does not arise so much from the character of the heroine or the application and the devotion of the doctor as the tragedy that arises from the failure of individuals to become adjusted to their surroundings, and the difficulties that are encountered in endeavoring to make the world live up to our personal convictions and aspirations.

It is patent that individuals must find outlets for their inner cravings and intellectual and emotional strivings. Unfortunate is he who finds himself lost in the midst of the life of his community. Human welfare carries more than physical resources and far more than physical gratifications. Gopher Prairie is everywhere that human beings are struggling to attain human satisfactions which depend upon human intercourse and coöperation. The desire for participation in the active life of communities is certainly inherent in most men. Particularly is it reflected in the motives of physicians who, by virtue of their profession, are plunged into the maelstrom of human misunderstandings, sufferings, confusion, and pain. The degree to which the professional men participate in the spiritual requirements of their communities determines their value as guides in Gopher Prairie.

How far do the intellectual aspects of medicine permeate the "home town?" To what extent is the background of education, which is a heritage of medicine, reflected in the active support of physicians in the development of the non-physical human relationships? The response to the call of the sick, the giving of relief to the disabled is most valuable, but in the life of communities these probably are less consequential than the fostering of the intellectual and cultural advantages of the people to whom the physician stands in the relation of teacher, wise counselor, and helpful friend.



UNCLE SAM, M. D.: "A four years' rest may help you."

HIS FIRST CASE

CHAPTER 11.—The Night He Will Never Forget.

ONE look at Mrs. Everett was sufficient to inform Fred that she was in excruciating pain, for the facial muscles were set in that peculiar look, call it a frown if you will, that indicates pain of great intensity, and especially when observed in women of the non-complaining and non-hysterical type. She lay on her back with the right thigh flexed on the hip, and her hand went automatically to her side when he approached the bed, to protect the spot from rough handling.

"Please give me something to stop the pain," she begged immediately.

"I want to examine you first," he said, sitting down at the side of the bed and pulling down the covers. "I won't hurt you."

The area over the appendix was bulging slightly, and this alone sufficed to tell him that the onset of the pain had not been so sudden as Justina had led him to believe. He placed his nimble fingers gently on the bulging mass and found the muscles quite rigid, and though he knew better than to exert heavy pressure the slightest touch caused the sufferer to wince with pain.

He took the temperature and found the mercury standing at 103.4. She complained of being chilly; sweating was profuse; the pulse was weak, rapid and running.

"When did this thing start?" he asked. "Certainly, not this evening?"

"Yesterday morning, or rather in the night, night before last," replied Mrs. Everett, weakly. "I couldn't do very much all day yesterday, and I went over to see you last night, but you were gone and Mrs. Ganey said she didn't know when you would return."

"Why didn't you tell me, Mamma?" cried Justina. "She never said a word about it until just a minute ago, Doctor Forson, although I accused her of not feeling well this afternoon."

"I didn't want to worry you, dear," explained Mrs. Everett. "Oh, Doctor, can't you give me something to stop this pain?"

Fred ignored the request. "I was back at nine o'clock last night," he said. "Why didn't you leave word for me to come?"

"I thought it might be too late when you got in."

"It's never too late for me to see someone who's really sick," he declared emphatically. "Hasn't it been hurting pretty badly all day, today?"

"Yes, but I thought it would wear off, and," she smiled slightly, obscuring the painful frown for a moment, "I was afraid you would want to operate. But tonight it got worse—so bad I couldn't stand it. I *must* have something to stop the pain. Oh!"

"And you've been up most all day?" persisted Fred.

"No; I lay down part of the time. Won't you give me something for this pain, please?"

He had it in his power to do the very thing she most desired—to stop the pain. . . . But did he dare? He knew that an abscess had already formed in and around the appendix. His experienced eye could look through the outer wall and vividly see the changes that had taken place within. He pictured to himself the black, gangrenous tissue that was there. He knew that an operation must be performed to save life—and the sooner it was done the better.

His experience had taught him several things, and one of them was that the relief of pain in a case of this kind was a most dangerous procedure, because the patient, restful, sleepy, free from torture, invariably thinks the disease itself is stopped and will not consent to the life-saving operation that is necessary, though in fact the disease is not in the least abated; masked by the narcotics, the infection spreads and gangrene proceeds until peritonitis sets in and death results.

Therefore Dr. Forson hesitated to give Mrs. Everett the relief that would take away that dreadful look of pain and again restore the pleasant features of the beautiful woman, the relief that would stop the sharp outcries of suffering, and close those anxious eyes in sleep.

"I must make a blood examination before I do anything else," he said, and then he quickly took a small needle and a glass slide from his medicine case, and, after washing the end of her finger with an antiseptic solution, deftly made a small puncture almost before she knew it. Then, from the tiny drop of blood that exuded to the surface, he drew some into a pipette and placed it in a bottle filled with a solution. "I'll take this to the office and examine it. I won't be gone very long."

The black eyes of the patient looked up at him appealingly. "*Won't* you give me *something* for the pain before you go?"

"Yes, please do, Doctor," begged Justina.

Fred could readily see that the pain was much more severe than Mrs. Everett indicated by her action, for she was a plucky woman whose complaints were few, and her constant request for relief meant that her suffering was keen. Already some shock had developed from the incessant, racking pain, and he feared this would increase to the danger point.

"Yes, I'll give you a tablet that will ease you," he consented. "Here! take this."

It was a small brown tablet, not powerful enough to stop the pain entirely, but sufficiently strong to dull the cutting edge.

In a few minutes he was in his office bending over his microscope and closely studying the minute cells that were plainly revealed to him by the reflection of a brilliant electric light. For a half hour he worked, peering into the tiny opening for a moment, then making a notation on a paper at his side, after which he would move the small glass slide very carefully and repeat the procedure. Many times he did this and then he made some mathematical calculations on the paper and gazed at the result.

"By the ghost of Hippocrates!" he murmured. "Twenty-two thousand leukocytes with a diminution in the hemoglobin of thirty-three per cent. It's worse than I thought. And it's come rather quick, too. It must be one of those fulminating cases that are seen occasionally."

He lit his pipe and paced the floor.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself. "Shall I operate or not? If I do I'm afraid she'll die on the table or shortly after, and then there'll be the devil to pay, for everybody will blame me for it; and, as old Professor Hewey said, 'If a young physician loses his first surgical case he may as well move from that locality.' "

He continued to pace the floor, nervously, as many another young doctor before him has done and many another will do to time eternal, at night, while other people are going to bed happy and free from care, or, perhaps are sleeping soundly. A moan escaped his lips: "Oh, if only she had allowed me to operate when I wanted to! She would have been safe now. and I would have had a recovery to my credit."

He sat down in his desk chair and toyed idly with an eraser. Then he drummed on the desk with his fingers.

"It's got to be!" he said, jumping to his feet. "She hasn't the slightest chance in the world without it. It's got to be! for her sake and the sake of Justina. Heavens, how I love that girl! And what will she do if I lose?"

He continued to pace the floor.

"Yes, it's got to be! Why didn't she call me last night, when there was an even chance, at least. But there's no use in brooding over what might have been. It's a job that must be done and I'll go ahead and do it!"

He went to the telephone and finally got central after several attempts, for nine o'clock was the end of her working day, except for emergencies. It was ten now and she was deep in slumber, and it required incessant ringing to waken her. She answered snappily until he told her the reason for his calling; then she was quick to do his bidding, and he was soon connected with Doctor Lants at Oliva.

"Mrs. Everett is desperately sick with appendicitis," he informed the Oliva physician, after making known his identity. "She'll have to be operated on tonight. Can you come and bring a nurse and somebody to give the ether?"

"Yes," came the grumbling answer, "if I can get a nurse and I think I can, we'll be there within an hour."

He heard the receiver click at the other end and was in the act of hanging up his own receiver, when he heard central calling.

"Yes, what is it?" he asked.

"Can I be of any help, Doctor?"

"No, thank you—yes, you can. Please call Mrs. Ganey and tell her to come over—it will save me going after her."

"All right. If there's anything else I can do, let me know."

"I will."

He found Mrs. Everett resting much easier. Her face was not so drawn, yet the expression of pain was present, and the pulse was still quite rapid and very weak. The appearance of the patient was certainly that of shock —a condition that physicians cannot explain to the satisfaction of the layman, but they know its meaning and they dread and fear it above all things.

But no matter how worried the doctor is over his patients, and he thinks about them more when he is away than they ever know, he cultivates the habit of maintaining a cheerful attitude in the sick room at all times. He does not let his visits serve to increase the sorrow that already exists, but, on the other hand, he tries to make it a time of brightness and sometimes his joviality is resented by the relatives or the patient. His worries are done in the solitude of his own home, or on the road,

when he should be at rest, and at that very time the people are telling each other how hard-hearted the doctor is, and that they can't for the life of them see how he can view so much suffering with calm, and completely forget it the moment he leaves the house.

"Well, how goes it now?" asked the young physician, standing at the bedside and smiling down upon his patient.

"Better," she replied.

He sat down and took her hand in his own. "Doctor Lants will be here after a while, with a nurse," he told her. "I thought I'd tell you, so you wouldn't get excited when they came. We must operate on you right away."

She gazed at him for a moment with the dull expression of toxemia, for understanding comes slowly to a patient who is dangerously sick. Then she shook her head. "No, I don't want to be operated on. I'm better now."

"But it's only the pain that's better," he persisted, holding her attention while he could. "The disease is going on the same as ever. Medicine will not help it, except to relieve the pain. Don't you understand. We *must* operate."

She kept her eyes fixed upon him. "Won't I get well without it?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not," he answered soberly.

She continued to stare at him for some time. Then she took a long breath, and said slowly: "All right, if it must be." And her eyes closed and she passed into a doze.

Fred sat quiet until her fingers relaxed in his hand. Then he gently withdrew them, placed the arm at her side and carefully covered the sleeping woman. Motioning to Justina, he left the room and she followed him to the kitchen.

"I suppose you realize that she's dangerously sick, Justina," he said in a low voice.

"Yes, I do, Doctor," came the answer from quivering lips, her eyes filling with the tears that she had been bravely choking back.

"I can see no hopes at all without an operation," he continued, "and—"

"And what hopes with it?" was the eager inquiry.

He shook his head doubtfully. "That's what I was going to say—very little. But it's her only chance."

To his credit be it said that Fred Forson did not say "I told you so." Certainly he thought of it—who wouldn't? But he was gentleman enough not to heap coals of fire on the head of the grief-stricken girl who was sitting by the table with her head on her arm, her whole frame shaking with sobs. He stood silent and erect over her and a strong impulse possessed him to place his arm around her and comfort her, but there was a hurried step on the porch and Mrs. Ganey came rushing in, followed at a short interval by the fat storekeeper, panting and wiping the sweat from his brow.

"She's sleeping now," cautioned Fred, motioning them to silence, "and that's the very thing she needs. She's a very sick woman. We've got to operate right away, and even the outcome of that is doubtful. I've called Doctor Lants from Oliva."

"Yes, Miss Cartwright told me that," said Mrs. Ganey. "Is she suffering much?"

"Not now. I gave her something for her pain."

There was a pause.

"Well!" ejaculated the practical Tom Ganey, fidgeting about. "If you're to operate on her tonight, let's get ready then. What do you want me to do?"

Fred studied a moment and answered curtly: "Build a fire and put on a boiler full of water, and see that the lamps are filled and in good working order. Mrs. Ganey can get the dining-room table ready for us to work on and can get clean sheets and towels—we'll need a stand, too, to put the instruments on. Justina can go and remain with her mother, but, mind you, don't let her see you crying. I'll go to the office and get my instruments ready."

And they each went to their separate tasks, Justina having the hardest one of all, but she was equal to it and no one could have persuaded her to give up the vigil. Seeing her sitting by the bedside, stroking her mother's hair and uttering words of cheer, one would not have realized the grief, the fear, the suspense that was hers to bear.

Somewhere between Oliva and Astuna a big limousine was humming swiftly over the roads. With the chauffeur sat the gruff, stout, white-haired Doctor Lants, while in the rear seat was Doctor Hollot, who was to administer the anesthetic, and Miss Lacy, a nurse.

Consequently it was not long until the three physicians, having examined the patient, were holding a consultation in the House of Dreams. Doctor Lants, whom Fred had never met before, was a man of rough manner, yet behind the roughness there was evident a rugged kindness of heart that became the man. Now, he reached into his pocket and pulled out three cigars. "Have one," he

growled, and soon three spots of light glowed vividly in the darkened outdoor room.

"What do you think?" asked Fred, after the three cigars were burning satisfactorily to all concerned.

"Not much chance," said Doctor Lants, speaking in a low, rumbling bass voice. "Lots of shock there already; profound toxemia; no doubt the appendix is gangrenous right now; I think it's ruptured in the last hour, for she's much too easy, considering the small dose of sedative you gave her."

"Then you don't think it's advisable to operate at all?" asked Fred, his confidence in his own judgment gone completely in the presence of these two older men.

"Good heavens, man, of course," growled Doctor Lants. "The thing to do is to get in quick and get out again, without keeping her under longer than necessary. What else can be done? She most certainly will die if we don't, and she's got a chance in a thousand if we do. You know, as well as I, that some of these cases do remarkable things, sometimes, after drainage is instituted; so let's give her the one chance left. How would your conscience feel if you didn't? What do you think, Hollot?"

Doctor Hollot, a man of few words, answered slowly: "Operate—no chance without."

"But if I do and lose," said Fred, "it's going to ruin me here, for this is my first case—the first surgical case I've had in the village. You know what that means."

Doctor Lants tilted his chair back until he almost overbalanced. He caught himself in time to prevent it by grabbing the table, and his chair hit the ground with a thud. "Yes," he grunted. "I know what it means—I know all about it. I located in a town shortly after I graduated and lost my first operative case. It finished me and I had to move. I knew, the same as we all know here, that there was little chance for recovery, and, even though my patient died, my conscience was clear, for I had done all I could; but, of course, the people said I killed the patient, and I had to hunt a new location to keep from starving."

He stepped to the door and called the nurse. "Get ready at once, Miss Lacy. Call us as soon as the instruments are boiled."

Then he returned and resumed his seat, and went on talking: "But that needn't happen with you. I'm an old, hard-boiled bird in this vicinity, and a death of two won't hurt my reputation in the least, although you fellows know how keen I am about having none in this case. I've known Mrs. Everett for a long time and a better woman never breathed, and honestly I don't know what that girl will do if she loses her mother, for I never saw two people more devoted to each other.

"But, as I was going to say, my reputation is made and my presence on the case will protect you, because a lot of people think I'm too old to go wrong—I've done a lot of surgery in this country in the past twenty-five years, with as good success as the average. Of course, I've plenty of enemies, like everybody else, but they don't worry me any, and what they say doesn't count any more. I'll take the responsibility here and those that don't like it know me well enough to keep their mouths shut, for they've found out that I don't give a damn for what they say."

"No; I'll take the responsibility myself," declared Fred, "and I'll take the consequences."

"You can't," said Doctor Hollot. "I know Lants, and when he's on a case people will say that if he couldn't save them it couldn't be done."

They sat awhile, smoking in silence. They could hear the rattle of tinware and dishes, and this was followed by the rumble of moving furniture, as Miss Lacy directed Tom Ganey to prepare the room for the operation. Fred, however, was oblivious to these things, for his mind was occupied with the picture of the bedroom—Justina, sitting by the bedside, bravely passing through an ordeal that only those know who have passed through it, smiling in spite of anxiety, dry-eyed in spite of grief. He was thankful for the darkness that hid the moisture in his own eyes.

"The nurse says that everything's ready," called Tom Ganey from the porch.

As Fred stepped into the house, behind the other physicians, Justina clutched his coat and her lustrous eyes looked up at him earnestly as she whispered tremblingly, "Please don't let Mamma die."

He grasped her hand tightly, and a look of understanding passed between them. She did not know the effort it cost him to talk—to say anything to her at that particular time without choking.

"I'll do my best," he promised, releasing her hand.

She turned quickly and ran into the front room and shut the door, where she dropped on her knees in prayer, and then throwing herself on the divan she buried her head in the pillows and waited, pouring forth all of the pent-up grief that was within her heart.

By the time that Doctor Lants and Fred were in readiness, dressed in sterile surgical gowns, their faces masked with gauze and their hands covered with rub-

ber gloves, Doctor Hollot had succeeded in anesthetizing the patient.

"I've got to get out," roared Doctor Lants, tearing the mask from his face and racing for the door.

Fred, glancing at him, saw that he was very white and that large beads of perspiration were pouring from his face. The young physician followed him to the door, taking careful precautions not to touch anything that might contaminate his aseptic costume.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

The older physician did not answer until he had sat down on the porch and leaned forward, with his head between his knees. "It's that damned cigar—made me sick," he answered. "It's twice in a month I've tried to smoke that brand and it's acted this way. Go ahead—I'll be all right in a minute. You and Miss Lacy can start—she can help you as well as I can. Tell Hollot to hold that ether light."

Fred returned and took his place at the table beside the patient. He took up the knife in his right hand and placed his left hand over the small portion of the abdomen that was exposed in the opening in the sterile sheet, in such a way that his thumb and forefinger held the skin tense where the incision was to be made. His hand was steady and his eye was keen, as he glanced at the nurse and asked sharply:

"Is everything ready?"

"Yes."

Everything was ready. Truly, in the practice of medicine the stage can be quickly set, and if the actors are skillful as they should be the drama can be carried on without rehearsal. The characters invariably do their best to bring about a happy ending, but occasionally their powers are inert, and, in spite of all their skill, grim tragedy befalls and the curtain drops shudderingly upon the dreadful scene.

(To be continued.)

WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D.

Ottumwa, Iowa.

FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

MOMENTS OF ANGUISH.

Voice of Doctor's Wife (from outside his office door just as he is busy with his star patient): "Say, John! Hustle around the corner an' get a dime's worth of fish—I'm making a chowder for dinner."

WHIZZERINKTUMS

GEORGE W. A. A. BALMY, M. A., M. D.,
I. O. O. F.

Whizzerinktums, always on the lookout for items of scientific interest, tried to get a photograph of Dr. Balmy, but this modest gentleman never had one taken, so it was necessary to sketch him, with results as shown above.

Dr. Balmy shook the scientific world and was runner-up for the Nobel prize for original contributions when he proved beyond peradventure of a doubt that the first guinea pig was the result of an amour between a large male rat and a frightened Bantam rabbit. He has assisted some of the world's greatest scientists and modestly asserts that he has used four thousand rabbits, sixteen pigeons, twelve hundred white mice, eighty dogs and dozens of other animals in his experiments, some of which he expects to carry on for ten years. He almost had vitamines cornered, a few months ago, when some bootlegger stole his yeast. This so disheartened him that he is now devoting attention once more to tadpoles.

OOPHORECTOMY.

Consider the word "oöphorectomy." The first two letters are to remind the gynecologist that there are two ovaries in Nature's original scheme and that at least one is to be left in situ, if at all possible. The fee can remain the same.

HAVE YOU A LITTLE WORRY?

Ours is the fear that Congress will pass a law against carrying a sharp-bladed pocket knife. O Gee, O Gosh!

NOTED IN PASSING.

A great many of these "cigarette-brained youths," mentioned now and then in loathing by the Lucys, are the self-same youths who went overseas and snatched victory from defeat at Chateau Thierry, the Argonne woods and other places.

FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK.

The slogan "1921 Will Reward Fighters" strangely fails to thrill. All the years that ever were rewarded fighters; all the years to come will reward the fighters! The year you went unrewarded was the year you failed to fight. No year rewards a quitter.

Many who live a clean, simple life do so for economical reasons and not because of high morals.

The beards of the profiteers will be shorn ere long.
And profiteers have always been without honor in their own countries.

This is the day of the fault finder, who functions best when the doers are busy.

FOLLOW THE LEADER!

Fashions come and go in medical circles, as in merchandizing circles. At this moment it is the fashion to berate and raise a kind of long-whiskered and dignified Hades about vaccines and sera. We are solemnly advised that we know very little about these things as therapeutic measures. Brothers all, it is to laugh! How much do we know of *any* therapeutic measure?

Mr. Edison has said that he knows only a little about electricity. Yet Edison knows more than any man in the world knows of electricity. He has harnessed it in a thousand or more ways and the Roentgen ray, which we find valuable in diagnosis and treatment, is one of these modifications. We are perfectly willing, glad and happy to put electricity to work—in our homes it washes, irons, sweeps and heats. You don't know what electricity is—if you do, tell Mr. Edison.

Diphtheria antitoxin has greatly reduced the horrible death rate of diphtheria. We know how to inject toxin into a horse and how to measure and standardize his blood antitoxin, how to reduce it in volume and use it.

We know how much to give, when, and why. We now have had for six years Toxin-Antitoxin which bids fair to eradicate the curse of diphtheria, once it proves itself in the crucible of time. But why go on? Vaccines kept our armies free from typhoid, to a great extent; where it failed mostly was in falsified reports that men who had not received the three injections were listed as inoculated.

But the use of vaccines and serums is increasing. The experimental use covers a big field and the "All Wise" declare that the manufacturers may possibly be exaggerating some claims. So, we shall wait until more proof is at hand. The writer has no axe to grind, in this instance. Four years ago he did some clinical work in vaccines and has obtained some remarkable failures and remarkable successes by sudden protein shock. It would seem that we should be willing to try, try, try, always hoping for new light. Those who call a halt are usually men who cannot properly sterilize a syringe, who were never taught bacteriology or any phase of serology and who are a bit lost in discussing these things with the younger doctors.

The more we work with unknown therapeutic agents, the more we learn of them, whether they are good or bad, whether worth scrapping or keeping. Let not the narrow-minded brethren persuade us that vaccines and serums are fads to be discarded. If they are fads, so is electricity. Let us carry on.

Again, count over on your fingers: how much do you really *know*, and how much is emotional, or is a faith, or a creed?

MOONSHINE.

The Boston Transcript man has advised Sahara Kramer that the moon is full. Well, wait and see what he does with his last quarter.

Whizzerinktums is merely mental gymnastics—a form of exercise. Don't take 'em too seriously. Few things in this mad world deserve serious attention. F'r instance, consider the time we all waste talking about the H. C. L. and women's undress modes. You remember what Mark Twain said about the weather. Well—

OWN YOUR OWN HOUSEBOAT.

The Freedom of the Seas begins, we are advised, three miles from the shore.

Pay your income tax like a poker debt, next year. Never sit in a game unless you can afford to win—or lose. Don't growl.

SING ME A SONG OF NORMALCY.

Sing me a song of Normalcy,
  Read me a verse of old;
Tell me of times when men loved men
  And cared but naught for gold.

Tell me of Worlds where all was Peace,
  Pluck thou thy gentle lute;
Soothe thou my soul with things that were,
  When man was never brute.

Sing of a tale of ancient days,
  Epics of love and joy;
Of Peace and Plenty shared alike—
  But wait! My singing boy,

Sing me a song of Normalcy,
  Lift clear thy voice in song,
For *these* are days of Normalcy!
  Think back, when all was wrong!

The following, clipped from Doc Taylor's Line-O-Type or Two, is a perfect example of dry wit:

"The headline, 'U. S. to Seize Wet Doctors,' has led many readers to wonder whether the government will get after the nurses next."

SONG OF THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.

Or

WHY GALS LEAVE HOME.

I would hate to live in the country,
  With all its foul dirt and smell;
Where the pigsty is next to kitchen,
  With chickens dirty as hell!

Where there never is ventilation,
  With stoves for the means of heat;
Where they eat greasy pork all winter,
  Dress slovenly, never neat.

Where they yelp at the city prices,
  But gladly sting you for eggs;
Where they groan over hardened, rough hands,
  And hide hard cider in kegs!

I will take mine out in the city,
  With lights and water and gas,
Where a bath is a daily comfort—
  A bas on the ox and ass!

SING LO.

MOYEN AGE

(Translation from Thiophile Gautier)

Afoot on winding roads insouciant I go,
And stop and fondly linger at many an old chateau.
The blue and gray reflections of their dark, tiled roofs I love,
Their slanting gables topped with mossy green above;
And their high pitched eaves and castellated towers,
I have watched and pondered over, many idle hours.
In fretted, leaden casements, their narrow panes of glass
Show holy saints and knights in bright array, who pass
'Neath vaulted ogive of Gothic, legendary days,
Where the chapel bells invite to prayer and praise.
I love their walls and turrets watered by the rains,
The frowning donjons with their twisted weather vanes,
Which the white stork rouches lightly with his wings,
And the swaying drawbridge as it creaks and swings,
Before the mighty portals, blazoned with designs
Of griffins and quaint monsters in heraldic lines.
Rapt in dreams and somber thoughts of that old feudal time,
Through grass-grown, silent courts, up massive steps I climb,
To endless corridors and gloomy, wind swept halls,
Where like a long lost voice the cadenced echo falls.
Stirred by vague memories of chivalry and romance,
The spell of the middle ages does there my soul entrance.

HENRY L. SHIVELY, M. D.
New York, N. Y.

LINEAGE

Why sicken at the morbid sight
Of women without mention,
Who seem to find their chief delight
In paying pups attention?

Undoubtedly it may be said,
By every sky above them,
That many dogs are better bred
Than many owners of them.

RALPH M. THOMSON, M. D.

STRUGGLE

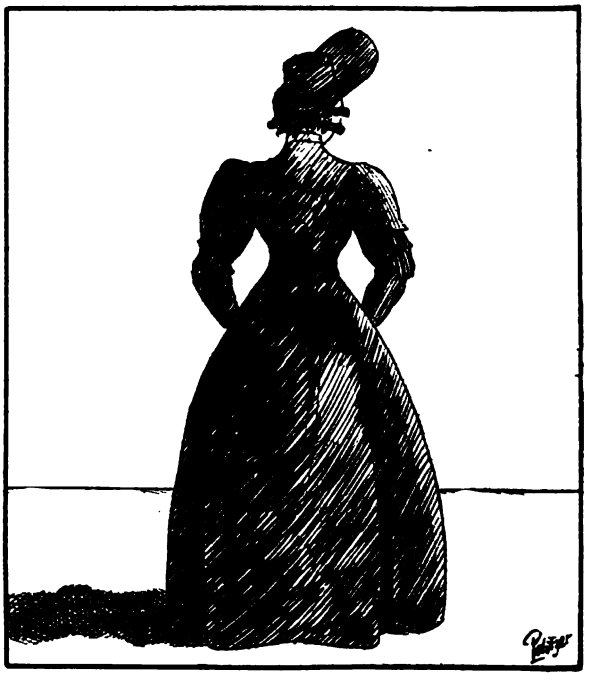
My soul is like the oar that momently
Dies in a desperate stress beneath the wave,
Then glitters out again and sweeps the sea;
Each second I'm new-born from some new grave.

SIDNEY LANIER.

The Power of the Spoken Word

I cannot go to work today
I'm warped and spavined, old and gray.
When I got up I felt all right
And had my health and appetite
And ate nine pancakes and a rake
And all the prunes my wife would bake
And hung from rafters by my feet
And turned flipflops out to the street—
And then I met old Hiram Blobbs
And he broke out in tears and sobs
And wiped his eyes and shook his dome
And said I'd better beat it home
And soak my feet and make my will
And phone the hearse and take a pill,
He said that I looked weak as whey
Then swabbed his eyes and walked away;
And I fell on my hands and knees
And pulled myself along by trees
And rocks and blades of grass and shells
And had six million sinking spells
And now I'm spavined, warped and gray
And cannot do my work today.

TRAMP STARR.



How would you like to see this back again?

LOST—A USELESS ORGAN OF MY ANATOMY

"WELL, I've gone and done it," as the blunderbuss in English, with blessed assurance, asserts. Nevertheless, thereby hangs a tale.

By hook or crook, I had managed somehow to keep up with the Jones's until last spring. Then, without warning, everyone else in our set became a back number, for Mrs. Jones had undergone an operation for appendicitis. This electrified the town. Popularity trailed resplendent upon the skirts of her social career. She became Sir Oracle or Madame Oracle, femininely speaking.

Surely, I knew I had an appendix just as well as I knew my old Latin Grammar had one; though mine was in the middle of the front part of "Me," whereas the Grammar had its appendix as a last extremity in the back. Furthermore, some wiseacres have discovered that this useless ornament is a development of civilization, for which knowledge I soon became devoutly thankful.

You see why? When Mrs. Jones shone in the limelight, we lesser satellites began to develop pains in the right side of the abdominal area. If anyone had the least tummyache, that *delighted* personage began to prod around the affected territory with the hope of discovery. How little I thought that I should be the next in the race for honors.

I began by having indigestible pains and a sufficient amount of gas generated to illuminate dear old Brooklyn. For two wretched years, I went from bad to worse, doctoring with all sorts of patented and unpatented, outside and inside applications. Then it occurred to me that a physician knows a little something in a blue moon, so I hied me to an M. D., complaining as did the old black mammy: "Dar's misery in my side! Dar's misery in my side!" Moreover, I informed him that many volcanic eruptions were continually taking place in my *infernal* regions.

"Ha!" cried the Knowing One, after diagnosticating all over my sore spots, conducting meanwhile a physical catechism. "Appendix! Adhesions! Out with them."

Shortly after this, he suddenly motored to my residence with a vivisectionist who must have been a pugilist in his young days, the way he pounded and punched me. Forthwith, he calmly laid down the law of the ten commandments plus some of his own more modern dogmas.

"To the hospital," says he. "Operation at once."

In spite of my wish for popularity, my heart plumbed into my stomach where it remained, till after convalescence, in a semi-workable state. Like Mark Twain's song that traveled with him to every clime, I found myself again and again humming to the tune of London Bridge:

"To the Hospital you must go,
You must go, you must go,
To the Hospital you must go,
My fair lady."

Being a newly crowned suffragist, I absolutely refused to budge till I had voted the Republican ticket for I was certain mine would be the decisive vote. This done, I was kidnapped from "Home, Sweet Home" and transported to the House of Cut-outs, where I arrived all too soon.

After telling all my private history and that of my forbears, I was taken to Ward X Y Z, or something like that, and told to go to bed. Can you imagine any sane, energetic, never quiet bit of humanity going to bed in the daytime? After much persuasion, I succumbed to the inevitable, but the nurse's back being turned, I climbed out again, arranging to my own satisfaction, my belongings (for I had brought all necessaries for a *week*'s (?!-.) stay. Several times I was nearly caught. However, I played Foxy Grandpa and succeeded admirably. It was "on agin, off agin, gone agin." How I enjoyed the light comedy.

Next morning, I was as empty as a prohibition whiskey keg but—no "eats." Instead, I was robed in a two-piece suit similar to a street cleaner's coat and trouserloons with feet attached, not real ones but unbleached muslin feet. My head was swathed in white bandages though I had no headache. In each arm, a hyperdermic was injected with a stiletto. Rolled in a blanket, I was trundled off in a wagonette to the elevator. As I riz, my hair riz. We stopped at the nth floor and I was hauled off into an ante-room.

There I was surrounded by nurses arrayed as the lilies of the field, and numerous doctors and surgeons gowned like the Druidical priests of old. I, poor little lamb, was the victim, caring not a whit for that once much courted distinction among our set. It seemed as if I were Dr. Jekyll and presto, change—Mr. Hyde. Dreamily, I gazed on emerald and golden hues of the Northern Lights or on fantastic shapes from fairyland

THE MEAN MAN.

"SPEAKING about mean men," ventured the party with the mild eye and square jaw, "I guess I can give you an instance worthy of the first division.

"In those days when the Erie used to shoot its scurrying commuters homeward to their frugal fare, there came to live in that little Jersey town of ours a fellow named Jenkins. A good sort, Jenkins was, one of those kind who'd insist upon your taking a ten-spot if you braced him for a fiver. Oh, yes, smile all you wish, gentlemen, but that kind are met with occasionally.

"Well, as I was saying, he was a fine chap, thirty-five or so, and occupied a trim little shack with a wifey and baby. He seemed fairly supplied, paid his bills promptly, and sported a modest automobile. No one, however, seemed able to get a line on just what his occupation was, though some tall manoeuvering was indulged in, you may believe me. We finally let it go at that.

"Jenkins' nearest neighbor was a guy named Stein. I never had any use for him. I seemed to see beneath his chesty strut no mean ability to lift a red-hot stove if the opportunity presented itself. You know, gentlemen, you will get ideas about people that way sometimes. But, after all, that was only my opinion, and I'm some mum when it comes to exploiting theories formed in that vague fashion.

"Well, they hadn't known each other long before Stein was carting his family almost daily to the Jenkins' for dinner, and the way they would clean up was a caution. Did Jenkins mind that sort of thing? Not Jenkins. Why, the whole town was telling how he had rubbed his hands gleefully when the proprietor of the general store told him that he was adding an addition to his place to accommodate the extra business he was bringing him. May seem funny, I know, but that was Jenkins all right —Jenkins all over.

"Well, a fellow who could put himself out so frequently eating another man's grub would want to borrow his machine occasionally, if he had one. And the way Stein went at that phase of the situation—say, I hate to tell it. At every conceivable opportunity Stein would borrow poor Jenkins' car, load it to the gunwale with his numerous family, and go touring about the place like a seasoned Hindu Rajah.

"Did Jenkins get sore? Was he peeved? Why, that saintly soul couldn't wait till the time came, and used to be as happy when pouring in his good gasoline as a kid looking through a crack at the ball game when the cop's back is turned. Oh, he was some boy, Jenkins was —*some* boy!

"If there had only been some kind of a comeback, gentlemen, it wouldn't have been so bad. Life was too short to allow of such amenities. Gingoes, but it used to make my blood boil when I saw the way Stein was putting it all over poor Jenkins, and Jenkins happy and smiling all the time.

"Well, good things seldom last forever. A lingering illness overtook Jenkins that gave short shrift to his friend's rosy dreams of an endless Utopia. Perhaps you have a sneaking suspicion that Stein remained just a wee bit in evidence during this crucial period? Forget it, gentlemen, forget it! But you might have thought, after all the good times that Jenkins had shown him, that Stein might have given an occasional look-in, or softly hinted if a little pecuniary assistance might not be acceptable. The Lord forgive me. Stein help! Stein put his hands in his pockets where the dough lay mouldering! Why, that gent was so close-fisted, gentlemen, that prying the jaws of an iron lion would be like holding down a City job in comparison. Hard words, I know, but you'll remember it's a pretty small kind of potato I'm talking about, and not the ordinary run of mortals. But to go on with the story. I left right after Jenkins had turned the crisis, and heard nothing of either of them for quite some time.

"Getting off the Subway one day I steps into a commotion.

" 'What's the trouble, kiddo?' I asks.

" 'Oh nuthin' much, mister. Jest some feller bein' arrested for liftin' a pocketbook or somethin', dat's all.' And who was it, gentlemen, but Jenkins.

"But you'd hardly know him. His whiskers were a week overdue, and he looked as nifty as a Bowery bum. I tell you I felt sorry. It was some comedown!

" 'Hello, Jenkins,' I shouts, just the same, worming my way rapidly; 'remember me? Good! Keep your shirt on, old man. Where's your injured party?'

" 'There,' motioned Jenkins, nodding.

"Well, if I live to be a million, gentlemen, I'll never forget the jolt I got, for who should it be but Stein. You can imagine how stumped I was.

" 'See here, Stein,' I says, rubbing up to him rather closely, 'you're not going to press this charge against your old friend Jenkins, are you? You know it's Jenkins, don't you? Can't you see he's been up against it?'

" 'Oh, can that junk,' cuts in the officer, as he takes Stein by the elbow also; 'the police station's the place to settle this. 'Come on, now,' and I trailed along with the procession.

"But I soon noticed that Stein seemed to be getting uneasy, and we hadn't gone far when he balked.

" 'Say, officer,' he says, 'I've really some very important matters to attend to. Give me back the pocketbook and I'll drop the matter.'

" 'You'll do nothing of the kind. Too many of these stunts been pulled off lately, and the Cap's sore. Don't try any monkey business, or I'll—'

"And now comes the funny part of it. Arrived at the police station, I saw the lieutenant at first look surprised, then wink at Jenkins, and Jenkins winks at the lieutenant. I didn't understand, not seeing where the joke came in. But I was soon put wise.

" 'What's the charge here?' says the lieutenant.

" 'Robbery,' says the officer, handing over the pocketbook. 'Here's the complainant,' and he yanks Stein forward.

" 'And what have you got to say?' asks the lieutenant, addressing Jenkins, an odd smile on his face.

"Right here in troops a nervous old codger and lays a gold badge on the guard rail. 'I found this in a corner of the Grand Central Subway station,' and beats it.

"Jenkins picks up the badge, looks at it, and smilingly adjusts it to his right suspender.

" 'Only this,' he says, giving Stein a rough push to get him still further from the door: 'We've been after this gentleman for quite some time, but it wasn't till this morning that we were able to get the goods on him. I hadn't expected it just then, and was just starting out to do a little scouting on that Stanton Street 'barrel' case when a hurry call switched things. I was just in time to see the pocketbook slipped to him. There's a bunch of sparklers and some papers in there that the Government would like to look over. I wasn't taking any chances on Stein disposing of the pocketbook when the excitement started and made no bones about getting it into my own possession. During the scuffle I missed my badge, just about the time the officer came up and nabbed me, and as appearances were a trifle against me I—well—I thought I'd leave the thing slide along—along the line of least resistance, as you might say. Say, lieutenant, did you ever hear of a fellow pinching himself this way? I never did.'

"I was so surprised, so confoundedly surprised, gentlemen, that I thought I'd skid right through the floor, Stein with me. But don't think I felt bad at the way things turned—please don't. Shoot me, hang me, anything—but don't think that.

"I went over and hugged Jenkins. 'Put it there, Jenkins,' I said; 'you're a brick. Just a moment while I collect myself. Now tell me.'

" 'Oh, simple enough. I'm with the* Secret Service —always have been. I was trailing Stein all the time he thought he was nursing me. Smuggling—and as sly as you make 'em. But we get them all in the end. So you came along to help me, eh? I appreciate it. How's everything otherwise?'

"But I wasn't satisfied. 'Supposin',' I questions, 'supposin' there'd been a slip-up or something, what would you—?'

" 'Don't worry. Remember that fellow who came shuffling in a few minutes ago? He's dandy in emergencies. Grimes wouldn't have gone after Stein's confederate had he thought I couldn't manage things.'

" 'Jenkins,' I said, hugging him again, 'you're an angel! You ought to be in heaven. God bless you!'

"There's your story, gentlemen—true as anything that's in the Gospels. What are *you* smiling at over there? 'Which was the mean man?' you say. I leave it to you."

EMIL G. BOLZ.

New York City.

*Department of Justice (?).

There is no pleasure in trying to persuade yourself that you are important, if you know you are not.

When passion is dead, the rest is nothing. Is passion ever obliterated? Is it not rather transformed?

THE NEURONS

Innumerable links in a system vast
Of bright and shining chains,
Whose form and shape were molded and cast
By God with infinite pains.

Here thought wings her flight from link to link,
As lightning through the cloud;
And consciousness begins to think,
And utter its thoughts aloud.

A link is a cell of wondrous shape,
A body of marvelous strength,
Where energies stored, again may partake
In the drama of life at length.

A dendrite issuing from each pole,
With its fingers multiple,
Gathers the news at its neighbor's toll,
And as quick its messages tell.

Here an axone passes from the cell,
Whose collaterals ramify,
While an arborization terminal
Conveys impulses by.

And this bright link in life's firm chain
Is a Neuron wonderful;
Here pleasures romp, here writhes our pain—
'Tis our cup of blessing full.

Divinity alone could build
A temple all so rare;
No architect, however skilled,
Could hang such lights with care.

Amazing wonder stands in awe,
In the presence of life within;
And thought is stunned by the light and law
Of its Builder and Sovereign.

Our Neurons form this life's great seat,
Complex are its actions strange:
For the weave of thought in the loom of life
Is in the realm of God's own range.

Thayer, Kansas.

JAS. A. DeMOSS, M. D.

MAMMA, WHAT KINDA BOOK IS THAT LADY SELLIN'?

THE SCHOOL OF SALERNUM "REGIMEN SANITATIS SALERNITANUM." Paul B. Hoeber, New York, 1920, $3.75.

The editor has placed us greatly in his debt by producing a new edition of this famous medical classic. There are few books in the history of medicine that have been more frequently written about or discussed than the "Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum," with its many controversial questions of date, origin, authorship, and the like. But as far as concerns the modern generation, physicians interested in medical history have generally found greater facility for reading *about* it than for reading it, and for this reason this excellent little volume is most welcome.

To begin with, it is tastefully and neatly executed, with good paper, type and binding. There are many quaint and interesting illustrations, most of them being reproductions from old editions of the "Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum." This edition reproduces the famous English version of Sir John Harington, published in 1607, and an attempt is made to copy the old English text, with spelling, head-pieces and initials, as far as possible.

Of course, it goes without saying that not the least important part of the present volume are the two Essays by Dr. Francis R. Packard and Dr. Fielding H. Garrison. The former, in his sketch of the "History of the School of Salernum," gives us in his forty short pages a mine of valuable information concerning the rise and development of this noted mediaeval school, together with whatever available information we have concerning Salerno's most important survival, the "Regimen." He furnishes us also with a short bibliography. Col. Garrison, in an all too brief note, discusses the "Prehistory of the Regimen Sanitatis," showing as one would expect of him, a scholarly acquaintance with its history and origin. Following the English version, the complete Latin text is given.

There is no need of going into details concerning the book. Nothing the reviewer could say would equal in interest and value the reading of Garrison's and Packard's Essays, and that of Harington's translation, or of the original Latin, for those who are equal to it. Everyone who is devoted to medical history should own and read this book.

MEDIAEVAL MEDICINE, by JAMES J. WALSH, M. D. London: A. and C. Black, Ltd., 5 Shillings.

Dr. Walsh is nothing if not interesting in anything that he writes concerning medical history, even if one cannot always go all the way with him in his opinions and reasoning. In the present volume, however, he presents an extremely readable account of the history of medicine during the Middle Ages—a period, which, it will be remembered, the learned author has chosen for his own particular field. And we may be certain that no one could present the claims of mediaeval medicine to serious consideration in medical history more authoritatively and more advantageously than Dr. Walsh.

Without wishing to share unqualifiedly Dr. Walsh's enthusiasm for the intellectual achievements of the Middle Ages, there can, however, not be the slightest doubt, as the present writer has had frequent occasion to point out in these columns (most frequently in reviews of Ralph Adams Cram's books), that the age-long depreciation of the Middle Ages, and their contemptuous dismissal with a wave of the hand, as merely the "Dark ages," are due very largely to unmitigated ignorance. We can point to "Witchcraft" and other degrading superstitions and ignorance just as readily in 1921, as in 1121. The Middle Ages have much to teach us in medicine, as well as in many other departments of human thought, and in mediaeval medicine we can have no more sympathetic, or better informed guide than James J. Walsh.

The book is conveniently divided into chapters discussing special phases of the subject, without real attempt to take up events in chronological order. The introductory chapter discusses the pre-mediaeval medical writings and the influence of authority and tradition on mediaeval medicine. The second chapter treats of "Early Mediaeval Medicine," with accounts of the outstanding figures like Alexander of Tralles, Paul of Aegina, Rhazes, and others. The author then goes on to discuss "Salerno and the beginning of modern medical education." Salerno is aptly described as the "institution which more than any other has helped us to understand the Middle Ages," and of this first important medical school Dr. Walsh gives an excellent account. He discusses the famous "Regimen" at length, but this classic we have already reviewed in these columns.

A chapter is devoted to that other great school, Montpellier, and Dr. Walsh tells us all that is authoritatively known of its origin and development. Some of the great names in medicine, like Mondeville and Guy

de Chauliac, Arnold de Villanova and John of Gaddesden, are products of Montpellier.

In the accounts of later "Mediaeval Medicine," we read of other distinguished men like Avicenna and Avenzoar, Abulcasis, Maimonides and Lanfranc. There is much of interest in the chapter on mediaeval surgeons in Italy, where we hear of Roger of Parma, Rolando, Bruno, Hugh of Lucca, William of Salicet and Mondino. Dr. Walsh traces the origin of anesthesia to these surgeons.

In the chapter on the surgeons of the west of Europe we again cross the path of Mondeville and Lanfranc and Guy de Chauliac, the "Father of modern surgery." Another interesting figure is Yperman, who derives his name from the tragic and all too familiar Belgian town of Ypres. John Arderne also is a figure of note. Nor must we overlook the famous German surgeons and authors, Pfolsfeundt, Gersdorf and Brunschwig.

An instructive chapter is that on oral surgery and minor surgical specialties, with its illustrations of Arabic surgical instruments.

The chapter on the medical education of women will probably offer surprises to those who have not delved too deeply into medical history, while the chapter on mediaeval hospitals is of extreme interest. Here we learn of the origin of the many famous Holy Ghost Hospitals. Let us not forget also that St. Thomas' and St. Bartholomew's date back to the Middle Ages.

The last chapter treats of the mediaeval care of the insane. Dr. Walsh is quite right when he says that "for the unspeakable neglect of the insane which is a disgrace to civilization, we must look to the centuries much nearer our own than those of the Middle Ages." Were not the insane treated like criminals up to the beginning of the nineteenth century and did not Pinel have to cast off chains and fetters from helpless and miserable lunatics? We cannot find anything in this chapter which will indicate that the insane were not at least as well treated as they were until comparatively recent times.

There are a few interesting illustrations to add to the merits of the book. Of course, this book has minor defects. There are some inelegancies of language. The frequent use of the phrase "In the modern time," instead of "In modern times," is annoying. He frequently refers to the great medico-historical scholar as Sűdhoff instead of Sudhoff. But these are trivial slips. This book should undoubtedly be read by all who desire to become familiar with interesting sidelights on the history of Mediaeval Medicine.

A SHORT HISTORY OF NURSING, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. By LAVINA L. DOCK, R. N., in collaboration with ISABEL MAITLAND STEWARD, A. M., R. N., New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1920, $3.50.

The profession of nursing and its history are, of course, certain to attract interest in almost every physician, but few physicians have probably been able to devote the time required to master the large and thorough four-volume history of nursing by Miss Nutting and the authoress of the present volume. For such men, as well as for the students of nursing, for whom it was really written, Miss Dock's volume of 392 pages will fill the *desideratum* in a compact but informing history of nursing. As the authoress states, most of the material is condensed and derived from the first and larger edition. This book makes no attempt to supplant this extremely valuable earlier work, and students of the subject who desire more detailed information will still have to resort to the parent volumes. Those who, like the present reviewer, are familiar with the larger history, must concede at once with pleasure that the work of condensation is very well done. The essential facts describing the rise and progress of nursing from its origin to the present day are given in sufficient detail and in pleasing narrative.

The Introductory Outline, though brief, is adequate and informing, and based on competent knowledge and research. There is no need to enumerate all the different chapter headings, but suffice it to say that all of the chief aspects of the subject are interestingly discussed. Florence Nightingale has a complete chapter to herself, and her personality and importance in the history of nursing there receive adequate recognition. To us in this country the chapter on "Nursing in America," where the profession has attained its highest development and practical usefulness, will be of the greatest interest, as the contents of this chapter fully deserve. Another chapter sure to arouse attention is that of "Nursing in the World War."

There are excellent short bibliographies (sometimes they are fairly long) after each chapter, the first reference in every case being to that portion of Nutting and Dock's large history on which the particular chapter is based. This bibliography shows wide reading and careful preparation and research. There is a very useful appendix in tabular form, showing the relation of nursing history to world history. In short, this volume is all that can be wished for in all respects, and Miss Dock and Miss Stewart have prepared and presented us with a volume which should be thoroughly read, not only by the nurses for whom it is intended primarily, but also by every educated physician. *HERMAN T. RADIN.*

The Medical Pickwick

VOL. VII MAY, 1921 No. 5.

DUMOULIN, OR RATHER MOLIN, PHYSICIAN.

If you have occasion for physicians, says the Schola Salernitina, there are three to whom you may apply at all times with safety; these are, a cheerful mind, moderate exercise, and a regulated regimen. So said Dumoulin, the most celebrated physician of his time. In his last moments, being surrounded by several of his colleagues, who deplored his loss, he addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, I leave behind me three excellent physicians." Each of the doctors present conceived himself to be one of the three, but they were soon undeceived, when Dumoulin informed them that the three he meant were water, exercise, and regimen.

Dumoulin was fond of money, and he received a great deal. Many anecdotes are mentioned respecting this matter. On leaving one of his patients, who had made him a handsome payment in coined money, as the amount was considerable, he put it into his pocket. On returning home, his first thought was to count the number of pieces he had received. The attention he paid to the reckoning prevented him from perceiving a friend who was waiting for him in his apartment. This person pleasantly said: "Allow me to hand you a chair." Dumoulin looked at him with a contemptuous sneer, saying, "Learn, blockhead, that a man never feels tired when counting his money."

A great love for this precious metal is generally accompanied with a slight tincture of avarice. In this respect Dumoulin yielded to no one. On one occasion he was sent for to visit the prince, Count of Clermont, who was indisposed. The surgeon who came for him was in one of the royal carriages, driven by the body coachman. After the visit to the prince, Dumoulin took the liberty of using the carriage to pay two or three other visits in the neighbourhood of the prince's residence. After the last visit, he felt in his pockets for some time, and at length found sixpence, which he tendered to the coachman. This was of course refused, but he frequently amused himself in repeating this tale to his associates.

Dumoulin received three louis for every visit to the prince. On another occasion, in consultation with M. Sylva, a physician not less famous than himself, but better informed, and less interested, he visited a man of high rank, who was so dangerously ill, that at their last visit he died in their hands. This sudden death being quite unexpected, it occasioned considerable consternation and murmur in the apartment, and particularly in the ante-chamber, where the domestics allowed themselves to adopt the most licentious conversation, and even threatened them with unpleasant consequences. M. Sylva, naturally timid, was alarmed, and communicated his fears to M. Dumoulin, saying, "By what door shall we escape?" Dumoulin, having no fear but that of not being paid, replied, "By the door where they pay," and intrepidly left the apartment followed by Sylva, who trembled. This constitutes a trait of character equalled by the following:

A great economist, not to say miser, having heard that Dumoulin far surpassed him in saving knowledge, waited on him one winter evening, about eight o'clock. He found him sitting in a small room, illuminated, or rather darkened, by the smoky light of a single lamp. On entering, he said to him: "I have heard that you are one of the greatest economists existing; I also am so inclined; but, conscious of my imperfection, I should be happy to become your pupil on this point." "Is that all?" replied Dumoulin "Be seated, sir," and in saying so, he extinguished the lamp. "There is no occasion for light to show us how to talk; it only produces inattention. Well, what is your object?" "Sir," cried the stranger, "the lesson of economy I have already received is enough. I shall always remain a scholar in respect to you. I shall endeavour to profit by the lesson I have received," and so withdrew in the best way he could in the dark.

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Mother: Willie, where is your father?
Willie: He just left to see the doctor.
Mother: Why, was he sick.
Willie: I don't know. He telephoned that he was coming to see him because he had something on his hip.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

THE study of animal intelligence is interesting and important, whether we regard man as derived from some lower form, and his intellectual as well as his physical development the result of evolution, or whether we consider that man stands wholly apart in origin, either as to body or mind.

The term comparative psychology includes all that pertains to the mind or soul of the animal kingdom. While at one time it might have been considered highly fanciful to suggest that the lower animals possessed mind, however few persons of any degree of experience will now be found prepared to deny that the inferior animals have minds.

By experiments on the lower animals, and by this means almost wholly, has the science of physiology been built up. We argue from the case in animals to the case in men, and consider the inferences thus derived valuable, even final; but when we speak of animal intelligence we are apt to ignore the psychological similarity. From experiments on the brains of the lower animals, we argue as to the nature of the brain of man. Why not pursue the comparative method for the study of minds of animals?

Perhaps the highest faculty man possesses is that by which he generalizes and forms conceptions of the abstract. That animals have imagination, or the power to frame mental pictures of absent objects is amply proved by the grief of the dog at the absence or loss of his master and by the capacity of animals to dream.

It is difficult to over-estimate the benefit to the individual who, in the right spirit, makes a sincere study of animals. Such a study establishes a state of mind which does no particular harm, even when one may exaggerate animal intelligence, and nearly always generates sympathy.

I do not mean to imply that we should become "nature fakers" in attempting to explain the behavior of animals. Nothing is to be gained for any cause, however, by overstating the case, and it is a mistake to claim that between the lowest men and the most intelligent animals there is not a vast difference, even if we do go so far as to say there is a great gulf fixed, as some appear to believe.

It is still safe, and wise, to say "I don't know" about a great many things instead of assuming the validity of explanations which are not true solutions at all, but mere assumptions.

Many of the performances of the lower animals, if accomplished by man, would be regarded as the outcome of mere instinct, by which is meant an endowment, acting blindly, and incapable of modification. The fact seems to be that instincts, as they exist, are the result of inherited experiences accumulated through considerable periods of time.

If we compare the intelligence of our best races of dogs with any of their wild carnivorous allies, there will be readily apparent the great difference in favor of the dog. This is due largely, if not wholly, to the advantages of association with man for hundreds if not thousands of years, evidencing a capacity for education, which is one of the best demonstrations of superiority.

I have often been asked if animals have a language in which they communicate with each other. Yes, all the higher animals, as we call the higher vertebrates, have the ability to exchange thoughts and convey ideas, and that is their language.

We all know that domestic cattle, swine and fowls have each a language of their own, and as far as they go they are almost as clear-cut and understandable as the talk of human beings. Just how much more is behind the veil that limits our understanding we cannot say, but no doubt there is a great deal.

Excepting the song birds, the wild creatures of today have learned through instinct and accumulated experience that silence promotes peace and long life.

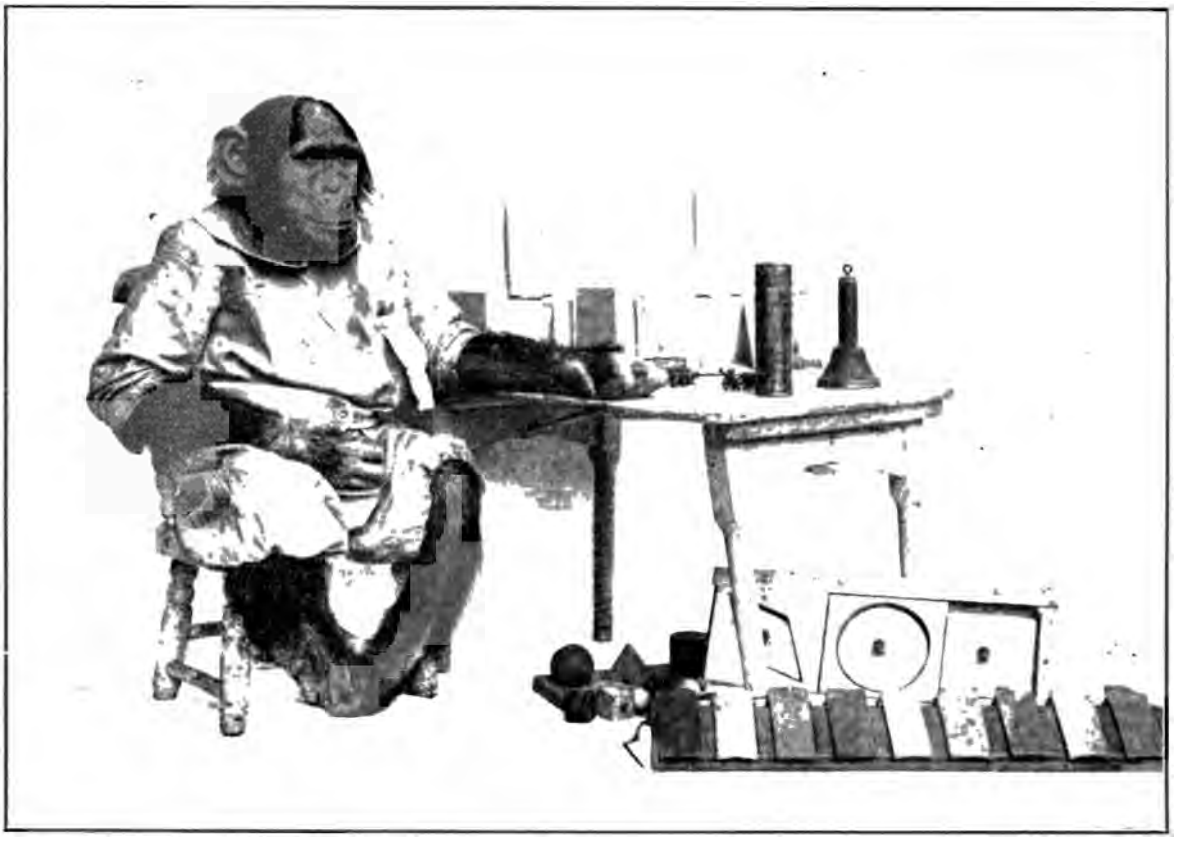
The bull moose which bawls through a mile of forest, and the bull elk which bugles not wisely but too well, soon find their heads hanging in some Eastern dining room, while the silent Virginia deer, like the brook goes on forever.

A few years ago there was a flood of talk on "the speech of monkeys" and the torrent continued for some time. At first the knowledge that monkeys can and do communicate (to a limited extent at least) by vocal sounds was hailed as a "discovery," but unfortunately for science nothing has been proved beyond the long known fact that some of the higher apes and monkeys understand the meaning of the few sounds and cries to which their kind give utterance. The fact that we are not able in all instances to interpret their meaning is no reflection upon their intelligence.

A few years ago there was a startling exhibition of monkey language at our monkey house. That was before the completion of our lion house. We had to find temporary outdoor quarters for a big jaguar, and there being nothing else available we decided to place him in the big circular cage at the north end of the series of outside cages at the Monkey House.

It was May, and the baboons, red-faced monkeys, rhesus, green and many other of the larger monkeys were in their outside quarters. When the jaguar was released from the shipping cage and entered the big one, the adjoining cages became at once literally plastered with monkeys and baboons, all in the wildest excitement. The jaguar was in full view of them, and although not one of the whole lot, with the possible exception of the sapajous, ever had even an ancestor that had seen a jaguar, they one and all recognized a hostile genus, and an hereditary enemy. And how they swore at him, and reviled him, and made hideous faces at him! The long-armed yellow baboons barked and roared until they were heard half a mile away. The ugly-tempered macaques and the rhesus monkeys nearly burst with hatred and indignation. The row was kept up for a long time, and the monkey language that was lost to science on that occasion was, both in quantity and quality, beyond compare.

The study of the higher apes and monkeys, on account of their undoubted physical and mental resemblances to man is naturally of the greatest interest. The higher in the scale, the animal that is studied, the nearer we are approaching, on the whole, to man.



CHIMPANZEE "SUSIE."

Anyone who will watch the countenance of a monkey when he feels himself insulted, and again when he is fondled by his keeper, will be forced to admit that the movements of the features and the gestures are almost as expressive as those of man.

While there is a striking difference between the dispositions of the Chimpanzee and Orang, the most intelligent of the apes, still their individual capacities for learning are nearly equal.

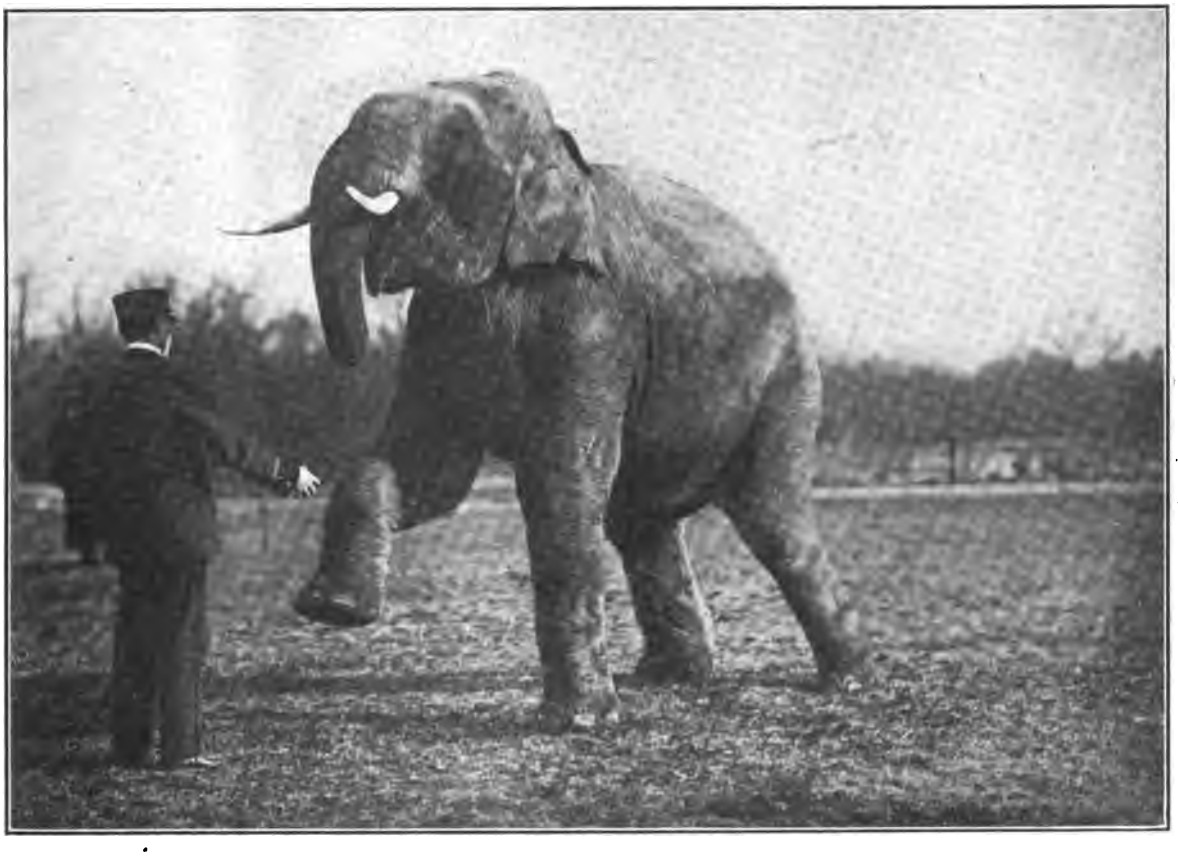
"Rajah," a three-year-old Orang, in the Zoological

Park, was taught to ride a child's velocipede in the short period of one week. He steered the vehicle without assistance, and really seemed to enjoy the exercise, since he would ride in circles about the building for twenty to thirty minutes before dismounting.

The first step was to endeavor to impress upon his mind the fact that the pedals propelled the machine, and that his feet controlled the pedals. Finally by grasping his feet and the pedals at the same time, and drawing his attention to the operation, he soon mastered the art of propelling the machine unaided.

and educated by him. She could distinguish between the colors red, yellow, green and black, as well as between a cube, ring, ball, jack, and other objects; select the proper Yale key from a bunch and unlock a door.

The investigations of Prof. Robt. M. Yerkes, of Harvard University, on "The Mental Life of Monkeys and Apes" furnish much interesting data for the student of animal psychology; as does also the work of Dr. Haggerty on "Imitation in Monkeys," carried out in the Zoological Park, and submitted to Harvard University as a thesis for his degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Hag-



INDIAN ELEPHANT "GUNDA."

Pieces of boards and other objects were placed in his path to afford slight obstructions to the easy propulsion of the machine, but he soon learned that by putting more force into the pedals he could pass over the obstruction readily. If he did not succeed in passing it the first time, he would back off a few feet, and renew the effort, and would continue this performance until he was successful.

One of the most intelligent Apes we have ever had was the Chimpanzee, "Susie," brought to us by Prof. Garner,

gerty's tests of the ability of young Orangs and Chimpanzees to solve simple problems, and to use tools in various ways yielded results which may be safely accepted as evidences of a fairly high order of reasoning in these animals.

For instance, one of Haggerty's experiments was a problem submitted to our Orang "Dogong." A piece of gas pipe, 3 feet long and 2 inches in diameter, was securely fastened to the front bars of the Orang's cage. Into the center of this pipe was placed a piece of banana,

and in the straw bedding a round stick about 3½ feet long. This stick was placed in the cage without the Orang's knowledge. After Dogong found the banana he tried to reach it with his fingers and his feet and by inserting stiff straws from his bedding. All of these methods being unsuccessful, he discovered the stick, and with this he readily obtained the banana. After his first successful effort with the stick, which occupied some twenty minutes, all subsequent attempts resulted in securing the fruit within half a minute. "Dogong" nearly always drew the banana out towards him, but when he apparently accidentally pushed it through the other end of the pipe, he would occasionally use this method.

In ability to reason from cause to effect, under entirely new conditions, the Indian elephant is probably the wisest of all the lower animals. Of all the dangerous animals ever captured when fully adult, the elephant is the only one which promptly learns, that the mind of man is superior to brute force, that its wisest course is to accept captivity philosophically, that it pays to be good, and that a cheerful spirit promotes peace of mind and longevity. This is one of the most striking and also universal instances of clear reasoning to be observed among wild animals.

An elephant caught wild and fully adult is mastered in about two weeks' time, or even less, and in from six to twelve weeks is actually broken, or trained to steady service in the timber forests.

In the timber camps of Southern India every elephant is trained, as a matter of ordinary routine, to do at least sixteen different things by commands.

The mental capacity, and especially the memory of elephants, is best shown in the circus ring, where the whole performance depends upon the ear, the memory, the eye and words of the trainer. The most striking manifestations of intelligence are the accuracy of the elephantine memory and the absence of lapses; the promptness and the great number of things remembered. Among trained dogs, horses and lions it is only the exceptionally apt animals that reach the exhibition platform, but with elephants every one is a star.

Some species of animals are mentally higher than

AMERICAN BEAVER AT WORK REPAIRING BROKEN DAM.

others, just as some races of men are, and some are keener than others in the line of original thought.

There are millions of men who know only to do as they have seen others do. Mechanical men, who are given to original reasoning, we call inventors. The animal world also contains its share of inventors. Of course it is true that not every animal possesses all the mental attributes, and there are plenty of men and women of whom the same may be said.

The American beaver, in original thought, is equalled by few animals, and in industry by none.

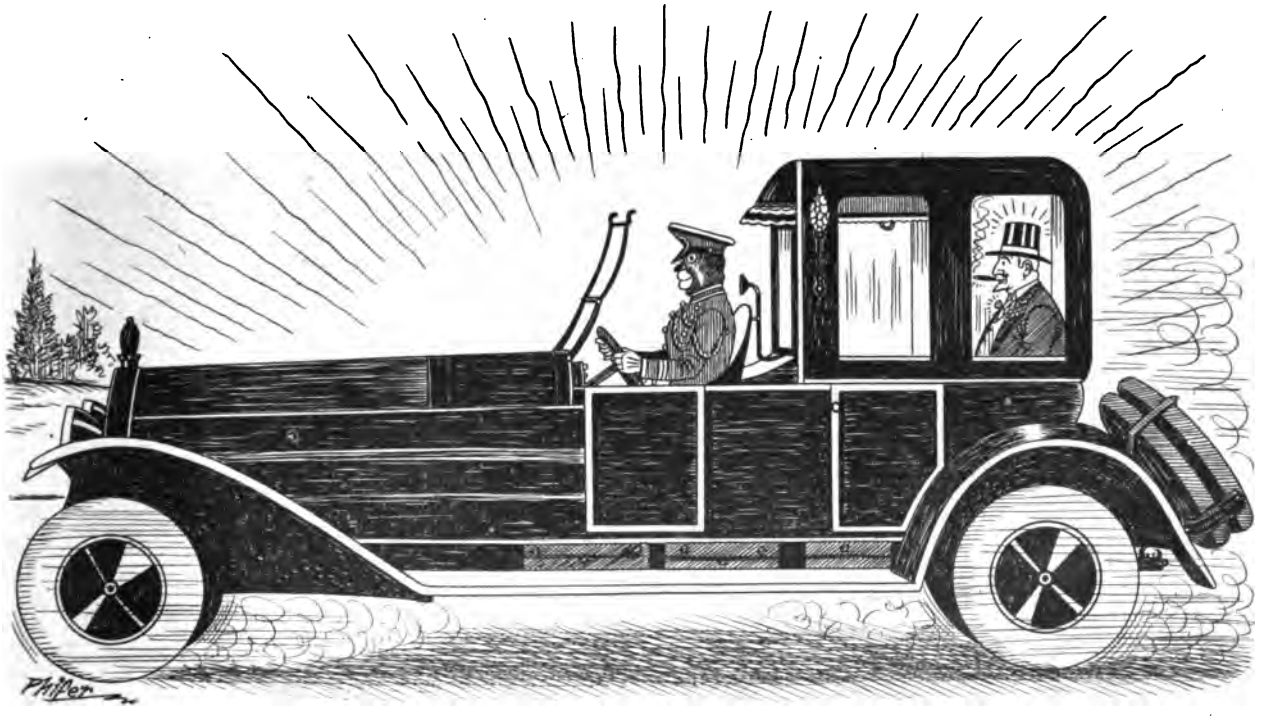
The most wonderful thing about him is the manner in which he builds dams to make ponds deep enough for his timber-floating operations, and to afford him a submarine passage to his house. Give him a valley and a stream of water, and he will gladly make a pond out of whatever raw materials are at hand. He uses the four foot sticks, from which he has eaten the bark for food, and with these and an abundance of mud he will raise a good strong dam to a height of four feet, and a width on the grounds of 15 feet or more. The mud is dug out of the bottom and sides of the pond and carried while swimming, between his paws, with his front feet holding it against his breast. The sticks used in the dam are thrust endwise into the mud on top of the dam, and the mud used is patted down with his fore feet. The tail is not used as a trowel, as many suppose, but in swimming it acts as propeller and rudder. He thinks nothing of gnawing down a tree a foot in diameter and cutting its limbs into pieces which he can handle while swimming. He fells the trees with the skill of an experienced woodsman, making them fall just where he needs them most in building a dam or house. He constructs canals and houses for winter use. He also digs burrows into high banks, and the entrances to his various homes he knows must always be under water.

Do animals reason? They most certainly do! It is only the man who does not know them intimately who will hold that they do not. Ask any animal trainer, trapper, hunter or keeper, and every one of them will say "of course animals reason." And these are men who earn their daily bread through the accurate gauging of the mental processes of the animals with which they have to deal.

Permit me to suggest in closing that all studies and experiments in the field of animal psychology should have for their foundation the full and complete admission that all the higher animals do reason, and that between them and man, the mental differences are in degree only, not in kind.

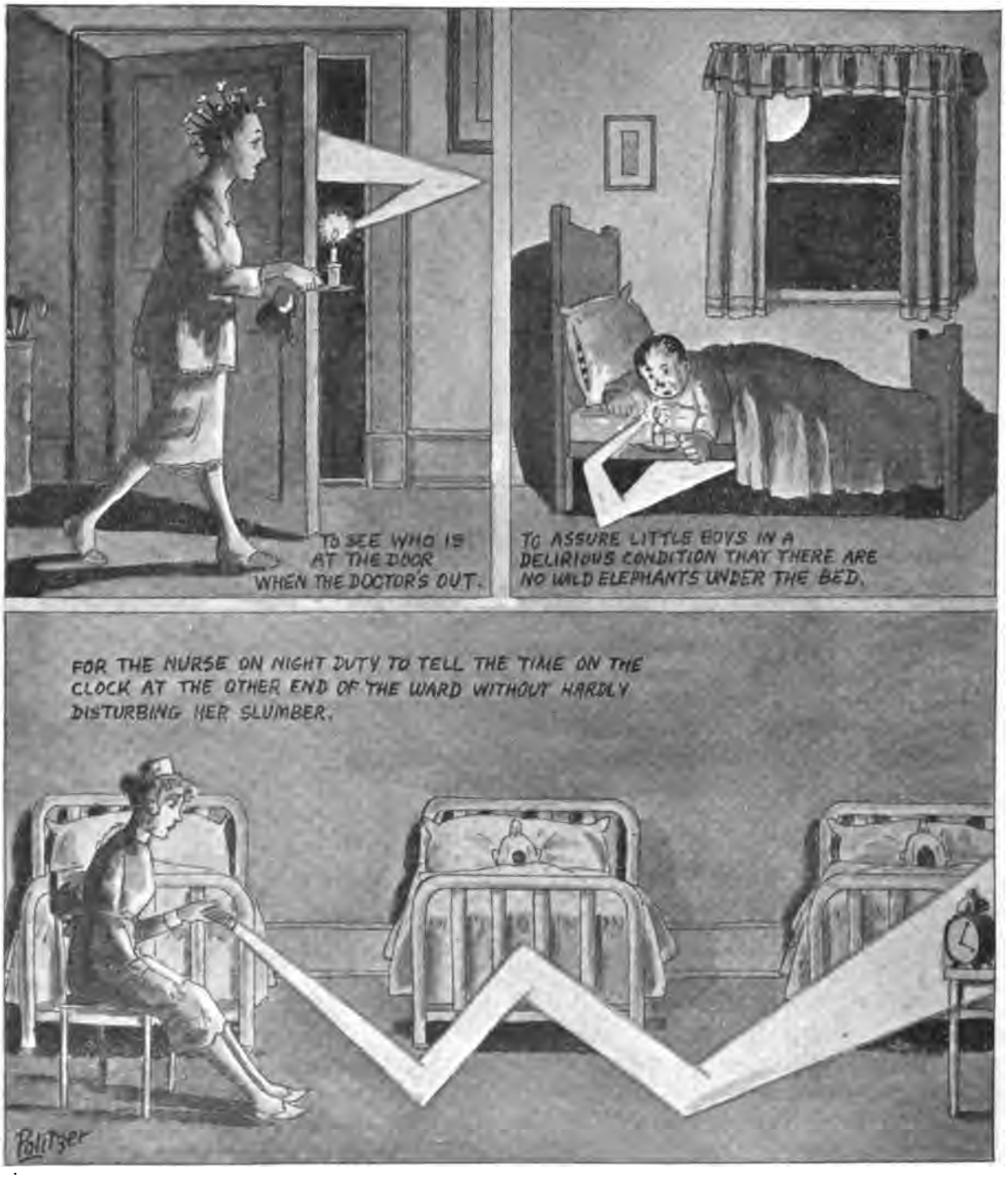
W. REID BLAIR, D. V. S.

New York City.



WHAT STOMACH TROUBLE DID FOR DR. DOUGH.

Some Practical Uses for Dr. Einstein's Bent Ray Theory.


TO SEE WHO IS AT THE DOOR WHEN THE DOCTOR'S OUT.
TO ASSURE LITTLE BOYS IN A DELIRIOUS CONDITION THAT THERE ARE NO WILD ELEPHANTS UNDER THE BED.
FOR THE NURSE ON NIGHT DUTY TO TELL THE TIME ON THE CLOCK AT THE OTHER END OF THE WARD WITHOUT HARDLY DISTURBING HER SLUMBER.
Pulitzer

THE EARLY TREATMENT OF SYPHILIS IN FRANCE

DR. E. JEANSELME.

TOWARD the end of the fifteenth century a mysterious disease, a new pest, spread over western Europe, making numberless victims. It was variously known as the "Neapolitan Disease," the "French Disease," or the "Spanish Sickness;" as a matter of fact it was Syphilis.

If we may believe contemporary writers no such scourge had appeared hitherto within the memory of man. The doctors of the day, dismayed, admitted their inability to cope with it, and the poor wretches who became affected became the easy prey of a horde of quacks and healers. Cities and towns swarmed with syphilitics; they belonged to all classes, for it was said: "The guard which watches at the gates of the Louvre cannot keep it from our kings."*

Beggars and vagabonds, stricken with the fearful disease, thronged all public places, such as the markets, spreading contagion everywhere. It was not long before they were driven out and treated like lepers. In 1497 an Act of Parliament ordered strangers, men as well as women, affected with the "Great Pox" to leave the capital within twenty-four hours, under penalty of hanging. Under the same penalty residents having the disease were ordered to go home and not appear on the streets, day or night. Poor people who were affected were segregated in certain districts where houses were provided and supplied with the necessities of life, and were directed to stay there, without entering Paris, until they were completely cured. The same penalty was attached.**

As soon as they had recovered from their first moment of stupefaction, the doctors took heart and devoted themselves to a study of the new, or supposedly new, disease.

One of the first works on syphilis which appeared in France was the "Carême de Pénitence et Purgatoire d'Expiation," by Jacques de Bethencourt (1527). Not knowing its real cause or mode of transmission, the laity, and physicians as well, had attributed the pox to a spontaneous change in the "humors," to a scourge sent by divine wrath, or to an evil conjunction of Mars and Saturn. Bethencourt rejects all this medley of discredited and worn-out theories. He writes as follows: "We doctors, who are accustomed to refer diseases to material, definite and organic causes, cannot doubt that this malady is the result of debauchery, while at the same time we would not deny that a divine or siderial influence might have a part in its development." The last phrase was doubtless a "corrective," suggested by the ideas peculiar to the age, and perhaps dictated by prudence, for the doctor makes haste to add, so that no one might misunderstand his own opinion: "We believe it is a disease of a *venereal nature* (*d'essence vénérienne*). That is the rule." But he knew that the disease could be transmitted accidentally by another way. "It must be remembered, however, that it may develop as a consequence of a pure and chaste contact. For instance, ulcers may appear on the mouths of nurses who may have been infected by the nursing child."

The transmission of syphilis from parent to child is described in a few brief but explicit phrases. "The disease may be hereditary. Healthy parents produce healthy offspring, while infected parents give birth to diseased children only. It is not surprising, therefore, that infants may receive the disease as an heritage from their antecedents."

About the middle of the seventeenth century Thierry de Hery, a French surgeon who had charge of the treatment of the syphilitics during the expedition of Charles the First into Italy, was the first to call attention to the fundamental characteristic of the true chancre, viz., the *induration*. "The surest sign of the pox is the presence of pustules and ulcers with induration at the base . . . and the ulcers of the private parts which are particularly callous and hard at their bottom."

Some twenty-five years later another syphilographer, Jean Fernel, of Amiens (1496-1558), formulated the etiological conditions requisite for a diagnosis of venereal infection: "The party attacked by this disease does not affect another by the mere breath but by a fluid emanat-

*In the "Dialogue Between Mercury and Guaiac," of J. de Bethencourt, Mercury is made to say, with some pride: "Today I associate with kings, princes, generals, prelates, bishops and all the noted people of the world."

**Two years later an order of the Provost of Paris calls attention to the previous act, which appears to have become something of a dead letter. In the name of the King and the Provost all who had the disease were ordered to leave the city; foreigners to go to their own country, others to remain outside the city and suburbs. They were to be thrown into the river if apprehended the next day.

Jean Fernel, d'Amiens (1496-1558).

ing from him which comes in contact with some portion of the other's body where the epidermis is broken, and that is the point at which the disease begins."

Treatment of Syphilis by the "Pavillon."

During this first period in the history of syphilis two remedies shared the favor of doctors, barbers and quacks: mercury and guaiac. The cure was harsh and painful. Sometimes the remedy was worse than the disease, and more than one patient paid with his life for his too great confidence in the heroic medication. The patient, who was spared neither the pangs of hunger, nor purgatives, nor blood-letting, was confined, for four to six weeks, within a tent called a "pavillon," or in a chamber which was hermetically closed and superheated. Each morning and night, for a week, he was given mercurial inunctions over the whole body. To increase the perspiration he was given decoction of guaiac, the "holy wood," which, it was said, Jean Gonsalve d'Oviedo had brought from San Domingo. The condition of the unfortunate patient, weakened by salivation, and profuse sweating, was deplorable. This fearful test was, in a joking way, called "going from Bavaria to Sweden." (It may have been the equivalent of our "jumping from the frying-pan into the fire.")

Treatment of Syphilis by the 'Pavillon."

In the old print reproduced the plight of the unfortunate victim is vividly suggested. One attendant, stripped to the waist, is putting a fresh brasier into the cabinet, while another appears to be heating some sort of a wrap before the open fire. Below the window is the inscription: "For one pleasure a thousand pains," and "He sweats the pox." Under the cabinet is the word "Madness," and a sort of aphorism which appears to be a play on words: "It is better to have more money than mouth." Before the fireplace are the words "chout comme braise," which may be sixteenth century French for "hot as fire," or modernized "hot as blazes." At the bottom of the cut may be made out dimly a quatrain:

"Pour un petit plaisir je Soufre mille maux
"Je fais soulde un Hyver deux été ce me semble
"Partout le Corps je sue et ma machoir tremble
"Je ne croy jamais voir la fin de mes travaux."

This might be rendered somewhat freely as follows:

"A moment's pleasure costs a thousand woes;
"A winter's dalliance means two summers' baking!
"I sweat all over, and my jaw is quaking;
"Methinks my troubles ne'er will reach their close!"

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries guaiac fell out of favor entirely. Its rival, mercury, gets all the credit. In 1669 Gervais Uçay attempted to popularize the use of the medicine by the mouth, but, like those who preceded him, he thought it was necessary to produce salivation in order to obtain a lasting effect.

Some years later this axiom began to be questioned. Chicoyneau, in 1718, was the first to contend that it was better not to carry mercurial medication to the point of ptyalism. He advised the method called "by extinction," which consists in giving inunctions in such a way as to retain the medicine in the organism.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century the abuse of mercury given in massive doses had somewhat cooled the zeal of its admirers. But what contributed most to discredit mercurial medication were the serious failures which the practitioners suffered daily. To understand these set-backs one should remember that under the expression "venereal diseases" were included three morbid entities which are entirely distinct: gonorrhea, simple chan-

cre and syphilis. Of course only the last would respond to mercury.

In a volume which appeared about the end of the eighteenth century, "The Treatment of Venereal Diseases," by d'Astruc, we find, among the signs given as evidence on confirmed syphilis, affections of the most diverse character, such as gonorrhea, inflammation of Cowper's gland, acute and chronic orchitis, all sorts of ulcerations, condylomata and vegetations.

Even Hunter made the same mistake. He devotes several pages to the proving of the identity of the poisons of the chancre with that of gonorrhea. According to G. G. Babbington, Hunter inoculated himself with the pus from a blennorrhagia and had chancres, accompanied by buboes. On the other hand, Harrison carried pus from a chancre into the urethra on a sound and the subject at once developed gonorrhea. It seemed therefore that the doctrine of the unity of the venereal virus was solidly confirmed on clinical and experimental grounds.

Matters were at this point when a new doctrine, ardently espoused by Broussais, still further increased the confusion. The disciples of the "physiological school" denied that there was any such thing as a specific disease. Applying their theories to syphilis, they saw nothing but a series of phenomena due to irritation. According to the anti-virulists there was no such thing as a venereal virus. The gumma is only a chronic furuncle developing in a scrofulous individual. Going further they claim, even in the case of all evidence, that specific medication is unreasonable, and even noxious.

In 1831 Ricord entered the hospital du Midi, and his clear intelligence soon brought order out of this chaos. He separated gonorrhea, balano-posthitis, vaginitis and vegetations from syphilis. These are, he said, separate affections. "Away with old beliefs. We must break this pretended unity. Discard from syphilis all that is not syphilis."

Ricord established the following revolutionary propositions:

1. Pox from the primary bubo does not exist.
2. Syphilis results only from a constitutional infection.
3. It renders the subject immune to a new inoculation.
4. Its manifestations appear in chronological order.
5. Antiphlogistics have no influence over syphilis. Its specific remedy is mercury, which is without action against other venereal diseases.

The next step to be taken, the differentiation of the hard and soft chancre, was made by Bassereau, the way having been prepared by Ricord.

Then came Fournier (1832-1914) who, for half a century, was the undisputed chief of syphilography in France, if not of the world. By the method of confrontation, suggested by Bassereau, he proved the two following fundamental propositions:

1. Secondary manifestations of the suppurative form (mucous patches) are contagious.
2. Secondary manifestations do not transmit themselves in their original form. They produce a hard chancre.

In 1875 he affirmed the syphilitic origin of tabes. He was vigorously opposed, but after a long and bitter fight won his point, and it was not long before he established a similar causative relation with general paralysis. The discovery of the specific organism merely confirmed the truth.

Since that time advance has been rapid. The inoculation experiments of Metchnikoff and Roux, and the great advances in treatment by the various organic preparations of arsenic are all of recent date and need not be more than alluded to here.

Translation and summary of Lecture published in "*La Semana Médica.*"

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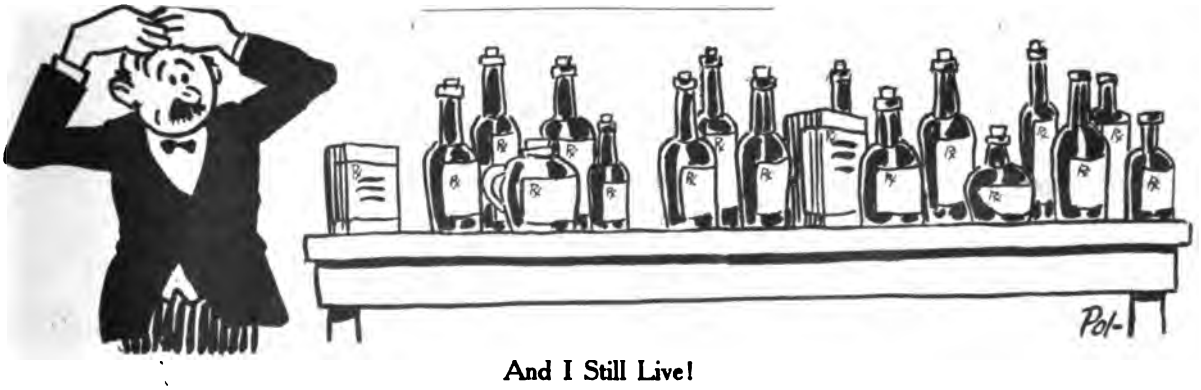


And I Still Live!

GALEN.

(A recently recovered cartoon)

From whom it is rumored Svengali got the inspiration for his make-up.

TRIFLES

Coddling care can do no good,
Even in the densest wood;
  Guzzling grudges serves to make
  Life a chronic stomach-ache;
Nursing ills inflames the breast
With intolerant unrest;
  Pampering a wanton whim
  Leaves the spirit stark and slim;
Stuffing strife into the heart
Causes an incessant smart;
  Poisoning the soul with woes
  Fills it with organic foes.

Which implies that man or elf
Falls a victim to himself;
  Hence, it should be understood,
  Coddling care can do no good.

RALPH M. THOMSON, M. D.

DEATH

Within this vale of tears I stood
And smiled, as Life went by.
But a little way I stretched my hand,
Ah me! 'twas a woeful cry.

A misty Shape did hover round,
That smiled at Life's woeful cry.
"Who art thou now?" I faintly asked.
Then came this low reply.
"I am like the evening shadows,
Yea, like unto dreams, am I.
I come and go, no trace I leave,
Save a peaceful look on some life-worn face,
Or a tear in some kindred's eye.
Of thy Father a messenger am I.
Of earth, earthy,
Of heaven, Heavenly.
Before me, Faith falters,
As does the wounded dove
Before the huntsman's bow.
Yet, in me is every vestige of Hope born.
Hope, that, as a guiding star
Should lead to realms of Happiness.

From the mystic borderland
Between the pains of today
And the joys of tomorrow, I come,
As comes the snows of Winter to all Nature,
A blanket of Death, it seems,
Yet, as the snow of Winter
To Nature brings new Life,
So I, to thy troubled Soul
Likewise bring that time, ordained
When all must meet, with faltering faith,
The Doubt, that God alone can soothe."

Beyond the shades of night, I stood,
Nor wept, as Death went by.
For Death is sweet, and Death is grand,
Beside Life's woeful cry.

P. M. CHASE, M. D.

WHERE ARE THE DOCS OF YESTERYEAR?

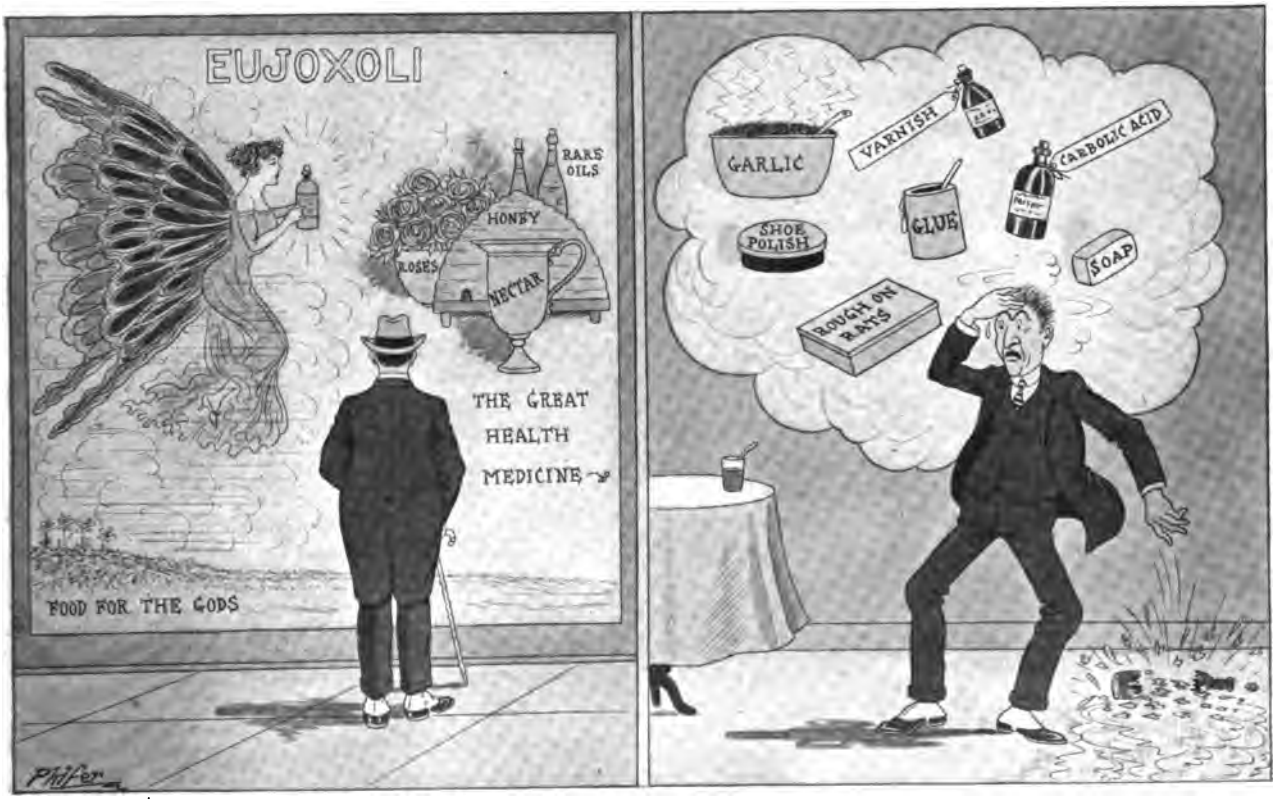
My lot is one of direful woe
Life has no pleasure to bestow,
I have a ringbone on my toe
A spavin on my ear.
A Chiropractor comes at nine
And pops the dingfuds in my spine—
And while my short ribs yelp and whine
I hear my ringbone cheer.

At ten the dentist brings his chair
And pulls out molars I can't spare
And while my jawbones creak and swear
I feel my spavin prance.
At twelve a Surgeon calls and mows
A crop of adenoids from my nose—
And while my gizzard curls its toes
My ringbone does a dance.

At two they dump a half a peck
Of pinto pills into my neck
And while my wheels and springs they wreck
My spavin yells with glee.
At four an eye Doc comes and clamps
Bifocal specs upon my lamps—
And while my bankroll has the cramps
My ringbone hollers whee!

Ye Gods, where are the old-time Docs
Who told me to pull off my socks
And salved my ringbone from a box
My spavin from a pail!
Bring back the wise Vet. of my youth
Who pulled no spine or leg or tooth
But oiled my ringbone well; forsooth—
The others slam in jail.

TRAMP STARR.



How Some of the Patent Medicines Appear in the Advertisements.

And What You Think They Are Made of After Tasting Them.

THE JOLLY BACHELORS

HE name of "JOLLY BACHELORS" still clings to several men of Francisville, though goodness knows, every one of them has been a happy Benedict these many years. Some of them indeed have young offshoots, already at an age that claims superiority over experience; some show, prematurely perhaps, shiny pates, where youth in vanishing exposed the progress of the years. But still the name of "Jolly Bachelors" clings to this group of men as if the passage of twenty years were as a diaphanous veil behind which the past keeps on performing, over and over again, its little drama.

I am one of those who bear such a burden, though as you see, it rests rather lightly on my shoulders, as lightly as on any of the "Jolly Bachelors'" shoulders for that matter. For no "Jolly Bachelor" ever repudiates it; indeed, I doubt if the appellation ever met with anything else than a smile, even if it is one of those smiles with a little heartache in it for the vanished years. Rather most of us glory in the name, since linked to it is one of those romances that requisitions a glow and a sigh whenever it is told. And it is told every day on the streets of Francisville; not as I am telling you but by the happy faces of the chief participants.

The name was born twenty years ago with the organization, into a club, of twelve of Francisville's most eligible young men (most eligible matrimonially, from the standpoint of family, position and wealth). It was adopted to show plainly and openly what our organization meant, for "The Jolly Bachelors" was to be the synonym for the extolling of celibacy in Francisville.

And it all came about through the activity of one man, Herbert Stormout, at that time a comparative new-comer amongst us, yet for all that, because of his ingratiating ways, and his rare ability, a leader amongst the young men of the "smart set." He had come, he had seen, he had conquered, from the outset; he was followed like so many tails follow their respective dogs; his word became a law amongst us. So, when, in an idle moment, he broached the matter of a Bachelor organization, we fell for it.

We all knew that he had had, at some prior time, an affair of the heart; at least common gossip said as much and Francisville was small enough to give attentive ear to whatever gossip said. At any rate, his actions bore out the truth of gossips' strictures for ever since his advent he had shunned feminine society. And furthermore his fathering of "The Jolly Bachelors" (opposed as it was to the "eternal feminine" influence in male affairs and in male lives) gave to gossip a huge peg on which to hang these strictures for public inspection.

Herbert Stormout became the leader, the presiding genius of the organization, drafting its laws and rules and seeing to it that they were enforced; and rather stringent was his enforcement I can tell you. You see, he wanted us to hold all women at arms' length, excepting, of course, a mother or a sister; courting, moonlight serenades, sweet-nothing whisperings, gazing into blue, or brown or gray depths and imagining the world there—all these he ruthlessly abolished. In short, we were to hold ourselves aloof from all women who seemed to possess a Lohengrin-march strain. To be caught dallying in their company was considered a crime, to be judged by trial, to be penalized according to the flagrancy of the offense. We were not to accompany any one of them; we were to shun friendly intercourse with them; a thousand and one specific rules of conduct he laid down for us, every one of which was calculated to sever the Gordian knot of an intimacy, or prevent its tying in the first place.

However, in spite of his antagonism, or maybe because of it (for little do we men understand women), Herbert Stormout was the subject of much eager contention amongst the ladies. More attempts than one to have him at their receptions were made, but of course futile; more schemes than one were hatched to bring about his presence. That social affairs suffered because of the organization and its tenets, no one in Francisville would deny; that, once the leader was won over the rest would follow, was common conjecture also, and may have had something to do with the ladies' activity, but they were not the sole reasons.

He was, in the first place, attractive, for a man. He had the good looks, the bearing, the breeding of a Beau Brummel; he wore his clothes like a Chesterfield, and had the manners of one. In the second place, report to these ladies had it that he was charming; a good entertainer and conversationalist. He was therefore in himself just the one to add spice and vivacity to any affair.

But it invariably happened, after every overture on the part of the women or any woman for that matter, that

he drew the reins more taut, insisted on the full compliance with the letter of the law; became himself, as it were, an avenging officer to safeguard the law's enforcement.

Especially is this true after the advent of Emily Trufort. I remember mentioning to him one evening that this young lady was visiting my mother, and I recall yet, how he stared at me with wide, incredulous eyes, how white his face became, how his pleasantry dampened as if I had thrown a bucket of ice water upon it, and how moody and taciturn he was the rest of the evening.

And I also recall that at the next meeting of the club he lectured us severely for our laxity, drew with vivid colors the dangers threatening the solidarity of our organization if we were not more circumspect and again called our attention to the penalties which he would inflict upon the least dereliction.

It was while I was heavily bulwarked with these admonitions, in fact the next morning after receiving them, that I was made aware of a conspiracy on foot to destroy us. In truth I was asked, I might say commanded, to be the instrument of destruction; for the chief agitator in the insurgent camp was my own mother.

It was always difficult to refuse mother anything she wanted, and when she put her arm around me, and in her sweet, clear, coaxing voice, asked me to aid her in this design, I felt I was lost, that I must prove a traitor. However that one word was my salvation.

"Mother," I said, "I have sworn to uphold our laws; would you have your son a Benedict Arnold?"

That was all. She sighed and left me and I thought I had squelched the revolution, but I had not reckoned on what forces were aligned against us. That evening I was seated on the veranda enjoying the cool October air when the swish-swish of skirts and a light footfall announced the presence of the enemy. I looked up to behold Emily.

She took the vacant chair beside me, and though I was violating the laws of our club in remaining at her side, I was too cowardly to get up and leave her. I could not, for I had not the force, and I must confess the will was somewhat lacking, too.

I have not described Emily Trufort, have I? When I do you will see the reason for my lack of energy. She was one of those girls of the newer school; of athletic build, tall, yet of a singularly attractive presence. Her face was alluring, there was in it a piquancy, that some sorrow or the search for some cherished ideal lends; her gray eyes had a shadowy indefinable yearning, and her mouth, too, a wistfulness, such as has brought more than one woman to arms, more than one man to his knees. Add to the touching power, as far as man is concerned, of these features, a crown of Titian hair, and you will not wonder that her presence lit up fires no "Jolly Bachelor" had any business of possessing.

Heretofore, knowing my sentiments, as a "Jolly Bachelor," she had kept rather aloof from me, but this evening she sat down in a chair next to mine and leaned forward so that her hair brushed my cheeks, while the delicate perfume about her almost intoxicated me. She leaned forward and slipped a demure hand into one of mine, her eyes close to and bent bewitchingly on me, and whispered:

"Jack."

"What is it, Emily?"

"Jack, I—I want you to do something for me, will you?"

"Why certainly, anything at all; I'll go through fire and storm for you. I'll do anything that does not conflict with 'The Jolly Bachelors.'" The last part was said jestingly.

"Oh, but it does," she wailed—she had taken the remark seriously—"that's the trouble, it does; it is directly against your rules. Help me, Jack, I am—I am so unhappy," and she broke into tears.

Pshaw! I found that I was just an ordinary man after all; that membership in the "Jolly Bachelors" had not conferred a bit of defense against women's tears, or any old artifices they have concealed about them; I had no immunity at all. Despite my being a "Jolly Bachelor," despite that I knew she was about to request the undoing of the "Jolly Bachelorhood," I sympathized with her and muchly so.

"Don't, Emily, don't," I said soothingly, but she wept the more. I placed my arm around her and pillowing her head comfortably on my shoulder began stroking the glinting hair caressingly. I was far gone then; I would have swept the whole of the "Jolly Bachelors" off the face of the earth, if she had commanded it; I mean I would have attempted to.

"What is it, Emily?" I urged. "Tell me. No matter what it is, that will I do."

"Do you mean that?" she asked eagerly, her tears glistening in the moonlight. She sat up erect, now, her weeping ceasing as if by magic, and she smiled up at me.

"Then, then, contrive that I meet Herbert Stormout, face to face."

"Do you know him?" I asked surprised.

"I met him several years ago. I want to, I must talk with him."

"Oh!" I said, rather coldly.

"You promised, you promised," she cried.

That was true, I had promised and it was now up to me to fulfill it. "After all, what are vows to a man," I reflected bitterly, "if a few tears, a caressing touch or so, an ingratiating smile can turn him traitor." Yes, I had promised as I had promised the officers when I took my oath. But while I might break an oath to an organization I could not a promise to a woman.

"Have you a plan?" I asked.

"I have," she said eagerly. "I have thought it all out. Listen. The door of the dancing school hall leads directly into your club quarters, does it not?"

I nodded.

"Well, tomorrow night," she went on, "our weekly dancing lesson comes off. Now, I will arrange with the musicians and some of the girls to march into your club rooms, say at nine o'clock. All you have to do is to see that our passageway is open, the door unlocked. We are going to have a dance then."

I looked aghast; it went a little against the grain to play the part. She realized my feeling, for she placed her hand gently on my arm in that beseeching way that is woman's forte.

"Please," she said wistfully, "if you knew all that it meant to me, Jack."

I did not attempt to storm the fort—in fact I enjoyed its ominous proximity. Besides, unaided that pleading wistfulness would have triumphed.

"Does it mean so much to you, Emily? Forgive me, I did not know. Count it done."

She jumped up then and threw her arms around my neck and kissed me, and for that I would have done the thing I had contemplated twice, aye ten times, I said to myself defiantly.

But as it turned out, neither I nor the plot had much to do with the disintegration of "The Jolly Bachelors." The only part besides the creation of the plot that ever transpired was a very minor one.

Either, in order to ensnare Stormout, or just to heighten her ordinary attractiveness, Emily had attired herself in a most bewitching gown. She was ever beautiful, but now she was simply ravishing. As I saw her in that filmy affair, her hair gleaming beneath a few white roses, her whole being redolent of charm, I wished I had a chance, wished I was not her first cousin, wished that I had never heard of "The Jolly Bachelors."

But because she was thus attired, mother would not permit her to walk to the dance hall. She declared that she herself would drive Emily over while I agreed to act as escort back, if need be. I left them then and sauntered off in the direction of our club, never dreaming that that drive was to be a prelude to Francisville's most renowned drama.

You see mother was always a very careful and painstaking driver, while Nancy was usually as gentle and docile as a lamb. As a rule you could not get more than an ordinary trot out of that horse if you wore out fifty lashes in urging it, therefore no one one earth would have been rash enough to predict what followed.

One can't of course, with any accuracy, jot down the thoughts of dumb brutes, granting that they have thoughts; but granting this one thought, from results, one may conjecture a process of reasoning. The mind of a paroquet goes straight to the issue; why not Nancy's? A dog will frequently scent a truth, that never came within the realm of the more highly developed intellect of his master. The devotion of dumb animals to their masters is proverbial. Is it beyond the realm of plausibility that Emily's wistful, yearning face awoke in Nancy's breast a resolution to do something for her?

Well, whatever one may think of this idle jaunt into the realm of horse reasoning, certain it is that Nancy succeeded, for she did do something; she displaced that wistfulness and yearning with an intense picture of fright. She ran as she had never run before. She covered distance, hiding distracted faces of pedestrian observers in a cloud of dust. She was showing her mettle through some ancestral strain that had come again into life in her. She ran better than she ever did or ever would again. Indeed it appeared as though she were running away. At least everybody who saw her thought so, though as yet, no accident marred her flight.

Abruptly then a heavy weight dragged on her jowls. Nancy tried to go on; indeed she did go on for two squares. Why should anyone stop her? Wasn't she giving the ladies a treat? Who was it anyway—what business had he interfering? But Nancy could not go on with that weight there. She therefore stopped and turned around, and viewed the form that thereupon dropped senseless in the roadway. I saw her blinking then, standing still and calm; it appeared to me who came up breathless at the moment, as if Nancy were sorry her efforts had been misunderstood, especially since they led to this catastrophe.

And now, the horse was forgotten; everybody crowded round the unconscious man, I in the midst of them. I

looked into his face and gave a cry—it was Herbert Stormout. Tenderly we bore him into a drug store nearby, and had a physician, whom the excitement had brought to the scene, minister to him.

Meanwhile what had become of the ladies? When I finally thought of them I found them both pale and trembling, but sympathetic spectators of the work of revival. I took an arm of each and tried to lead them away; it was no place for them, I said. But they would not go; it was because of them that he was hurt, they argued; common decency compelled them to stay, they averred. I procured them chairs and they did me the great honor to accept them and sit in them.

Presently Stormout came to, and soon his surroundings and position and the events leading thereto became clear in his mind. He tried to get up but could not, and just then his roving eyes spied Mother and Emily, who started to go to him. He, however, ignored them completely. To the doctor he said, "Take me home, doctor; take me out of here." Then turning to me, "Help me, Jack; I'm badly hurt."

I assisted him into the doctor's phaeton. He grew worse on the trip to his house; the doctor and I had almost to carry him to his room. I stayed with him that night, and the next day and the next; indeed it was a week before I set foot in my home again. You see there are no nurses in Francisville, and I had volunteered to act as one.

Mother and Emily were most kind. Daily they sent over delicacies, though goodness knows, Herb's mother supplied him with more than were good for him. Daily, too, did I answer their anxious inquiries, though I would not permit them to visit him. Of course, this was merely obeying the doctor's orders founded on Herb's wishes.

When I finally reached home, I was besieged for the details of Stormout's injuries and his condition.

"He will always be a cripple," I wound up with, "because the doctor says his spine is injured."

"That is not the worst of it," I started in again, "he doesn't seem to care; he has no energy, no life; there is no ambition to get well again. Day in, day out, he lies there, hopeless, no light in his eyes, no animation. It is terrible." I sat down and cried.

A little later a voice close by me said, "Jack," at the same time that a hand pressed my shoulder. I knew it was Emily before I looked up. When I did I opened wide eyes and gazed at her dumbfoundedly. A strange light had come into her face; her lips were pressed firmly. In her hand which shook slightly she held an opened envelope.

"Go to him, Jack," she said—her voice trembled a little, in spite of her—"go to him this evening. See that he reads this. Don't tell him who gave it to you—not, at least, until he asks. Jack, if, if I am anything at all to you go; go; or my heart will break. Go, Jack, go," she cried, the last almost hysterically. Once more I realized that my philosophy had yet a long ways to go to cover the gamut of every-day tragedies, and shrugging my shoulders picked up my hat and went.

He was lying as I left him, listless, hopeless, quiet, uncomplaining. If he were only groaning, or raving or shouting, if he were only delirious, but this—I glanced at the letter in my hand. A shock of some sort might work wonders; I prayed that this letter have the necessary voltage.

"Herb," I called. He turned his listless eyes towards me.

"Herb, I have something for you. I was urged to give it to you tonight. It is a letter. Read it."

"A letter. From whom?"

"I do not know," as in truth I did not.

"Read it, Jack," he said wearily.

"No, it is for you," I answered. "I was told it was for your eyes alone. Let me help you sit up, Herb. Now read."

I drew the sheet of paper out of the envelope and placed it in his hands. "Now read," I commanded.

He glanced casually at the heading, "This is addressed to Miss Trufort," he said, handing it back.

"I know," I answered, vexed. "She said that I must see that you read this. Now, Herb, however much you may dislike Emily, you have no cause for displeasure against me. For my sake read the letter."

He eyed me circumspectly a moment before he looked at the sheet again.

I will never forget his expressions as his eyes devoured the page. The indifference that had so marked him, the indifference with which he perused the first few lines, vanished as a lightning flash. He became filled with interest, then consternation seized him. I saw him reread the letter, avidly, wildly. I saw him go over it a third time as a beast of prey attacks anew his victim. I heard him groan then, I heard him cry, "My God, my God, what have I done?" and I saw him fall back on his pillow, his face buried in its depths, his shoulders heaving.

This was more than I had hoped for, and I became greatly alarmed. I tried to soothe him, begged him not to give way, to hold up, to be brave. I caught hold of his hand, and chafed it, rather roughly I fear.

When he was once more calm, he raised his head from the pillow. A great change had come over him. That apathy had entirely gone. In its place I marked a contemplative mien, tinged with bitterness and loathing—but this was preferable to the other.

"Jack," he said presently, "I want you to read that letter. I want you to know what a fool, a dolt, an imbecile a man can be. I must have been asininity itself. Read it."

I did as I was bidden. I read:

Dear Emily:

This is written in haste; I have but a few minutes to spare, but I am so worried about you. Last evening when I was with you, I did not speak of this—it seemed nothing at the time. Since then I cannot get it out of my mind; I am afraid that I have innocently harmed you. If I have, write me at once and I will come to your defense.

You know, Emily, how like a man I appear togged out in the evening dress that gentlemen wear. You remember, in enacting the role of the lover, with you as the leading lady, that I took you in my arms and kissed you. Emily, I happened to glance up and a man passed the window at the psychological moment. He saw; he could not help seeing; the blinds were up!

This may amount to nothing; on the other hand it may involve your name, in a way I should regret to the end of time. Dear, write me if anything has occurred. I am most anxious. . . .

Affectionately,

MARGARET STACEY.

"The actress," I ejaculated.

"Yes," returned Stormout hollowly.

Then I rehashed the contents of the letter and was bewildered why they should have so moved him. The letter seemed to me mere child's twaddle.

"Well," I said a trifle sharply. "Why did you ask me to read this—this drivel?"

"Drivel," he echoed, and I was delighted to see the scorn flash from his eyes. "Drivel? Do you call a thing drivel that separates two lovers, causes an innocent woman I know not what pain and anguish, and a pig-headed brute three years of torture—though *he* deserved it? Do you call that drivel? If she will only listen to me now—if she will only forgive me."

I was still nonplused. "What is all this about?" I cried.

He stared at me. "Can't you see? Emily was my fiancèe. I was the man who passed by the open window; I beheld her in another's arms. What was I to think? What would you have done? I wasn't exactly sane I guess. I sent her a scurrilous letter next day, bitingly sarcastic, bidding her take her other lover; telling her I would brook no rival or competitor for her favors. I packed up and left at once. I gave her no opportunity for explanation." He stared gloomily out into the open.

I wanted to ease his now, tortured mind.

"Yes," I said lightly, "I see. But it will be all right, Herb; she will forgive you; for, old man, she loves you."

"How do you know?" he asked, breathlessly, eagerly.

"She sent that letter, that should be sufficient."

He turned towards the wall then, and lay quiet so long that I thought him asleep. He wasn't, however, for presently I heard him mutter, "That's worse still; that complicates matters."

"What does, Herb?" I asked.

"What does what?"

"Complicates matters—what you said just now?"

"Why that she loves me. I am of no use now, Jack; no woman would want a husband like me, while of course, no man in the condition I am in, if he is any man at all, would accept such a sacrifice. It's preposterous to think of it. Emily cannot continue to love the thing I am; it is best for all concerned that she learn at once how hopeless the situation is. I think if she saw me, she would realize that."

While he was talking I could barely restrain my tears. His resignation to the fate doled out to him; his calm assumption of the threads of a broken existence; and now, his decision to put out of his life the one thing that might still bless it—ah, he was indeed a man.

"Jack," he went on, "I should like to see Emily again; just once. Will you try and persuade her to come? Tell her I know how deeply I have wronged her, that I don't deserve any favors from her, but tell her also I could bear up better if she would just grant me forgiveness. Tell her I won't ask her again."

"All right, Herb," I said as cheerfully as I could, though my voice choked.

However, I fulfilled my mission, and not at all reluctantly. I was sure Herb was wrong; neither Emily nor any other woman under the circumstances would abandon him. I surmised what would happen when she beheld him again.

And I was right. I had left them alone together and

when I returned two hours later, she had gone. But I beheld the effects of her presence on the stricken man.

His eyes were wild, his face pinched and haggard. He turned to me imploringly.

"Jack, Jack," he groaned, "don't leave us alone again; for God's sake, stand by me. She is coming again this afternoon; stay by me, Jack, stay by me." He seized one of my hands and grasped it convulsively.

"What's the trouble, old man,"I said soothingly.

"Jack, she insists on carrying out the old bargain; she said she held herself still bound to me. I expostulated, worked myself into a frenzy of argument, even pleading, all to no avail. I finally got her to leave on the plea that I was weary. Jack, if you think anything at all of me, promise never to leave us alone again. I won't play the coward; I won't give in; with you here I can circumvent her. My will, alone, is too weak in her presence."

"But if she insists on being alone with you?" I urged, confused, torn one way by his vehemence and another by Emily's great love.

"Jack, you've got to promise me; if nothing else will move you remember I'm helpless. I would do it for you if you were in like state; promise."

No man who realizes his manhood can resist an appeal like that, especially when he views one who had it and lost it. I gave him my promise, though grudgingly, for I wanted to see him happy.

When she came again, I saw how determined she was. She wanted him and he, supported by my presence kept fighting, fighting her desire. I was aiding him in his obstinacy and gave her no opporeunity; my presence was a bar to her pleading. She tried on several occasions to be alone with him, but I would not yield; I had promised. I incurred her displeasure and even my mother's who sympathized with her. And still I would not yield; I had promised. And though I hated myself for it when Herbert refused to release me, I stuck to my bond.

Emily came to know of my promise, however, to know why it was given and determined to play the game herself, to circumvent us both. When a woman wants a thing it is of no avail to keep her from it; she is bound to get it.

Herbert could now leave his room and get around on crutches. His injured leg was done up in splints; his spine supported by a plaster of Paris jacket. Emily and I used to help him about, one on either side, thus enabling him to walk out in the open air and sunshine. He needed no night nurse now. In the evenings I would see him safely beneath the covers, see that he had everything within reach that he might possibly want, and then take my departure, visiting him again the following morning.

But one day this programme was interrupted. While I was still in that dreamy state 'twixt waking and sleeping, the fragrant aroma of coffee came to me, and when I became fully awake I found that there was real coffee. Aye and more, a trayful of delicacies, and a white piece of paper, a note:

"What is up?" I wondered, but I wasn't long in finding out.

Dear Son (read the note):

Sorry to inconvenience you any, but there is no other way, dear. You have no right to interfere in Emily's affairs. You will be a prisoner in your room, from which you cannot emerge until you agree to remain away from Herb's today. I know you have promised him, but you were free to be at his side then. This absolves you. As soon as you are ready to comply, knock on the floor three times and I will open the door for you.

Your Mother.

I sat down and laughed until the tears came into my eyes. "Get ahead of a woman," I muttered, "not much. No man was ever clever enough."

Then I began to cogitate the situation. After all, my heart was never in that promise to Herb, for it kept him from the love, the solace of a true woman. But it had been forced from me. Now I was forced to relinquish that promise and to tell the truth I was glad I was forced to. If I could decently have done so, I would have knocked compliance at once, but for propriety's sake, I had to show a certain amount of outraged obstinacy and offended dignity.

Accordingly I waited an hour, hugely enjoying the situation before giving the signal of capitulation, and when Mother opened the door, I stalked out past her, terribly indignant. Poor Mother, I saw how much she felt this enforced restraint put upon me; I can see her beseeching, yearning face yet. I was not long indignant, I can tell you; in five minutes I went up to her and kissed her and graciously forgave her.

But all that day I was restless, wondering much how the final outcome was to be accomplished, though I could picture just what it would be. To my mind the final outcome had been for a long time a foregone conclusion: Herb would be made to yield.

It was not until towards evening, however, that my suspense was lifted. I saw her coming up the garden path in jaunty, happy strides and I needed no interpreter. I held out my hand before she could speak a word and mine were the first words spoken.

"I congratulate you, Emily," I said. "He is a good fellow. You both deserve happiness."

She beamed radiantly. "Thank you, Jack," she said. "But, oh, it was hard. Yes, I won out," she went on, smiling now, a wonderful light in here eyes. "I had literally to force his consent. I knew all the time it was out of love for me he was holding back. Ah, poor, dear Herbert."

Motehr came out at this juncture and the two embraced and kissed repeatedly, interspersed with crying, sighing and the running of the entire scale of human emotions as interpreted by women. My presence was forgotten.

Mother finally said, holding Emily at arm's length and gazing at her as a lover might, "And it came out as you wished, dear Emily. I am so glad."

"Yes, Aunt Julia," answered Emily. "After a hard fought battle, I won. He was so obstinate, so unyielding. Again and again he erected barricades of arguments against me, which I had to tear down. He told me that he would always be a cripple; I waved aside that objection. He told me that I needed a protector, a strong arm to shield me. I laughed and answered that for once at least the weak would shield the strong. He said he should be a weight, a burden all of his life. I told him that I needed just that for an even balance, I had entirely too much ease on the other scale.

"When he found these arguments would not move me he tried another tack. He said that he did not believe in marriage; that marriage was a snare, love an hallucination. He did not believe in either; in fact, he was a woman-hater.

"I said: 'You did not always believe so. I can hear your vows yet, Herb. No man ever uttered more ardent ones.' "

Emily smiled. "Aunt, he squirmed then; he couldn't answer me for a moment. Then he said, 'I have grown wiser since. Illusions vanish with the years.'

" 'What caused them to vanish, Herb?' I asked. I had him there; he could formulate no reply that would help him. Every angle of retreat was blocked, save one —and that he took.

" 'Please, please,' he begged, 'can't you see that you are torturing me?' But I had to be cruel in order to be kind. We were in the reception room, aunt; I was sitting beside him on the divan. I placed my hand on his shoulder and compelled him to look at me. 'Herb, dear,' I said, 'enough of this foolish fencing. I know that you love me. I will not desist, I will not leave you until you tell me that you do.'

"A cry broke from him. 'I am only a poor, waste hulk,' he said. 'What do you want with a man like me?'

"I felt then that I had won. 'No waste hulk,' I retorted happily, 'but the one, the only man in the world for me. Can't you see I want you, you only? Herb, dear, give in. You need me.'

"He shook his head. 'I will never be a man again, Emily.'

" 'Whatever you are, you I want', I gave back. 'Kiss me, Herb,' I said.

" 'Don't, don't, Emily, for Heaven's sake, stop.' He tried to push me away.

" 'Kiss me, Herb,' I repeated, clinging to him.

" 'Emily, Emily,' he cried. His two arms were around me them. He drew me close to him—I found he was not a bit weak.

"After that we talked for an hour. We will be married next month."

Emily and mother stood there in the gloaming, hands clasped while I remained alone, a thing apart. It was as if I had no existence, as if I were completely obliterated. Yet I was forced to remain and see and listen, for I did not want to break the spell that was upon them both, by even so much as stirring.

Twenty years have elapsed since then, but to me the drama is repeated every time I see Herbert or his wife. Oh, yes, he fully recovered; the manipulations of a famous surgeon finally restored him to wholesome manhood again; his infirmity entirely disappearing.

As did "The Jolly Bachelors" also. Herbert Stormout's fall was a signal for our disintegration. Not only that, but for a quiverful of Cupid's arrows as well.

For we proved true and loyal men to our leader and speedily followed his leadership in becoming traitors and benedicts. The last of the twelve was married within three years from the date of Stormout's apostasy.

S. J. GOLDBERG, M. D.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

BRIEF OF A BUZZARD

While the rich may scowl and the poor may growl,
The strong impose on the weak,
And the high may whine and the low repine,
And the brave from troubles sneak—
I possess no foe on this earth below,
No rival to cause me care,
And though envied not is my loathsome lot,
I'm king of the trackless air.

To the sky-line's end I have not a friend,
No chum may I call my own;
By the beasts that slay and the birds of prey,
I'm left evermore alone;
But I neither fret nor intone regret,
Nor seek such a fate to shun,
For I know this loam will afford a home,
And food until death is done.

And I need not slave for the stuff I crave,
Nor scheme for a measly crumb;
With mankind athrill with the lust to kill,
I'm sure that the meals will come;
For I feast on all, both the great and small,
Regardless of pedigree,
And I fear, almost, that it is my boast
No living thing will eat me.

Let the price of life be incessant strife,
On land, in the air or sea;
It has been this way since the birth of day,
And so will it ever be;
But I mock each gale, and I soar and sail,
A picture of peace sublime,
Far above the sod in the blue of God,
And patiently bide my time.

RALPH M. THOMSON, M. D.

OBITER DICTA

AESOP UP TO DATE. THE PEASANT AND THE TRAVELER.

A Rustic, who had given Shelter to a Stranger on a Wintry Day, noticed the chilled Wight blowing upon his Hands to keep them Warm. Afterwards, serving him with Hot Soup, he was surprised at seeing the same Procedure applied to the Cooling of the Consomme. "Out of my House," he exclaimed, in virtuous but frank indignation. "I'll harbor no Man who blows Hot and Cold with the same Breath." But the Traveler happened to be versed in Natural Science, in fact, a pupil of Empedocles, and was ready to come back with a Rational Rejoinder. "My Friend," he replied, "do not delude yourself with Phrases. As a Matter of Fact, my Breath is neither Hot nor Cold, but consistently Warm. The Hot and the Cold apply, respectively and in turn, to the Soup and the Hands. Both are moderated, sensibly and practically, by my Breath. The Thermal Cause and Effect are evident, even to a Bucolic Boob, in the one Case. In the Other, there are such Matters of Calorimetry to consider as Specific Heat, Conductivity in Fluids and Air, Inertia of Atmosphere, which are beyond your Ken. If you ever come to Athens, I shall be pleased to show you some Experiments, and in Words of One Syllable explain these Phenomena of Thermo-Dynamics to your Arcadian Intellect. For the Present, Fare-Well, and Learn to Beware of Snap Judgments.

MORAL: Consistency is a Jewel; also, a Convenient Phrase for Parrots.

LOGIC AND SOCIAL MEDICINE.

The Medical Society of Bay Ridge is unanimously opposed to the Health Centre (Sage) bill because it is paternalistic (like compulsory education, inspection, regulation of industries); also, because it is visionary, idealistic, and impractical (as were all the above, besides Boards of Health, Municipal Water, Fire, Police and Street Cleaning Departments before they were put in practice). The same Society is against the Medical Registration Bill, because "it nullifies the license already granted us to practice medicine in perpetuity," also because it is "demeaning to a great and noble profession in its requirements as to filing of photographs." Dear, dear, what do the members of a g. and n. profession do when they apply for a passport, and does anyone object to annual registration of automobiles or their drivers? Let us disabuse our Minds of BUNK.

BUSY-BODIES.

Children like to play with intricate mechanisms, and generally end by marring them beyond repair. So, grown-up children put their fingers into privacies and personalities, with an itch to handle. This does not show a desire to know or a real loving interest, but an itch to control, however futile and piffling. It always betrays a sub-conscious lack of real power, and is a compensation and self-justification for that lack.

INDIGNITIES.

"Another indignity is the assumption by the local Department of Health of the rôle of teacher and guide in general to the medical profession as proclaimed in its official bulletin, etc."—Bulletin No. 2, October, 1920, New York Medical Association.

Isn't it too bad! And there were enough indignities, before, such as requests by patients for a medical consultation, competitive examinations, promotion tests, retirement for age. But other professions are subjected to the same contemptuous treatment, by the assumption of the rôle of teacher and guide in official bulletins, etc., by the Weather Bureau to the farmers, by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey to pilots and ship-masters, by the Department of the Interior to agriculturists, by the Bureau of Animal Industry to cattle raisers. Of course, we must never forget that the medical profession is the one and only profession which does not need teaching and guiding. We know it all, and what is more, we always did.

STATE AND INDIVIDUAL.

By means of health centres the protection of the health of the community and of the family, formerly the duty of the individual and of the family physician is to be assumed as a police power of the State through the public health officials. "Ain't it awful!" Just so the protection of the life and property of the community and individual, formerly "the duty of the individual," or his private bodyguard or hired watchman, was assumed as a police power of the State through the public officials. And, except in progressive, forward-looking and individualistic communities like Arabia, Tibet, and the Marquesas, the duty of the individual to supply pure drinking water and milk, teach, grade, and even feed children, destroy tainted food, examine teachers, abolish nuisances, see that workshops were kept sanitary, clean out sewers

and privies, for the protection of the health of the community and of the family, has been "assumed as a police power by the State." Probably, because the independent practitioners were not able to defeat the paternalistic scheme.

MY COUNTRY.

It is a particularly nasty kind of Cuttle-fish that hides behind a discharge of ink that is not sepia-colored, but red, white and blue; and a particularly pernicious Demagog that exalts Debatable Topics into Tests of Patriotism.

TACTUS ERUDITUS.

Fingers were made before Forks, also before Phonendoscopes and Sphygmographs. The Old Ducks of Classic Times were not one, two, three on Methods of Precision, but, Jumping Jehosaphat, how they could size up the Patient.

TEAM-WORK AND SIDE-LIGHTS.

The Artist, the Poet, the Novelist, have had the Intuition and Imagination of Life which the Clinician has too often lacked. They have sensed and then proceeded to limn, to sing, to describe,—without training in matters medical,—types and individual idiosyncrasies, manifestations of temper, temperament and character, nay of disposition and diseases, too, which the doctors of their times were oblivious.

There are Two Niggers in the Wood-Pile of all Opposition to Social Progress. They are Privilege, and the Interests.

SURE-FIRE STUFF.

Pep, Efficiency, Energy, are Magic Words for the Intellect infatuated with a Mechanical Civilization, and a Quantitative Standard of life. For others there are still some saving Virtues in the contemplative Mind, the Humane Instinct, the judicial Temperament, in critical Insight, artistic Fancy, and the Love of Beauty.

JUSTICE IS BLIND.

Perhaps that is why it is so easy for Powers that be to put false Weights in her Scales, and get away with it. The most brutal and dangerous force being that which masquerades as due process of law and cheats, steals and kills in terms of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

Justice laughs when Courts decide that a Community may control Police, Schools, Health, Parks and Streets, but not a Jitney Bus, and that a Manufacturer must pay Damages for Stinks which disturb wealthy Neighbors, but may poison Operatives with Impunity.

THE QUINTESSENCE OF FREUD.

Freud's theory of the unconscious is more than a psychological hypothesis. It has almost the scope of a philosophic system, with wide implications in sociology, ethics, and art, as well as in every-day life. The basic idea is a dualistic conception of human personality. It sees two natures struggling within us. One, primal, submerged, vital, with the drive of hunger, sex and fight, and essentially egoistic and asocial; the other, superimposed by society, ethical, law-abiding, altruistic, conventional. It is the conflict between these two, the ego and the censor—whom once we called the conscience—a conflict adjusted at times, but irrepressible in the long run, that is responsible for such things as doubts and dreams, prejudices and jealousies, slips of speech, the lapses of everyday life, to say nothing of poetry and art, the fancies of the visionary, and, last but not least, neurosis and psychic disease. Surely a wide prospect on life, at once suggestive and interesting.

On this prospect Freud's theory throws a vivid light, but one, unfortunately neither steady, clear nor accurately focused. It is difficult to preserve the Baconian attitude toward it, for the view is obscured by a veritable jungle of mysticism, speculation, half-truths spread thin to cover a situation, facts twisted to fit a theory, and, finally, by a plentiful lack of knowledge of human history, human nature and human life. A mosaic can be thought to look like anything we wish, as can pictures in the glowing coals, or the cloud—"very like a whale"—pointed out by Hamlet to Polonius. The enormous importance attached to the Oedipus complex is not Greek, but Prussian, as is the exaggeration of the infantile antagonism between father and son, between mother and daughter.

The theory, apart from certain fundamental principles which are not altogether new, needs to be taken with a very considerable grains of salt. The most valuable part of Freud's work is, undoubtedly, the careful study of the mechanism of the dream, the fable, and of fancy, and the demonstration of their essential identity. His analogies and symbolism, his mystic coordinations and transferences, including the whole extravagant fabric of infantile sex reactions, will be largely discounted by the scientifically trained observer of human life, individual or communal.

P. H. F.

SPRING FEVER

RAY HOPPMAN. West Hoboken, N. J.

Spring fever attacks, counter attacks and outflanks persons at this time of the year. It is unanimous. Everybody gets it. Which goes to show how impartial it really is. The symptoms are as follows:

Temporary uselessness of the knowledge pot.

A passionate affection for the feather bed.

Leaden feet.

And a general "Don't care" feeling.

Spring fever attacks everything from inch worms to elephants, including human beings. Persons endure the long, weary winter months patiently waiting for spring, but do not enjoy that season when it arrives because nature puts them in a dormant state at that time.

Persons thus afflicted are too lazy to eat, sleep, drink or work. Particularly the latter. In fact, they are too lazy to be lazy. The average individual spends so much time holding his head in his hands and resting his elbows on his knees that the result is—elbows are becoming so flat they can be used for emergency feet soon. The thinking that a man does when in the fond embrace of this affliction wouldn't cause a ripple in an ant's brain.

Spring fever is certainly misnamed because nobody feels at all like springing. Men who think they are normal walk about the garden in nightmares, dropping shoe buttons into the ground, believing they are radish and cucumber seeds. That is why the harvest is usually so poor.

Persons who are thrifty and careful with their money buy a package of chewing gum for five cents, hand over a five dollar bill and walk away, too lazy to wait for the change. Hungry cats that haven't tasted food so long that they wonder what their teeth are for will permit playful mice to bite their floating ribs without making a move to seize a fat and tempting rodent.

It is a common thing for persons to see a ten dollar bill on the sidewalk and pass it by because they are too lazy to pick it up. Some large business concerns are thinking of installing beds for their employees because they don't do anything but sleep when they arrive at their places of work, anyway.

Spring exists only in theory. Since the beginning of time nobody has witnessed it. Everybody walks about in a state of coma from the beginning to the end of the season. Blossoms, violets, and all that goes with spring we believe we have seen, but we have not because we have been sleeping during that time. They are merely the ravings of some old mossback's wild imagination and we believe him because we know something must have happened while our eyelids have been glued together.

Spring is supposed to be the time when sweethearts spoon most foolishly. As a matter of fact, when a young man calls on his sweetheart during that time they spend an enjoyable evening sleeping on opposite sides of the sofa. It may be that nature puts us to sleep purposely during that season to put something over on us. Be that as it may, the average human is about as alert at that time as a clam with two broken legs and a bent backbone.

STRANGE JOKES

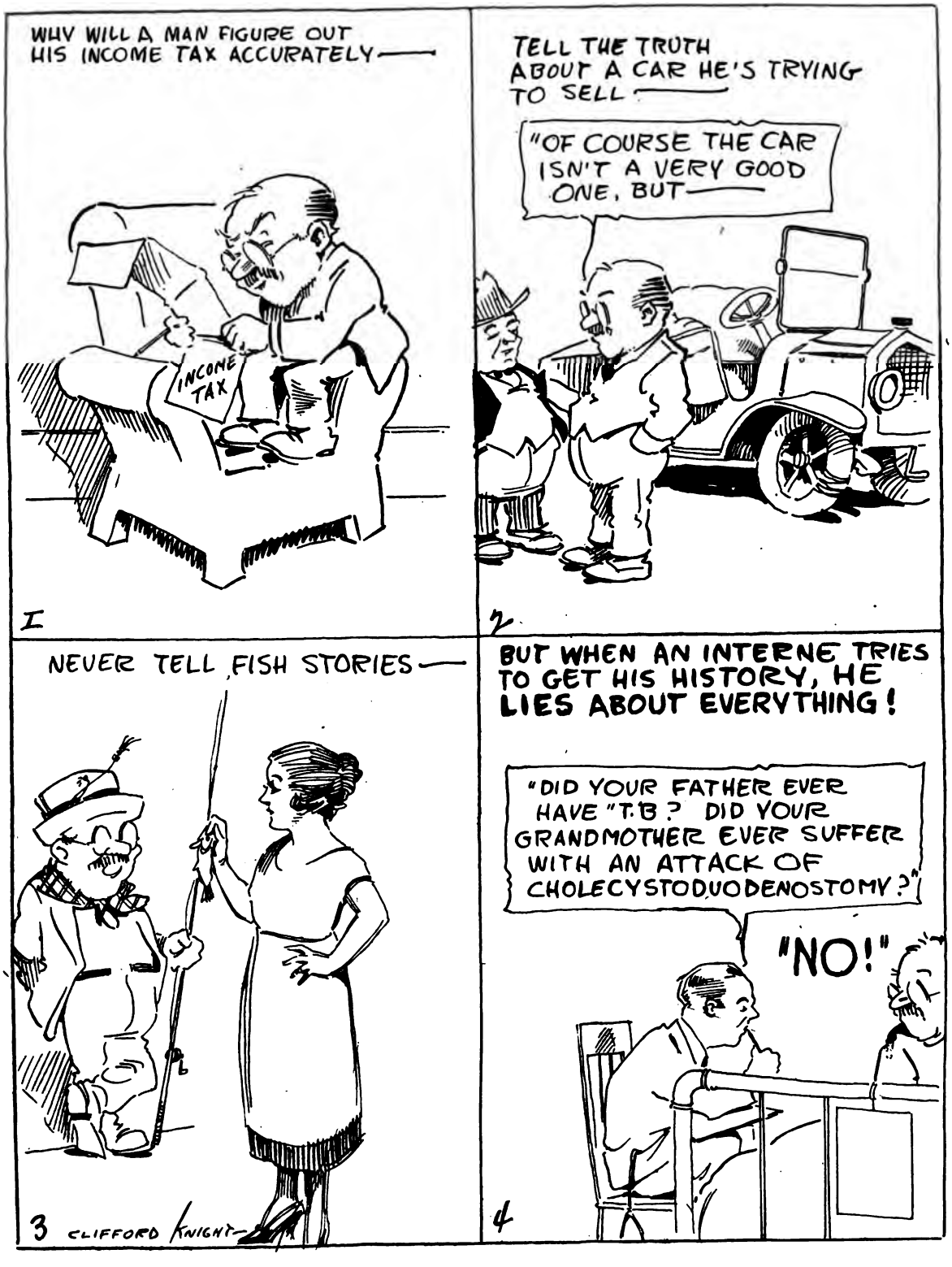
Well, Death is a huge, omnivorous Toad
Grim squatting on a twilight road.
He catcheth all that Circumstance
    Hath tossed to him.
He curseth all who upward glance
    As lost to him.

Once in a whimsey mood he sat
And talked of life in proverbs pat,
To Eve in Eden—"Death, on Life"—
    As if he knew!
And so he toadied Adam's wife
    There, in the dew.

A dainty dew, O morning dew
That gleamed in the world's first dawn, did you
And the sweet grass and manful oaks
    Give lair and rest
To him who toadwise sits and croaks
    His death-behest?

Who fears the hungry Toad? Not I!
He but unfetters me to fly.
The German still, when one is dead,
    Cries out, "Der Tod!"
But, pilgrims, Christ will walk ahead
    And clear the road.

SIDNEY LANIER.


WHY WILL A MAN FIGURE OUT HIS INCOME TAX ACCURATELY—
INCOME TAX
1
TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT A CAR HE'S TRYING TO SELL—
"OF COURSE THE CAR ISN'T A VERY GOOD ONE, BUT—
2
NEVER TELL FISH STORIES—
3
CLIFFORD KNIGHT
BUT WHEN AN INTERNE TRIES TO GET HIS HISTORY, HE LIES ABOUT EVERYTHING!
"DID YOUR FATHER EVER HAVE "T.B.? DID YOUR GRANDMOTHER EVER SUFFER WITH AN ATTACK OF CHOLECYSTODUODENOSTOMY?"
"NO!"
4

WHIZZERINKTUMS

GLORIFYING BUNCOMBE.

Nothing gives us more food for thought than to read the solemn reports of commissions which endeavor to analyze "delinquent" women. A recent scientific (?) dissertation ascribes the reason as poverty. Some say deficient mentality. Just what is a "delinquent" woman? These commissions remind us of the wheeze we pulled in a southern newspaper during the late lamented war. Psychiatric boards were examining and recording mentality of all the soldiers and we watched their frenzied efforts to make good with the Division Surgeon. Unable to restrain ourself longer, we put fort hin hot type a question that was never answered by the "nut" boards. We simply said: "*Who examined the Nut Board?*" So, who says the commissions are without trace of delinquency? It is to lawff. The so-called human race is decidedly interesting, *isn't it?*

These small-town congressmen who are still busy explaining how and why we should have lost the late lamented war, and who are still heaving bricks instead of seeking advice from such men as Charles G. Dawes had better lay off before they get laughed out of their small spotlight. More than two million men, all voters, are more intent on the main show than these small sideshows, set up to distract attention. What these two million ex-soldiers want to see is some interest devoted to slackers, to the crooks, to those who contributed in any manner to block the game, when we barely won by a hair! We often wonder, those of us who were overseas, if this country ever knew how near defeat we were when we played our ace at Chateau Thierry. But war talk is really boresome, is it not? We'll desist.

THEY MEAN OL' ULTIMATE CONSUMER.

"Consumer's Strike" is an expression that brought forth a reaction from this writer. Who ever thought he had the strength to strike? Who believes that he did?

ONE'S DREAMS AT LEAST SHOULD BE PRIVATE.

"The thing was an inspiration. 'Alcibiades,' said I, 'take this limousine and see that it is given to Herby Hoover. I want his invisible guests to ride around in it; you and I can get along with a Ford.' 'Beg pardon, sir,' demurred Alcy, 'but if I may be so bold as to say it, you should reconsider this very altruistic idea.' But I was adamant. I turned on my heel, humming a new song." . . . My wife awakened me. "You were singing in your sleep," she said, "what were you dreaming about?" I refused to tell and since I alone knew, the secret has been kept—up to now.

SING LO.

LIGHT

RALPH M. THOMSON, M. D.

Heart-sick,
I faced the night,
With mingled doubt
And fright.

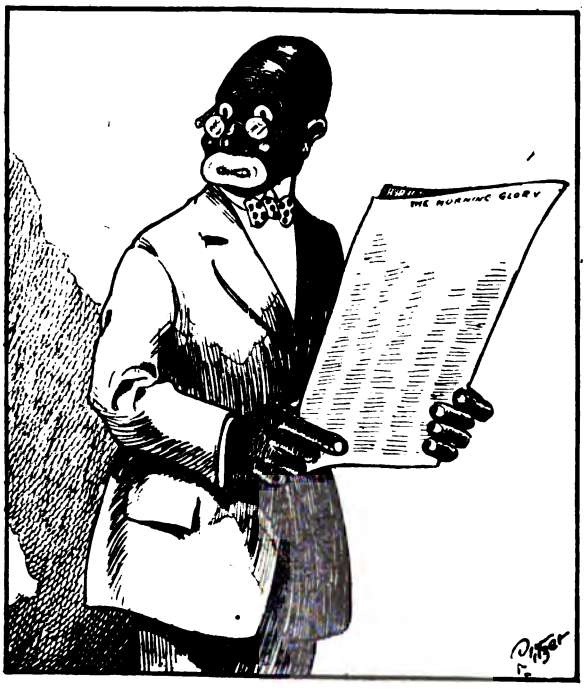
Soul-worn,
I stumbled on,
Although the stars
Were gone.

Then, at
The magic stroke
Of some fay's wand—
Day broke!

Dr. Thrifty believed in this motto for everyone,

BUT he hung up this to encourage transient patients.

Young Doctor Jinks about to propose to his lady fair suddenly forgets what he came for.

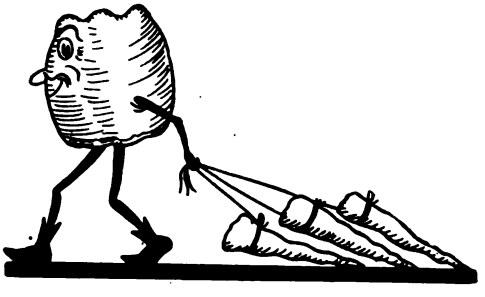


"Says here how they foun' a pre'storic man's bones. Fust time Ah knew this gamblin' game dates so far back!"

DOCTOR GOOSE RHYMES

Doctor man, doctor man, you must have some pull.
Yes, sir; yes, sir; your mouth is full—
Of wisdom teeth and molars,
If it was not for me,
Where would your dear teeth be.

Little Tommy Brown
Has gone to town,
He lost a tooth,
In a telephone booth,
And doesn't know where to find it.
If he leaves it alone—
Will it come home—
Pulling its roots behind it?



ALVIN J. WOLFF.

(Age 11 years)

New York City.

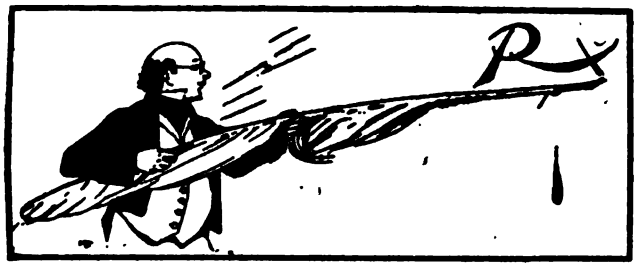
We can live in contradiction to our theories, but not in contradiction to our feelings.

* * *

Most men, like other animals, are frightened or reassured by trifles.

* * *

All vanity is a symptom of shocking egotism, and egotism poisons friendship.



THE MEDICAL PICKWICK is a monthly literary magazine for and by physicians.
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MAY, 1921.

THE EVIL I.

WHITHER is the present adolescent generation drifting? Are present styles in books, dress, amusements, occupations and conversations evidence of decadence and iniquity? Are the young men and young women destined to perdition because of moral obliquity and deterioration?

The youth of the land are the products of the adults who are most assiduous in criticism. They are the natural outcome of their heredity and environment. They are what they are, because society and social standards are responsible for their development. If the growing generation is a failure, so is the older generation that has created their world as they have given life to their bold offsprings. Are parents failures? Is the whole world wrong? Have the school, the state, the church, social institutions surrendered to degeneracy, looseness and moral anarchy?

Let us be honest with the young. If they are no better, they are no worse than their forebears. Rouge, lip sticks, short skirts and hidden ears are not the determiners of morality. The pantalettes of an earlier age were no greater moral hazards than bell skirts or bustles. The desire to stimulate beauty or to accentuate it is not synonymous with defectiveness or lack of self-control. Styles change on brief notice, but morals possess the elements of continuity.

Every age has railed against its youth and feared for their immortal souls. In all fairness, thought should be given to the increased power of the young persons of nineteen-twenty-one. They are not weaklings physically and the era of sport has produced a type of woman that is roseate with the glow of abounding vitality and vigor. In a crisis these young vigorous human animals respond with an alacrity and forcefulness that commands unstinted approbation.

Mentally, as a group, the older generation of critics, at the age of their children, would suffer by comparison with them—which of course is as it should be. Educational standards have risen and the average education of this generation at twenty years is far, far above that possessed when their male elders were preparing for the ballot rite.

Morally, who possesses any evidence that the dictates of Dame Grundy and the influences of this age have resulted in a lowering of standards? Is there any increase of crime, dissoluteness, dissipation, licentiousness that is attributable to the free life of today? There is no tangible evidence to support the pessimistic fears for the future parents of the children of the next generation.

The greatest crime to age is youth's arrogant independence and self-indulgence. The real spirit of youth is frankness, enthusiasm, and play in a manner befitting the age in which it lives and in accordance with conscience and decency—judged by its own social standards. Age is inelastic, fearful, damaged, and therefore hesitant about granting approval to any methods of living contravening tradition—and it has ever been thus. History is repeating another of its chants of dismay, disgust and desire. The evil assumed, is mainly fancied—if not the reflection of a disturbed and repressed ego. Evil to him who evil thinketh.

Why not ask concerning the frightful and outrageous demoralization of the grandparents. Why don't they stay home nights, go to bed early, wear long white beards, use canes, and give kindly advice to the love-lorn or the young parents? How strange that they dance, and play golf, dye their hair, and wear youthful clothes. And isn't it astonishing how many young girls of sixty years and over one meets competing with daughters and granddaughters of forty to sixteen for honors in advanced style! They, too, are keeping up with youth and consecrating their years to the art of living. Chronological age is deceitful; physiological age is undependable; psychological age determines conduct.

No, the younger group are real, living, spirited and dependable. They are ingenious but knowing; powerful but restrained; overdressed and overpainted, but understanding fair play and honest dealing. They are the products of the world as it has been and is. Their children probably will present another set of problems to them when they fill the emptied shoes of those who are so solicitous for their welfare that they shed tears, sigh and close their eyes in silent protest and prayer—and all because the young are young!

A FEW GREAT FACTS DUE TO ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION
WHICH SAVE THOUSANDS OF LIVES AND PREVENT SUFFERING
THE GREAT DISCOVERY OF VACCINATION- A WONDERFUL PREVENTIVE OF SMALLPOX- LESSENS SMALLPOX DEATH RATE TO ONE-FOURTH OF FORMER RATE.
DIPHTHERIA ANTITOXIN DISCOVERED - BRINGS DEATH RATE FROM DIPHTHERIA DOWN TO ABOUT ONE-FOURTH OF THE FORMER DEATH RATE.
FLEXNER'S DISCOVERY OF SERUM AGAINST CEREBROSPINAL MENINGITIS - SAVES 500 OUT OF 1000 CASES.
DISCOVERY OF ANTITYPHOID VACCINE - A WONDERFUL PREVENTIVE OF TYPHOID FEVER (USED WITH GREAT SUCCESS IN U. S. ARMY)
HEALTH CONDITIONS OF LOWER ANIMALS GREATLY BENEFITED AND DISEASES CURED.
U. S. EXPORT TRADE IN ANIMAL PRODUCTS INSURED BY USE OF PREVENTIVES AND CURES OF ANIMAL DISEASES.
DISCOVERY OF ANTISEPTIC METHODS AND METHOD OF BLOOD TRANSFUSION BY SEWING BLOOD VESSELS TOGETHER.
INTRODUCTION OF ANTISEPTIC SURGERY.
"SCOURGE OF MOTHERHOOD" BANISHED.
IMMUNOLOGY ESTABLISHED.
PASTEUR TREATMENT MADE POSSIBLE.
DISCOVERY OF ANESTHETICS.
GREAT REDUCTION OF SUFFERING AND DEATHS FROM CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, TUBERCULOSIS, PUERPERAL FEVER, THE PLAGUE AND MANY OTHER DISEASES.
REMARKABLE PROGRESS MADE IN THE CURE OF CANCER.
PANAMA CANAL ZONE MADE INHABITABLE.
DEVELOPMENT OF THE WONDERFUL SURGERY OF WAR AND PEACE
IGNORANCE
OBSTINACY
NARROW-MINDEDNESS
LACK OF KNOWLEDGE
MISGUIDED SENTIMENTALISM
PERSONAL IDIOSYNCRASY
PREJUDICE
BIASED ATTACK ON VIVISECTION
ATTACK
SQUEAMISHNESS
ANTIVIVISECTION AGITATOR
WASTE PAPER
500,000 DOGS AND CATS KILLED IN A YEAR TO GET THEM OFF THE STREETS
UNLIMITED NUMBER OF YOUNG ANIMALS KILLED FOR FOOD
Phifer

His Back Turned to the Facts.

HIS FIRST CASE

CHAPTER 12.—With the Dawning of the Morning.

THE first streak of yellow in the eastern sky was a signal for many of the inhabitants to arise from their slumbers, and before the golden sun had peeped over the high hills, the kitchen fires were burning and the outdoor chores were being done in the hazy, reddened light that reflected from the increasing brilliancy of the cloudless sky, and the sun finally appearing upon the scene with splendor and dignified glory found many people at their tasks.

And, as the morning dawned the last breath left the body of Mrs. Everett, who had rallied from the operation, only to succumb to the inevitable shock. Fred bent over Justina as she knelt beside the bed, and placed his hand on her shoulder, intending to console her, but the grief-crazed girl arose and whirled upon him, standing tensely, her eyes blazing, her face pale.

"Go!" she screamed, pointing her slender finger toward the door. "I never want to see you again. You—you—you murderer!"

Tom Ganey, who had spent the whole night in walking up and down the yard, smoking his corncob pipe constantly, while Fred and the nurse had battled at the bedside, followed the young physician after he had stumbled out of the house, stunned by Justina's harsh denunciation, and took him by the hand.

"Come, let's go home, Doctor," he said, "and get our breakfast. Alice will stay with Justina—the girl needs a woman with her now. You must brace up and get control of yourself. You look haggard and weak and about fifteen years older. Don't pay any attention to what Justina said—she's distracted with grief and not responsible—she didn't mean it."

"I know she didn't," said Fred, "but it hurts just the same to think that she'd feel that way even for a single instant; after I've worked so hard, only to fail."

They walked onward, slowly, toward home.

"You did everything you could," declared the storekeeper. "Nobody could have put up a better fight than you did, so don't worry over it; it couldn't be helped, and what can't be helped must be endured. I suppose that any doctor who doesn't have some deaths in his practice is a doctor who doesn't have any practice."

Thus the practical Tom Ganey dismissed the subject.

But Fred Forson, glancing at the clear eastern sky which promised such a beautiful day, knew that, now, with the dawning of the morning, he was called upon to face a dreaded terror; a mighty power under which strong men have broken down; a mysterious force that is sufficient to make them quake and tremble; an energy capable of striking them to the ground and causing them to wither in the dust, hiding from the view of other men; an influence that has crumbled ambition and shattered the hopes of millions—the judgment of the people.

* * * * * * * *

News travels fast in this day and age, and through the village and the wide countryside the discussion of the tragedy was at its height; for the people were greatly surprised and shocked at the events of the night before, as Mrs. Everett was beloved by most of them, and the suddenness of the visitation, coming as it did without warning, caused bitter words to be said in haste, to be forgotten by the speaker almost as soon as uttered.

But there are a few people who are always ready to criticise and denounce, ever bent on the destruction of something, be it professional reputation or moral character. These individuals fan the spark of gossip until it becomes a raging fury, and, yet, the very ones who talk the most are the ones who know the least concerning the subject under discussion, and especially is it so that the least they know about the mysteries and ailments of the human body the more apt they are to put forth their opinion.

Fred knew of the judgment that would be passed upon him, and he went about his work that day with a depression which was notably visible. He knew that there would be many who would blame him. Death is the physician's most dangerous enemy, for not only does it torture his soul with worry, but adds its quota of enemies among the living. He knew that this was human nature, and, to him, the thoughts of it was exaggerated until his imaginative faculties caused him to feel that all whom he met were chanting to him the dreadful word Justina had cried:

"Murderer!—murderer!—murderer!"

In the hills to the southwest, where the rugged country extended far from the river, thus protruding like a huge arm into what should be the prairie lands, where the top of the hills were always dry, giving to this district the appropriate name of Dry Ridge, there lived about a dozen

families, all of shiftless disposition, existing in poverty and ignorance, tilling the rocky soil only enough to raise sufficient food to carry them from season to season, with enough left over to buy sugar, coffee and salt, and to keep the women in calico, and the men in blue-jeans and tobacco.

"It's just a plain case of experimentin'," said one of the women of this section to a neighbor who had brought the news. "That young Doc Forson didn't know what was the matter with her, and he went ahead and operated on her and killed her—you can't tell me no different."

"Yes," drawled the neighbor, leaning his back against the fence for support, and jamming both hands deep into his pockets so as to get them out of the way, "like enough he cut somethin' he hadn't orter. They say he stuffed a big rubber tube in her side and left it there—big as my thumb, accordin' to what I heard." He removed his hand from his pocket and held up the rough, blackened thumb for inspection, more clearly demonstrating the size of the tube. "'Tain't nobody can stand that kind of goin' on, and it's heathenish, too, in my way of thinkin'."

"Maybe he busted her stomach," said the husband of the woman who had first spoken.

"May be so," agreed the neighbor. "Maybe that's the reason he put the tube in."

"Anyway, she's dead," returned the woman, "and he ought to be held to account for it. I ain't in favor of havin' young doctors runnin' around experimentin' on folks, even if it is that Everett woman who ain't much loss nohow, but it might be me next."

Her husband took a fresh chew, biting desperately through a stem in his plug, put it back in his pocket, took off his broad straw hat and joined his neighbor in leaning against the fence, while he scratched his shaggy head vigorously. "You needn't worry, old woman," he assured her. "If you get sick I'll send for old Doc Deeny, down the river, and he'll fix you up. Doc knows what he's doin', Doc does—no experimentin' with him. He'd a give Mrs. Everett some sassafras tea and some rhubarb root; then he'd a rubbed her stomach with some liniment he smakes special, and he'd put a mustard draft on, and she'd be a well woman today, instead of bein' where she's at. These young doctors, with all their book learnin', ain't what they're cracked up to be, I'm lettin' you know."

"Pa," spoke up Dolly, the daughter of the house, "you don't know what you're talkin' about. Doc Lants was there and he knows how to do."

"Didn't you hear Mr. Green say that Doc Lants got sick and didn't help none at all?" said the mother. "Even if he did I ain't got no faith in him. He's a city doctor and they're too much for cuttin'."

"But, ma, look how many people Doc Forson's saved, some of them live right around here, too—remember the Riley child. Maybe you're judgin' him wrong."

Her father grinned so broadly that tobacco juice trickled through the opening where some teeth had been extracted. He wiped it off with his sleeve. "You're young, Dolly, and good lookin'," he said, "and the Doc's young and good lookin', too, so your judgment don't count for nothin'. You've got to look at these things with the wisdom of age. That Riley kid wasn't very sick."

"That's right," echoed the neighbor, scratching his back against the fence. "You young folks ain't got the perspectation of us older ones, Dolly."

And so it went, the people of the hill country could probably be excused for such remarks, for their ignorance warranted them. What knew they of anatomy or physiology or pathology? But in the vast country of the lowlands and on the prairies some ugly remarks were made, where the people were prosperous, educated and refined; many of them college graduates, who were, of course, as ignorant of the ills of the human body as were the hill folks, but the extent of their education should have warned them of their ignorance, for it is education that shows us how little we really know.

"It was a case of too much egotism," said Mrs. Calter, a woman who had consulted Fred the first week of his coming, only to be told that her many ailments were in reality only a combination of one—nerves—and could be controlled with will power, not medicine. She, the wife of a farmer who owned two hundred acres of land which was worth over three hundred dollars an acre, the daughter of a country banker, the graduate of an exclusive woman's college, an accomplished musician, to be told that the pain in her side, the peculiar headaches she was subject to, the heart trouble with which she complained, the dizziness that came in the morning and the dimness of vision at night, was due to nerves! It was preposterous! Yes, humiliating! She was now under the care of a newly-arrived specialist in Oliva—a fashionable physician who specialized in everything. "Doctor Forson knew that he was not capable of performing the operation alone, and he should not have attempted it. It is probable that a man with a wider scope of experience behind him could have saved her life."

"I hardly think so," objected one of her visitors, one of two neighbor women who had stopped a moment on their way to town. The speaker was a woman as wealthy

and as cultured as Mrs. Calter. "Doctor Forson has treated me two or three times and I improved immediately each time. I don't believe any doctor could have done any more than he did."

Mrs. Calter drew herself up haughtily. "Perhaps not!" she snapped. "But he made a big mistake in my case. He's getting too uppish of late, and maybe this will take some of the conceit out of him."

"I can't agree with you at all," laughed the neighbor. "We've had him at our house twice for Jeanette and he seemed very commonplace to me."

"I suppose if you needed an operation you would let him do it?" came the sharp retort.

"Well,—" Ah! though the woman was loyal, the seed was sown and had germinated sufficiently to make her hesitate. "Yes," she answered slowly, and added, "if Doctor Lants was with me."

Mrs. Calter gave her one of her well-known sneering smiles—one of ultimate satisfaction. "So you wouldn't trust him alone? I thought so! Suppose Doctor Lants should get sick again and you would be left to the mercy of the young gentleman in whom you have so much confidence—what then?"

"Oh, well, that probably would never happen again," was the reply. "Come, Ruth, we must be going. I want to express my sympathy to Justina." Then, turning to Mrs. Calter: "Don't you want to go with us?"

"Why, yes; I'll go, if you'll wait a moment until I change my dress. I'll just love to console that dear girl."

"We'll wait," said the ladies in unison.

And—the reader can imagine the kind of consolation Justina received from Mrs. Calter. It was interspersed with bitter references, indirect of course, but they struck deeply into her torn heart and stung her troubled conscience, adding to the fire of insinuations that had been hurled at her that morning, and it seemed to her that the people were holding her directly responsible for her mother's death; which, of course, was a much exaggerated idea, but it must be remembered that her brain was in a whirl and she remembered the comparative few sharp cuts that were injected here and there in the condolences which, it seemed, everybody for miles around had come to offer, and she forgot the many, many people who offered their kind sympathy, quietly, without insinuation or reference to the cause of the disaster, or a hint as to who was blameable.

These intimations were beginning to grow in her mind, and she found herself unconsciously thinking harder and more bitter thoughts of him. Couldn't it all have been different? Perhaps it could? Yes; perhaps if her mother had not have had the operation? Perhaps if Doctor Lants had not failed at the crisis? Like centuries of constant stepping on ancient stairways wears them away and leaves an indentation, so, now, did the frequent allusions to the unskillful treatment to which her mother had been subjected leave an indentation on her mind that could only be removed by active counteraction, constantly and insistently applied.

It was Virginia Donon who did this. The many other people who really had no ill feelings for the young physician and who were sensible enough to know that they were too ignorant of medical subjects to enter into an intelligent discussion concerning such things, kept silent. They, had they only known it, could have alleviated the sorrowed girl to a far greater extent than they did, if they had told her that she had done all that could have been done. Some of them did this, but their numbers were very few. Most of them expressed their surprise and grief, extended their sympathy and offered their assistance if wished—and then passed out, away to other duties more cheerful. Yet they were the very ones who, when future sickness was to come, would call another physician if one was available, for there would remain in their mind a lingering remembrance of this day, and they would feel safer in the hands of a physician whose reputation was secure.

Of course, Justina did not give them a hint of the doubts that were troubling her. She did not even take Mrs. Ganey into her confidence. But when Virginia came, the two girls went into the front room and shut the door and clasped each other in embrace, while the distracted girl broke down and told it all to her dearest friend.

"You silly little goose," said Virginia, trying to be light-hearted, though her blue eyes were shining with tears and her voice was shaky with emotion. "Why should you let a few old devil-cats, who go about from place to place to make mischief, influence you? Of course Doctor Forson did all he could do—and you know as well as I do that he knows how to handle such cases. Even if he *is* young he's had plenty of surgical experience in those big hospitals, and appendicitis cases are common. I'll bet he's seen a million of them. You mustn't think such ugly thoughts."

She said more—much more; all to the same purpose. She left Justina in a much better frame of mind, and

her hard feelings toward Fred were considerably lessened.

Colonel Darl had called as soon as he had heard the news—that is, he called as soon afterward as he could, for the Colonel could not think of making such a call, in fact any call, without first having bathed and shaved and dressed immaculately. Justina had been closeted in the front room with Mrs. Ganey when he came. The nurse, Miss Lacy, who had remained after the departure of the Oliva physicians, coldly refused to disturb her, even for the illustrious Colonel. So he had returned later in the morning with Mrs. Darl. They met Virginia, departing.

"My dear," said the Colonel, bowing to Justina, "we have come to offer our condolences in your great hour of bereavement and to express to you our sincere sympathy. It is most regrettable that your mother should be sacrificed to satisfy the ambitions of an inefficient young surgeon, and that you are made to suffer in this way as a result of his mistake. It is most deplorable. Steps must be taken at once to run this young wolf-in-sheep's-clothing out of town before others shall fall for his scheming, sneaking methods, masked under the disguise of professional respectability. Doctor Lants should not have permitted him to go on with the operation—and, so, for that reason, I hold him equally responsible for the most outrageous crime in the history of our village.

"You I pity, for you were, as were we all, somewhat blinded by the personality of the young man, although I have seen from the time he came that he was not what we desired; but you, being young, could not be expected to see defects in the fine young man, as I could. Your mother, I think, saw them, and, as long as she was her natural self, she steadily and properly refused to let him operate on her."

Then, taking a clean, folded handkerchief from his pocket, he unfolded it carefully and patted each dry eye several times. He bowed again.

"Pray accept our most profound sympathy," he said. "We grieve with you." Then he replaced the handkerchief and spoke again. "Mrs. Darl wishes to talk to you alone. I will send the car for her in half an hour."

He returned to the big black limousine and Charles, the chauffeur, sprang to the ground to open the door for him. He stepped in. Charles shut the door and climbed to his seat. The starter whirred, the engine snorted, the gears clattered and the big car moved off gracefully, with the Colonel and Charles sitting stiffly upright and looking straight to the front, apparently ignorant of the onlookers who were in the yard. Thus had the Colonel lived up to tradition—he had paid his visit with dignity.

Mrs. Darl was more tactful than her husband. She had taken a fancy to Justina as a child and had seen her grow up and bloom into womanhood under her guidance to a great extent, at least so she thought, and it was somewhat true, though often she had found her a rebellious child. She had taught her, years ago, to call the Colonel, Uncle John, and herself, Aunt Rena, although there was no blood relationship.

Her denunciation of Fred Forson was bitter to the utmost. She possessed a rare trait of sarcasm and used it in a very effective manner. She reminded Justina of their close friendship in her childhood days and dwelled upon the fact that now the occasion for it was more needed than ever before. She went back and discussed reminiscences of Mrs. Everett and lauded her to the extent that all of us receive only after we have passed beyond the point of ever hearing it. She told Justina that she was going to take her into her home as a daughter, and that Anna, the maid, was already preparing a room for her, and the lonely girl readily assented to such a plan. Then Mrs. Darl attacked the young physician again, and her reasoning was so apparently logical, her friendship was so really sincere, Justina's mind was in such a whirl, that the poisonous words took effect, and she again felt reconciled over her action of the morning.

Old Doctor Deeny, from the next town down the river, heard the story and was asked many questions concerning it. To all he made the same aversive, prevaricating reply: "I don't understand how it happened," he said. "I've been practicing for over forty years and I've never lost a case of appendicitis yet. It's all in knowing how to handle them."

Later in the afternoon Tom Ganey and his wife started to Oliva, at the request of Justina, to make funeral arrangements, and they stopped for a moment to talk with Mrs. Bean as they passed her house.

"There's a lot of people been along here today," she said, motioning up and down the road, "and everybody's talking and talking, some of them criticising the doctor, but I told them that he brought me out of the grave and I knew if he couldn't save Labena Everett nobody could —that's what I said, and ain't I right? Answer me that?"

She waited for no answer, but, angrily, she advanced in front of the chugging automobile, half-way across the road, and pointed her finger at Henry, who was mowing in the field across the way, and who, seeing the Ganeys, had stopped his work and was coming toward them.

"Henry!" she called, sternly, emphasizing her words with her forefinger, "them horses ain't tired!"

The little Henry stopped a moment. Then he turned about and climbed onto his mowing machine and soon the clickity-click of its intricate parts was heard, as it swept down the vegetation before it.

"No, sir!" she went on speaking. "I stand up for the new doctor. He's pulled a good many people back to life in the short time he's been here—me for one—and we've got no call to blame him for it; for the death, I mean."

"That's right," nodded Mrs. Ganey. "He's very conscientious in his work."

"Of course, it's right!" almost screamed Mrs. Bean. "Who knows better than I do, who's been saved by him; or you, who's a mother for him. I guess I know—me, who's been so low that I could hear the music from the other world."

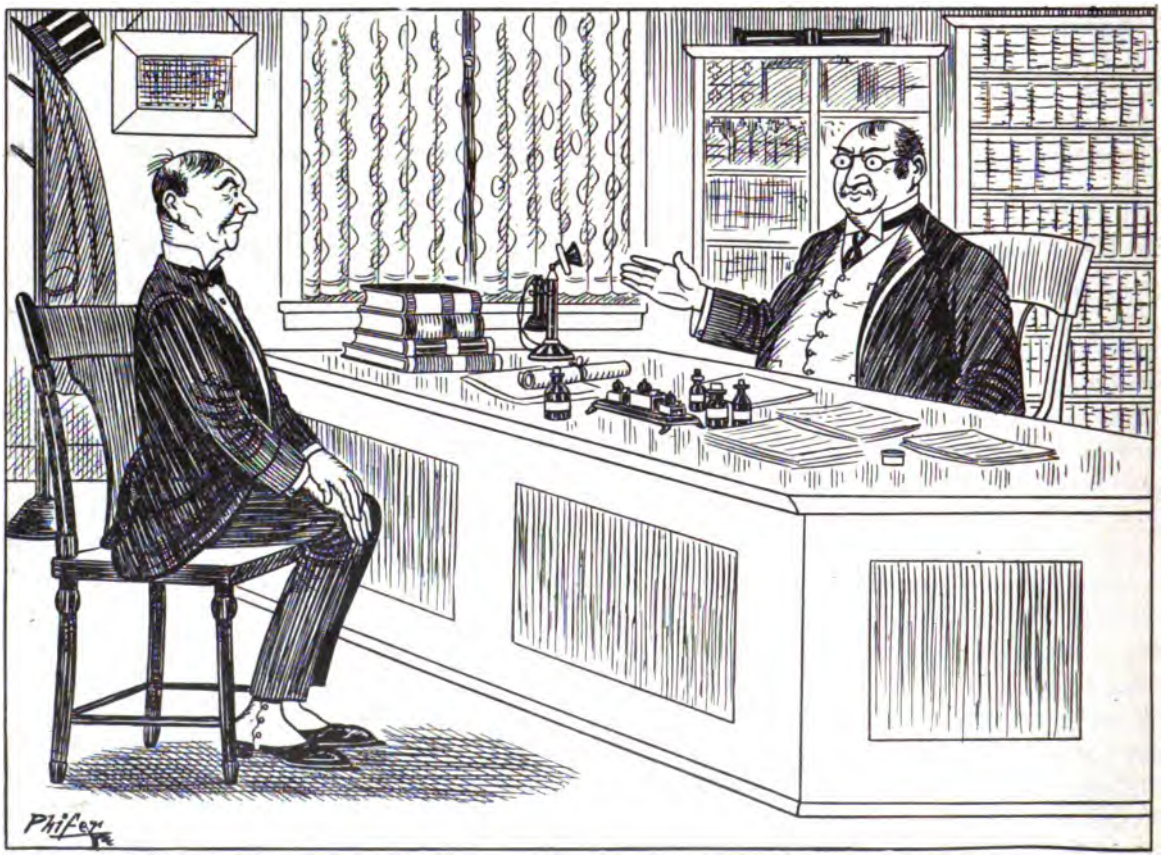
The Ganey car started at once with such a jerk as to nearly throw Mrs. Ganey overboard. "What are you in such a hurry for?" she demanded, after recovering her balance. "I wanted to tell her—"

"I just couldn't stay any longer," Tom said, chuckling. "I had to get away and laugh, or I'd have busted." And he laughed frequently on the way to their destination, sometimes so vigorously that he shook the car worse than the engine did, and his wife frowned and said that he ought to be ashamed of himself—the occasion was too solemn for foolishness; whereby Tom remarked: "Good Lord! I can't help it. I've either got to laugh about some things or explode, and I darn near exploded this time."

(To be continued.)

WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D.

Ottumwa, Iowa.



Dr. Walton: "You must drink a quart of buttermilk every day. You can learn to like buttermilk if you try."

Mr. Wiseby: "But what's the use, Doctor—soon as I begin to like it, they'll prohibit that, too.

PROTEOSES AND PEPTONES

From time to time the compiler of the above-captioned, feeling that it is bad form for a young man to speak up regularly in a monthly meeting of his elders, has sought to give the readers of THE MEDICAL PICKWICK a treat by letting them enjoy the absence of the monthly contribution of R. S., who, one evening five years ago, dashed off a little verse that caught the fancy of the conductor of the Spinal Column and thereby let himself in for what seemed to be a life job. The opportunity for retirement appeared with the resignation of Dr. Brandeis from the editorship, and the undersigned found himself, even as Edward Bok, in the full enjoyment of the oblivion of the retired journalist. PICKWICK peptone-free . . . subscriptions increase enormously . . . rather like, eh wot?

Alas for the oblivion that won't oblive! Comes a letter from Dr. Ira S. Wile: "Dear Dr. S.: . . . should appreciate very much the continuation of your support and co-operation . . . MEDICAL PICKWICK . . . recently become Editor . . . material supplied under the general head of 'Proteoses and Peptones' . . . valuable contribution . . . continual source of gratification to our readers . . ."

Any reader who cares to take issue with Dr. Wile on the above point is earnestly requested to jot down his protest on a prescription blank and mail it to Dr. Ira S. Wile, 264 W. 73d St., New York, N. Y. If a reasonable number of such are received, due action will be taken. Pending any such action, we are going to use this opportunity to reprint an announcement which was published by Mark Twain in a magazine called "The Galaxy" in 1870: (Contained in a volume entitled, from its first article, "The Curious Republic of Gondour," by Samuel L. Clemens; published by Boni and Liveright, New York, 1919.)

"These *Memoranda* are not a 'humorous' department. I would not conduct an exclusively and professedly humorous department for any one. I would always prefer to have the privilege of printing a serious and sensible remark, in case one occurred to me, without the reader's feeling obliged to consider himself outraged. We cannot keep the same mood day after day. I am liable, some day, to want to print my opinion on jurisprudence, or Homeric poetry, or international law, and I shall do it. It will be of small consequence to me whether the reader survive or not. I shall never go straining after jokes when in a cheerless mood, so long as the unhackneyed subject of international law is open to me. I will leave all that straining to people who edit professedly and inexorably 'humorous' departments and publications.

"In this department of mine," continues Mark Twain, "the public may always rely upon finding exhaustive statistical tables concerning the finances of the country, the ratio of births and deaths, the percentage of increase of population, etc., etc.—in a word, everything in the realm of statistics that can make existence bright and beautiful.

"Also, in my department will always be found elaborate condensation of the Patent Office Reports, wherein in a faithful endeavor will at all times be made to strip the nutritious facts bare of that effulgence of imagination and sublimity of diction which too often mar the excellence of those great works . . .

"And, finally, I call attention with pride to the fact that in my department of the magazine the farmer will always find full market reports, and also complete instructions about farming, even from the grafting of the seed to the harrowing of the mature crop. I shall throw a pathos into the subject of Agriculture that will surprise and delight the world.

"Such is my programme, and I am persuaded that by adhering to it with fidelity I shall succeed in materially changing the character of this magazine. Therefore I am emboldened to ask the assistance and encouragement of all whose sympathies are with Progress and Reform.

"In the other departments of the magazine will be found poetry, tales, and other frothy trifles, and to these the reader can turn for relaxation from time to time, and thus guard against overstraining the powers of his mind."

* * * * * * * *

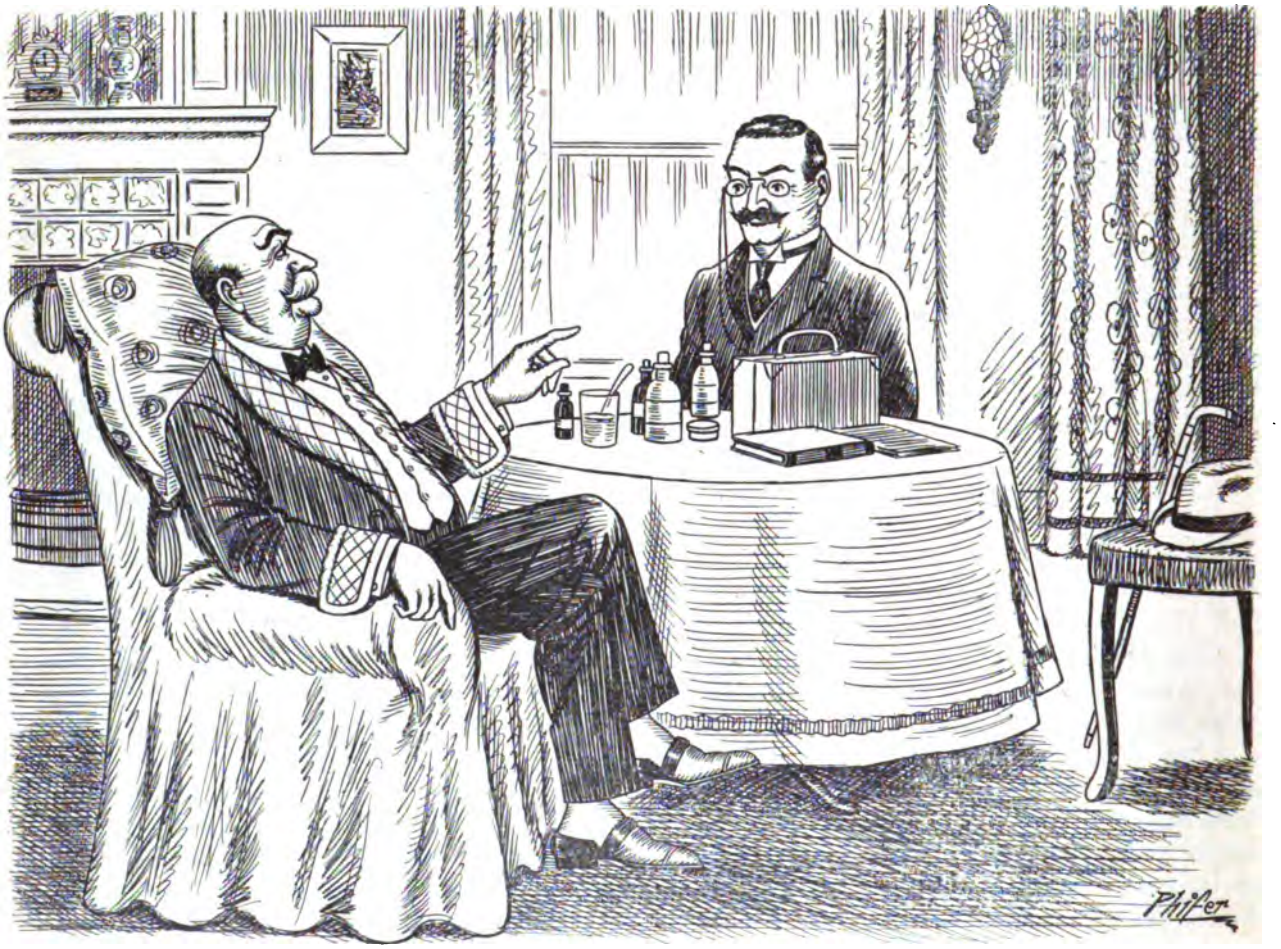
Following the passage of the Esch-Cummins bill, travel has become so expensive that we stay at home more than we used to. Which is a good thing, because it saves having to make the morning toilet in the washroom of a Pullman car, which is one of the joys of travel. It probably saves water to have the faucets so located that one cannot possibly wash in running water instead of in the bowl, and when the water has to be carried in a tank on the top of the car, it is a good idea not to waste it. But to have to wash in the bowl does have its esthetic considerations which arise when you wash your face in the same bowl into which the last man, and the

man before him, have snorted and one thing and another.

Still, it's usually a jolly crowd at that, in the men's washroom. Our knowledge of the ladies' dressing room of the Pullman car is derived solely from the accounts thereof by Miss Edna Ferber in the stories of Emma McChesney, but Miss Ferber leads one to conclude that the women don't get along so well as the men do. We wonder if it's because women aren't so at ease until they get made up for the day, while the men, as they foregather to scrape off the night's accumulation of whiskers and to wash up as afore described, are less self-conscious. It doesn't bother a man to struggle down the aisle, carrying his shirt in one hand and his traveling bag in the other, with his crowning glory every which way, and on his way to the washroom to go past any number of the more ornamental sex, who have gotten up earlier and have made themselves look nice so that if there is any comparison, it is in their favor. Neither is the male embarrassed in the least if he has occasion to parade from his berth during the night, wearing a night shirt, to encounter one or seven ladies in the aisle. That is, so long as it happens on the Pullman car. The same man would be highly embarrassed if he should forget to put on his necktie in the daytime, but at night all rules of etiquette appear to be suspended.

"Travel broadens one, you know, if one travels much by night."

R. S.



Dr. Sharp: "Your wife tells me that you are troubled with lapse of memory—I'm sure I can correct that, all right."

Mr. Wise Boy: "Now, don't try to do that, Doctor. I might remember a lot of financial obligations I'm trying hard to forget."

IN MEMORIAM

(For Miss M. H., a nurse, who died from meningeal infection contracted at her post of duty.)

SLEEP on, sweet trusting soul; thy duty's done,
Ours the weary day alone—our rest not won.
Thine is the peaceful and eternal night—
May He who called thee make all thy visions bright.

With thee may e'er such peaceful dreams abide
As come to those alone who cross life's tide,
With mind serene and simple faith and trust
That all's not done when dust returns to dust.

Her life was ended all too soon, you say.
Who art thou to sit in such wise judgment, pray?
Hast ever heard a friend who sleeps deplore
The world we leave in passing through the door?

When duty called she would not, could not sleep,
No distraction moved her faithful breast.
Now that her life work's done, why should we weep
O'er one who taketh sweet and well-earned rest?

A breath of perfume rare, a cheery smile,
And she passed on to the Realm of the Afterwhile,
Where naught is known of care nor passing years
And immortal wisdom smiles at mortal tears.

Mourn not for her—for her who doth not mourn;
Where blushed the rose, faith's lilies bloom; in that bourne
Whence love smiles at weeping love the lost one waits
For those she loved, to join her beyond the gates.

G. FRANK LYDSTON, M. D.

A Young Doctor's Apology for the Smoothness of His Face

What! praise my rosy cheeks and youthful face?
Alas! such features would my rank disgrace.
Such beauties suit fair ladies of eighteen
And not a doctor's philosophic mien.
The beetle brow, the wrinkle deep and wide,
A pompous look by studious thoughts supplied,
Are a sage doctor's charms. No more upbraid
My miss-like visage. Lately I surveyed
In yonder stream my phiz, and found it rough
With wrinkles, and for a doctor's grave enough.
Besides, revolving years will soon destroy
Whate'er remains that marks me for a boy;
Yet still I hope they will not snatch one part
Of the fair image of an honest heart.

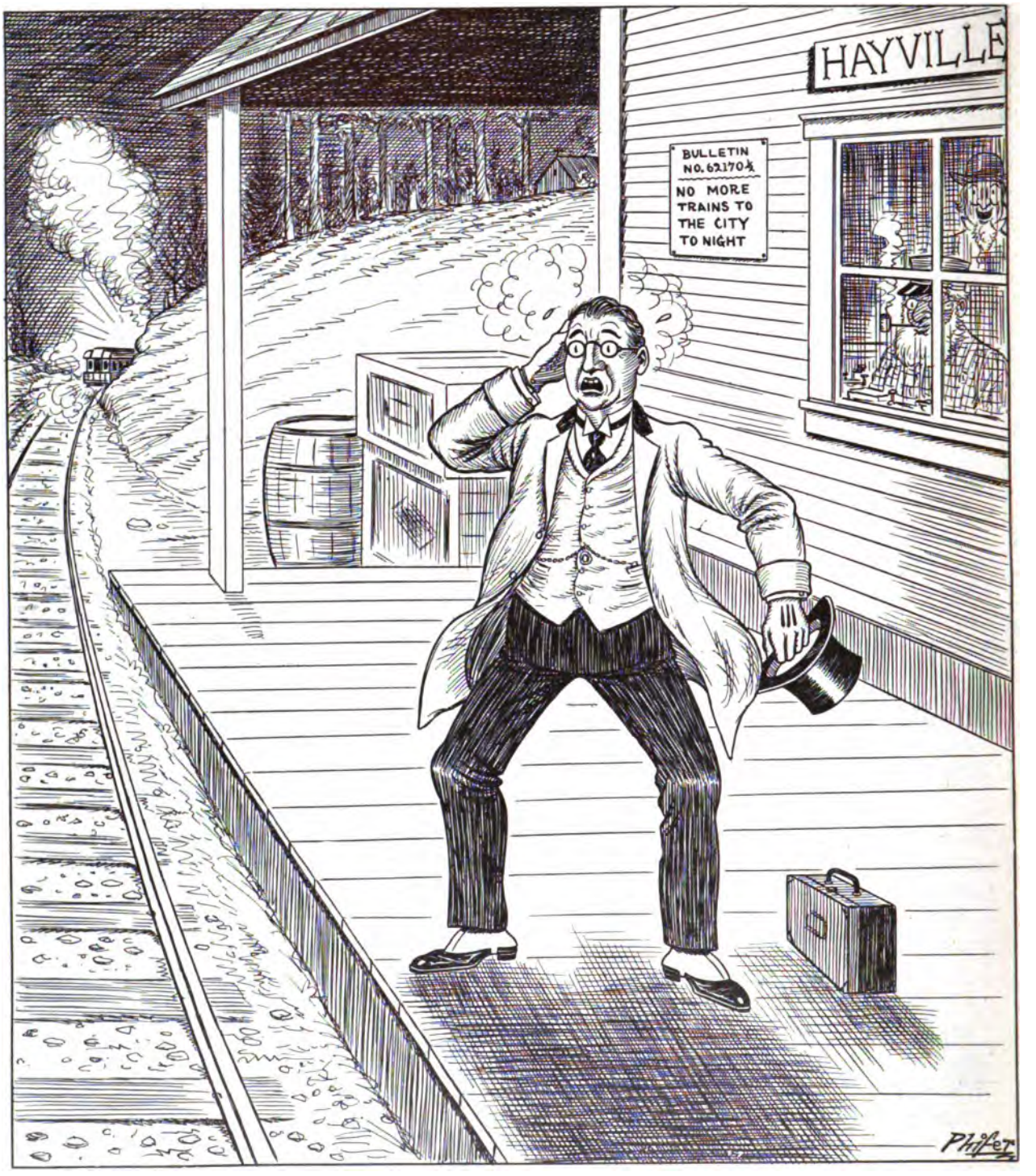
JOHANNES SANTOLIUS.

FALLOPIUS TO HIS DISSECTING KNIFE

Now shalt thou have thy way, thou little blade,
So bright and keen; now shalt thou have thy way,
And plod no more through bodies cold as clay,
But through quick flesh by fiery pulses swayed.
A glorious and munificent duke hath made
Thee a great gift; live convicts; and today,
Though Nature shudder, thou shalt say thy say,
On Life's deep springs where God so long forbade.

Fear not lest Mercy blunt thy edge, or make
The hand that holds thee o'er the living man
With any human hestitation shake;
But thou shalt tell me why his life-blood ran
Thus in his veins; what life is; and shalt slake
The thirst of thirsts that makes my cheek so wan.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.



MOMENTS OF ANGUISH.

Missing the last train after a consultation in a jerk water town.

PASTEUR, by EMILE DUCLAUX, former member of the Institute of France; Professor of the Sorbonne, and Director of the Pasteur Institute. Octavo volume of 363 pages illustrated; cloth, $5.00. W. B. Saunders Company, 1920.

Forty years ago Pasteur, the man, died; though Pasteur, the chemist, is immortal. Twenty-five years have passed since his student, coworker and adoring friend, Emile Duclaux, gave the world a history of his mind which now has been admirably translated into English by Erwin F. Smith and Florence Hedges, Pathologists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Many are competent to write biography when supplied with historical evidence and literary expressions. Few are so gifted with sympathy and understanding as to be able to review the mental processes, reconstruct the logical order of thinking, and definitely elaborate the details of the conscious ratiocinations of any other individual. It is because of this remarkable psychologic power that Duclaux has succeeded in an astonishing and most delightful manner, with the assistance of his own capabilities as a scientist and writer.

It is the privilege of the present English speaking generation to retravel the routes which the pioneer mind of Pasteur had to break through by dint of study, work and experiment. For the inspiration, stimulation and gratification to be found in the deep meaning of Pasteur's work, Duclaux has earned the thankful appreciation of those who through him may sit at the feet of his brilliant master.

By first presenting the opinions current at the time of each experiment the reader is enabled to recognize the import and difficulties of the problems Pasteur solved. Then follows a description of the various steps by which the mind overcame the various questions of fact that demanded explanation. Finally one is led through the decisive experiments which confounded his opponents and established the truths for which modern science, medicine, industry, and humanity are eternally indebted.

The enormous task of mental analysis has been done by a philosophic scientist who could perceive and appreciate the workings of the mind of a scientific philosopher. Hence one scarcely notes the smooth progress from crystallography to fermentations and to the overthrow of the theory of spontaneous generation. With certainty and precision one proceeds to travel from pébrine of silk worms through the studies of beers and the transformation of species to the establishment of the specific etiology of anthrax and the culmination of his endeavors in the studies of chicken cholera, rabies and the attendant problems of virulence, attenuation and immunity.

The volume is divided into eight parts, each of which is a somewhat complete exposition of the origin, growth and development of an idea with all its collateral manifestations. There is, however, a real harmony in the natural outgrowth of each chapter from the preceding one because of the definite logical bases of the idea structure erected by Pasteur.

Here is a book to be read and studied, not because it is unique psychologic biography in a readable form, but because it represents the finest study of Pasteur and his labors that has been written. As there was but one Pasteur, so could there be but one Duclaux, a more reliable Boswell than Johnson knew.

Credit and thanks must be given to the translators for their faithful and excellent literary service. They have truly caught the spirit of Duclaux and in adding an introduction they have given a brief, sympathetic and charming biography of Emile Duclaux, who not only knew Pasteur but has made it possible for future generations to know him as a man, a scientist, a philosopher, an experimentalist, a courageous champion of logic and a fearless defender of scientific truth.

I. S. W.

OPTIMISTIC MEDICINE OR THE EARLY TREATMENT OF SIMPLE PROBLEMS RATHER THAN THE LATE TREATMENT OF SERIOUS PROBLEMS, by a FORMER INSURANCE MAN. Price, $3.00. F. A. Davis Company, publishers, 1921.

As the subtitle of this book states, the purpose of the author is to emphasize the importance of rational preventive medicine. For accomplishing this end he acknowledges and stresses the value of optimism. The book is written for the laity, but is worthy of reading by the doctors.

The author is a champion of the good old-fashioned family physician, and logically details the advantages of famial oversight and continued hygienic instruction and direction, as has been wittily said, from the womb to the tomb.

There is commendable repetition of the injunction for physicians to become acquainted with the individual natures, variations and peculiarities of patients as well as to study the numerous environmental influences which tend to affect human welfare.

The saving grace of humor combined with a sympathetic understanding of the mental elements entering into happiness and health is urged as an essential for physicians and worthy of consideration as a part of their armamentarium. With a warm, courageous and optimistic philosophy physicians become sterling factors in conserving the families to whom they give the due educational interpretations of the multitudinous phases of living in the world of today.

The author succeeds in establishing the doctrine of continuous medical oversight and makes a strong appeal that physicians should constitute themselves or be made the directors of the home hygiene of their patients during childhood, adolescence, maturity and old age. If his dicta were followed there would be fewer worried house mothers, tired business men, and generally inefficient beings living in ignorance or in contravention of the laws of hygiene—the greatest of which is dynamic optimism.

I. S. W.

THE SAND DOCTOR, by ARNOLD MULDER. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York City, $2.00.

Briar Quentin has grown up with an intense love, almost an obsession, for the gray, ever-shifting sand dunes beyond the lake. They are the complement of his peculiarly sensitive quality of mind which nothing else satisfies. While at the Chicago Medical School he suffers acute nostalgia for his beloved wastes of mysterious sand. Throughout the story we find him frequently slipping away, during times of extreme tension, for communion with the hills and dunes.

Quentin has an intuitive understanding of deviations from the normal in the human mind, and is able to view things from the distorted angle of vision of those who are possessed by certain fixed ideas. He masters the technique of hypnotism but does not fall into the error of its too frequent use in mental cases.

Early in his professional career he discovers that the most successful doctors are not always the best scientists, but those who are most clever in attracting patients by their personality. He is too much the scientist to gain a large following through social means—he has a way of becoming deeply absorbed in baffling cases among the working people, and passing by golden opportunities for gaining prestige with fashionable, wealthy hypochondriacs.

Hallie, Quentin's charming young wife, has planned happily with him for their future. Her dreams are ambitious ones, but above all he is to become really great —"an authority" . . . "not a Sunday supplement specialist." Gradually she admits to herself that he is doomed to failure. Quentin feels the cloud between them and his sensitive nature suffers—a desperate effort is made to retrieve lost ground by plunging into social life, but it proves futile. The marked success of John P. Nash, Briar's brother-in-law, accentuates his own situation, and Nash's well meant advice is received with bitterness and rebuff.

Quentin is a deep student of Dostoyevski, and proves to his own satisfaction that this great Russian knew more, through his intuition, about the processes of madness and abnormal mental states than scientists had discovered through years of research. He wakes to consciousness that, while the scientist in him is his only reason for existing, he is allowing his unhappy personal life to wreck the scientist; he lacks the true scientific detachment, and is dominated by passion.

Interest in the story centers upon Barry Larramore, a case of dissociated personality alternating between Barry "Junior," a lovable, irresponsible youth of apparently seventeen whose speech is characterized by a slight stammer, and Barry "Senior" whose actual age is twenty-five. The changes come about abruptly—sometimes Barry Junior is in the midst of an animated sentence, when Barry Senior, his serious, brooding other half emerges, with complete forgetfulness of what his younger self has been doing or saying, but with tragic understanding that he is not like others. Quentin studies Barry's dissociated personality by going through the same mental processes which produced the dissociation.

While Quentin is deeply absorbed in the study of young Larramore as a "case," Barry falls in love with Hallie, during certain phases of his dissociation. Hallie still loves Quentin, but at the same time her starved young life has rebelled against the loss of her highest hopes and aspirations, and the feminine craving for thrills at times prevails.

The real soul conflict for Quentin takes place when, having solved the nature of Barry's malady and discovered its cure, the elemental side of his nature struggles with passionate jealousy and a desire to wreck vengeance on his rival, while the scientist within him endeavors to stifle all thought and feeling save that of restoring a lost personality to its place in the world.

There are many dramatic occurrences throughout the book, and one feels that while the author might have turned them into more sustained action, he has wisely refrained in each case at just the right moment. From the literary standpoint there are slight defects, but the book is of absorbing interest.

EVELYN CUSHING CAMPBELL.

The Medical Pickwick

VOL. VII JUNE, 1921 No. 6.

WILLIAM BEAUMONT.

You do well, citizens of St. Louis and members of our profession, to cherish the memory of William Beaumont. Alive you honoured and rewarded him, and there is no reproach against you of merits neglected and talents unrecognized. The profession of the northern part of the State of Michigan has honored itself in erecting a monument to his memory, near the scene of his disinterested labours in the cause of humanity and science. His name is linked with one of your educational institutions, and joined with that of a distinguished labourer in another field of practice. But he has a far higher honour than any you can give him here—the honour that can only come when the man and the opportunity meet, and match. Beaumont is the pioneer physiologist of this country, the first to make an important and enduring contribution to this science. His work remains a model of patient, persevering investigation, experiment and research, and the highest praise we can give him is to say that he lived up to and fulfilled the ideals with which he set out and which he expressed when he said: "Truth, like beauty, when 'unadorned, is adorned the most,' and, in prosecuting these experiments and inquiries, I believe I have been guided by its light."

SIR WILLIAM OSLER.

JOHN HUNTER TO JENNER.

I.

Dear Jenner: I own I was at a loss to account for your silence, and I was sorry for the cause. I can easily conceive how you must feel, for you have two passions to cope with, viz., that of being disappointed in love, and that of being defeated, but both will wear out, perhaps the first soonest. I own I was glad when I heard you was married to a woman of fortune, but "let her go, never mind her." I shall employ you with hedgehogs, for I do not know how far I may trust mine. I want you to get a hedgehog in the beginning of winter, and weigh him; put him in your garden, and let him have some leaves, hay or straw to cover himself with, which he will do; then weigh him in the spring and see what he has lost. Secondly, I want you to kill one in the beginning of winter, to see how fat he is, and another in spring, to see what he has lost of his fat. Thirdly, when the weather is very cold, and about the month of January, I could wish you would observe their heat. . . . So much at present for hedgehogs. I beg pardon—examine the stomach and intestines. If Hewson's things go cheap, I will purchase some that I think proper for you; those you mention will, I am afraid, be everybody's money and go dear.

Ever yours,

J. HUNTER.

London, September 25, 1778.

II.

Jan., 1789.

Dear Jenner: I wish you joy; it never rains but it pours. Sooner than the brat should not be a Christian I will stand godfather, for I should be unhappy if the poor little thing should go to the devil because I would not stand godfather. I hope Mrs. Jenner is well, and that you begin to look grave now you are a father.

Yours sincerely,

J. HUNTER.

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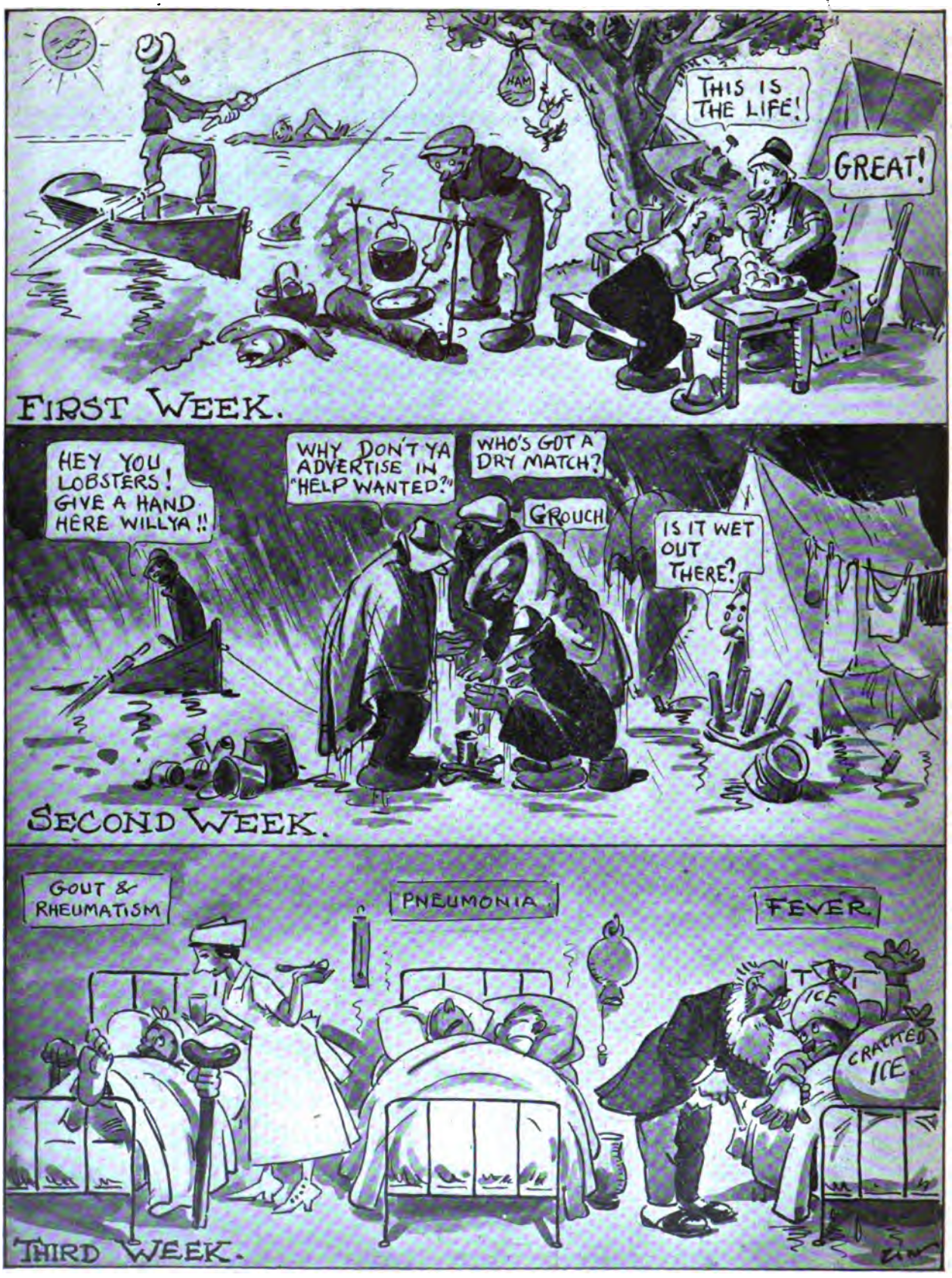


THREE WEEKS' VACATION.

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN EYE SURGEON FOR THE NEAR EAST RELIEF IN TURKEY AND SYRIA FROM MARCH, 1919, TO JULY, 1920

By ARTHUR S. TENNER, M. D., New York, N. Y.

THE prevalence of eye diseases, especially eye diseases of a contagious nature, in Turkey is appalling. This is due to several factors which in the order of their importance are the dirty habits of the people and their utter lack or knowledge of sanitation and hygiene, the prevalence of flies, the amount of dust due to the dry nature of most of the country, there being little or no rainfall for eight months of the year, and the irritating influence of the intense light. The layman is apt to exaggerate the importance of the last factor which really plays only a minor rôle, stimulating the disease when it exists but not inducing it. In the better classes of society, where habits of cleanliness prevail, one finds much less contagious disease. But as one goes lower in the scale, where there is crowding, the use of the same towel by many people, and other violations of the laws of hygiene, the proportion of contagious eye diseases increases at a terrific rate.

Dr. Tenner in Arab costume.

The superstitious efforts of the natives to ward off eye diseases would be amusing, if they were not, as they often are, a dangerous menace or horrifying in their character. The least harmful of these is the habit of tying beads of bright color in the hair of children. This is very common.

At one place in Syria is a sacred stone in which is a hole large enough to admit a finger. The diseased person rubs his eyes and then inserts his finger in the hole, no doubt in the fond belief that he is depositing his disease in the sacred stone and removing it from himself. Instead he is depositing a million or more germs for the next victim to acquire.

A more vicious practice, though less dangerous to the community, is performed by the quacks of Turkey. These quacks are usually old women. It consists in cutting a hole in the flesh of the arm below the shoulder, and depositing a bean in the hole. Then a dirty rag is tightly bound over the arm. The arm soon becomes sore and painful and the wound becomes a foul, fetid ulcer. Despite the pain, the faith of these people in this "remedy" is so great that I have never known one to complain of the pain although their arms were so painful that they winced at the slightest touch.

As one travels southward from Constantinople, the extent of eye diseases increases, until in the lowlands of Syria it becomes extremely prevalent. The heat becomes greater, there is more dust and flies are innumerable. I have seen infant's and children's faces so black with flies that their features were indistinguishable.

In Syria, epidemics of violent ophthalmia sweep over

Panorama of Aleppo.

Assembled for the daily clinic at Aleppo.

the country. These epidemics affect many people of all ages, but above all the children who more readily spread the contagion from one to the other, by their closer contact in their play and in the crowded conditions of their

The Entrance to the Ancient Citadel at Aleppo.

living. It is a streptococcus or gonococcus invasion, or both combined and is very virulent. Ulceration and perforation of the cornea takes place in a short time, sometimes in forty-eight hours. When the disease subsides, the tension of the eye produces bulging (anterior staphyloma). If complete, the eye is sightless, or at best only light perception remains Where the bulging was so great as to be a protrusion not permitting closure of the lids and the whole cornea was destroyed, evisceration was performed but later, I was able to save many of these eyes by an operation of my own device, called staphylectomy. Eighteen of these operations were performed with complete success.

Owing to the greater prevalence of eye diseases in the southern regions, headquarters for eye diseases were established at Aleppo, Syria. However, two months' work was done at Adana and shorter stays were made at Aintab, Marash, Caesarea, Sivas and Mardin. At these places, all orphans, rescued women and all who came under the supervision and control of the Near East Relief were examined and if they had diseased eyes, immediately placed under treatment. To illustrate the value of this method which was consistently followed throughout the large district under my care, the following instance is cited. At a boy's tent orphanage at Aleppo, were over 511 orphans. Examination showed 103 were afflicted with contagious eye disease; but one month of treatment by the nurse in charge resulted in the cure of 71 per cent.

Three eye clinics were first established in Aleppo in different quarters of the town. Aleppo is quite a large city. At that time it was crowded with refugees and many people from the neighboring districts which were unsafe, crowded into the city so that the estimated population reached 300,000. Sixty per cent. of the clinic cases had trachoma in advanced form. The layman is apt to look on trachoma as hopeless of cure. This is not the case. Even under the bad conditions of life in Syria (dirt, dust, and flies) a large number of trachoma cases were cured by treatment or by operation. Abundant proof is furnished of a cure by the fact that many of these people were able at a later date to pass the tests of the immigration officials of this country.

At these clinics, the average number of monthly treatments was 5,373, making a total of nearly 65,000 treatments in the course of the year.

But the work that was nearer to my heart and gave the greater satisfaction was the work at the eye hospital

An eye clinic in Mardin, upper Mesopotamia.

which was established at Aleppo. Needless to detail the trials and troubles of converting a building formerly used as a Turkish hotel and military hospital into an American eye hospital. Ten Armenian refugee women scrubbed and

polished for three days; spraying by a powerful germicide destroyed tiny but annoying animals that had deserted from the Turkish army when the latter fled from the city and made their headquarters in the building; and white

An Armenian boy of 18, blind for four years. The cornea of both eyes almost entirely covered with an opaque white scar, to which the iris was adherent. In addition, he had a severe trachoma. The trachoma was cured by operation, tarsal excision and later an iridectomy gave him excellent sight, sufficient to read fine print.

paint liberally applied made an attractive aseptic operating room and wards.

The work at the hospital might be divided into curative and restorative, curative where treatment operative or otherwise was directed to the relief of an active disease like ophthalmia or trachoma, restorative as in the cases of operations for the restoration of sight.

A case that illustrates both the curative and the restorative side follows. A young man came into the hospital with violently inflamed eyes, the pus streaming down his cheeks. It was a purulent ophthalmia of the gonococcus type, engrafted on a trachoma. One eyeball had already burst, the other was on the verge. By vigorous treatment and constant attention, the infection was cured, the second eye did not burst and the eye that had burst was healed but blind. Then both eyes were operated for trachoma, a combined excision being done, completely curing the trachoma. But he was still blind in one eye and the eye was in a dangerous condition. (Adherent leucoma, with beginning staphyloma and tension much increased.) Accordingly an iridectomy was done; that is a new pupil was made in the blind eye, with the result that he saw as well as he had ever done.

Many of these people, especially children, had suffered from previous attacks of ophthalmia which had left them with opaque scars on the eyeball (Leucoma adherens); that is, completely blind. In such cases an iridectomy was done; that is, a new pupil made. One hundred and four such cases were done and sight restored in all but four. Many tales could be told illustrative of such cases but only two were given.

The gratitude of these people was often beautifully expressed. A lad of 18 was in the Armenian orphanage. He was big and sturdy but incapacitated for work because he had been blind for four years. A new pupil was made in his eyes (a new window, the Armenians quaintly

A case of Aleppo Boil, or Aleppo Button.

call it). When the bandage was removed, a flood of light entered his eyes for the first time in four years. "Bless you, doctor,' said he, "from this day I am born again."

An Armenian woman, who had been deported to Aleppo during the war, was also given vision by a similar operation after several years of blindness. When told she might go home, she naively said, "But, doctor, now that I can see very well, I cannot find my way."

The cataract extractions number 34. These were

A picturesque Arab hair cut. The shaving of the crown, leaving a fringe in front, is almost universally practiced by Turks and Arabs, both men and boys, and is done not only because it is cool and cleanly but as a prophylactic and cure of eye disease.

mostly complicated by some antecedent disease, such as ulcers of the cornea and trachoma, making them exceedingly difficult yet in all but two cases was complete success attained.

In not a single case operated at the eye hospital did infection follow. This speaks well for the scrubbers, sprayers and painters aforementioned as well as for the discipline of the operating room.

A word about the 325 operations of combined excision for the cure of trachoma. This operation as originally proposed by Heisrath and Kuhut had many defects, so that many eye surgeons refused to make use of it. By the aid of new instruments which I devised, an improved technic was developed, which gave excellent results. With only a few exceptions, the cases of trachoma operated by this new method were cured.

Ordinarily trachoma even of moderate severity, if treated in the usual fashion, takes years of treatment before quieting down permanently. This slow process of quieting down consists in the resorption of trachomatous tissue and its replacement by scar tissue. Scar tissue contracts and deformities are produced (trichiasis, entropion) which are painful, irritating and injurious to sight. So that this quieting down of this active process of trachoma is not necessarily a happy one.

By means of the operation of combined excision, a quick eradication of the disease was gained without the formation of scar tissue or other injurious complications. Operative cases were discharged cured in four to ten weeks.

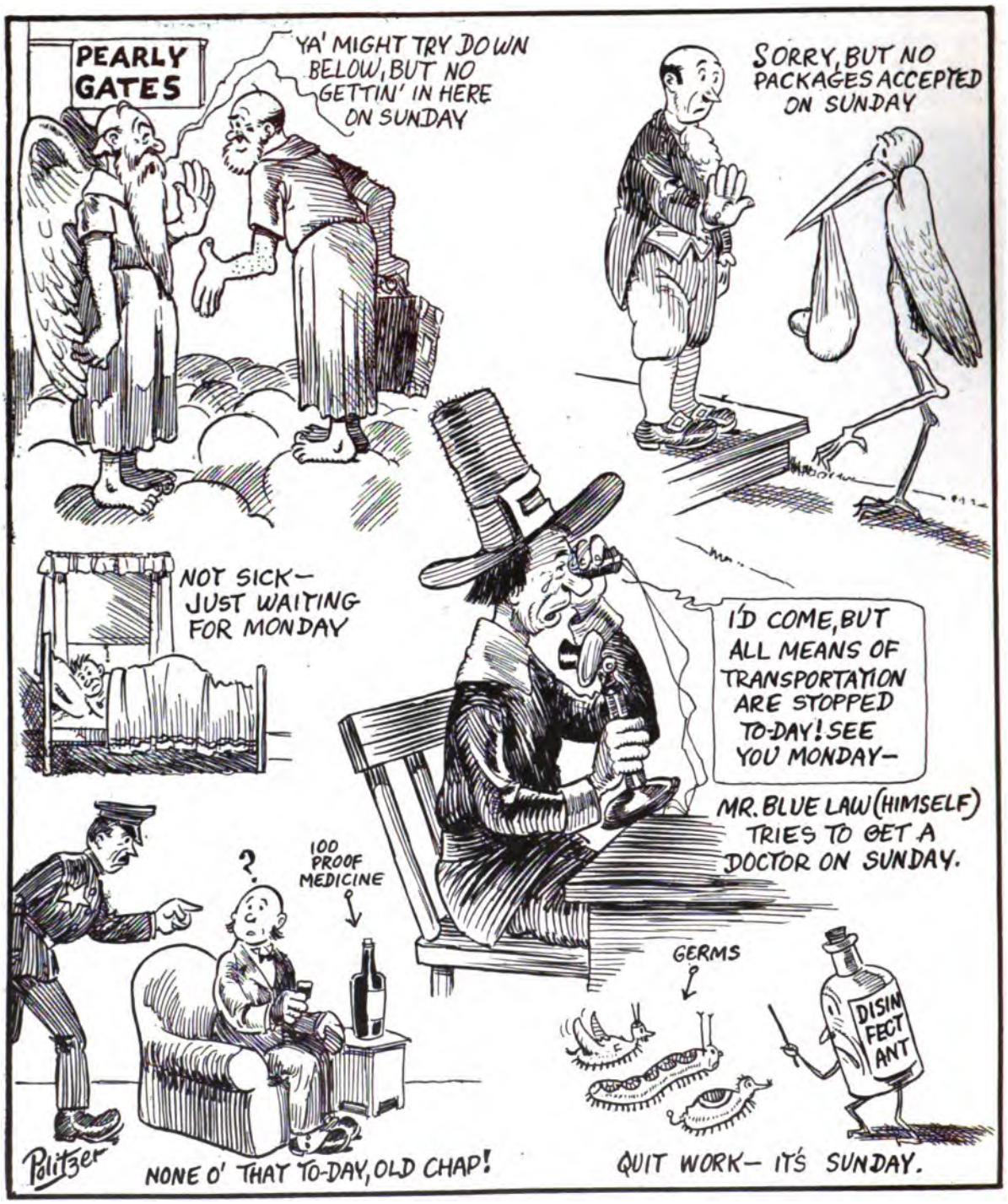
And it is also worthy of mention that the cases of trachoma operated were of a severe type, much more severe than usually encountered in the United states. In a paper entitled "Resection of the Tarsus and Conjunctiva (Combined Excision) with New Instruments and a Review of Three Hundred Cases," which I read before the Ophthalmological Section of the New York Academy of Medicine on November 15, 1920, a more detailed description is given.*

The successful results of these operations and the striking effect in cases of restoration to sight of those who were

Sword Dancers performing in front of the Eye Hospital during an anti-foreign demonstration. The flag is the Arab colors adopted by the new Kingdom of Syria, which later (about the end of July, 1920) came to an end by the deposition of Emir Feisal by the French.

blind created a great impression in Aleppo and its vicinity. The eye hospital became a Mecca sought by Christian, Moslem and Jew, if they needed eye treatment. The Turkish name for hospital is "Khasta-Khana," literally sick house. These people refused to call the eye hospital a sick house but picturesquely dubbed it the "Health House."

*N. Y. Medical Journal, March 16, 1921, Vol. CXIII, No. 10.


PEARLY GATES
YA' MIGHT TRY DOWN BELOW, BUT NO GETTIN' IN HERE ON SUNDAY
SORRY, BUT NO PACKAGES ACCEPTED ON SUNDAY
NOT SICK— JUST WAITING FOR MONDAY
I'D COME, BUT ALL MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION ARE STOPPED TO-DAY! SEE YOU MONDAY—
MR. BLUE LAW (HIMSELF) TRIES TO GET A DOCTOR ON SUNDAY.
100 PROOF MEDICINE
GERMS
DISIN FECT ANT
Politzer
NONE O' THAT TO-DAY, OLD CHAP!
QUIT WORK— IT'S SUNDAY.

THE SUNDAY BLUES.

THE DOCTOR FISH

(By courtesy of the New York Zoological Society.)

"The Blue Surgeon (*Teuthis caeruleus*), also called Blue Tang, receives its name from the sharp erectile spine or lancet which occupies a socket on each side of the tail. It can inflict serious wounds with its lancet and requires careful handling by the fisherman. Another species usually kept with it and similarly provided with a cutting lancet, is the Doctor Fish (*Teuthis hepatus*)."—New York Aquarium Guide Book, p. 86.

QUARANTINED! KEEP OUT!

In youth I learned at Sunday School
  How Moses led the Jews
Through forty years of wanderings
  And sufferings and blues.

So I supposed that wilderness
  Embraced the continent;
But, later, learning its small size,
  I felt quite confident

That Moses should have brought them through
  In less time—the whole mob.
I took it he was working by
  The day and not the job.
* * * * * *
But since we've been in quarantine
  The truth is plain as day;
It was not forty years at all,
  It only seemed that way!

REBA MAHAN STEVENS.

Bloomington, Ill.

The Latest Reconstructive Nerve-Tonic and Restorative

If I should die tonight—
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heart sick, o'er my lifeless clay,
If I should die tonight—
And you should come in deep grief and woe,
And say, "Here's that $10 I owe,"
I might rise up in my great white cravat,
And say, "What's that?"
If I should die tonight—
And you should come to my corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel,
I say, if I should die tonight—
And you should come to me, and here and then,
Just even hint about paying me that ten,
I might arise a while—but I'd drop dead again.

BEN KING.

"My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold"

My heart leaps up when I behold
  A rainbow in the sky;
So it was when my life began;
So it is now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
  Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WHAT MEMORY SYSTEM DO YOU USE?

The following droll nonsense was written by Foote, the dramatist, for the purpose of trying the memory of one who boasted that he could learn anything by heart on hearing it once:

So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple pie; and, at the same time, a great she-bear coming up the street pops its head in at the shop—What! no soap? So he died; and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies, and the Joblilies, and the Garyulies, and the Great Panjandrum himself with the little round button at top. And they all fell to playing the game of "catch as catch can" till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots!

AUNT SALLY RELIEVES HER MIND

A NEAR-MONOLOGUE.

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I WAS walking to the village one summer morning, when I stopped to speak to Aunt Sally, who was busy weeding the onion-bed in her garden.

Aunt Sally (so-called by the towns people), is an illiterate old woman, erratic in her talk and ways, and given to theological and philosophical theorizing whenever an obliging neighbor has time to humor her by listening.

"Good morning, Aunt Sally," said I, leaning over the white fence, "I suppose you went to church yesterday?"

"I don't never stay to hum," was her laconic reply, not raising her eyes from her work.

"Of course you heard a good sermon; what did your minister preach about?" I persisted, wickedly hoping to draw out some droll comment.

Her answer was a characteristic jumble of hyphenated words:

"Jesus-Christ-and-Him-Crucified-of-course-How's-Mis' Maxwell?"

"Mother is feeling much better today, thank you," I replied, trying not to smile. "Do you know, Aunt Sally, you remind me of Eve because you are always in your garden." This was a subterfuge on my part to induce her to talk on her favorite subject—our first parents—and I succeeded in calling forth a most unexpected and original treatment of the theme, surpassing any of Aunt Sally's previous efforts.

"I've been a thinkin' uv Eve ever sence Sat'day, Miss Mary, when I went to thet air p'litical meetin' an' heerd them wimmin talk. I've made up my mind I've been a sufferagist an' didn't know it, ever since I wuz knee-high to a grasshopper."

Here Aunt Sally slowly and laboriously rose to her feet, smote her gnarled hands together to rid them of the clinging soil, put them aggressively on her hips, and repeated:

"Yes, I guess I've allers been one, an' I kin tell you who wuz the fust one, too."

"Susan B. Anthony," I began, but Aunt Sally interrupted me with,

"Mercy, no, child—further back than her. Eve—I say Eve wuz."

"What d'you s'pose Eve done all day in the garden while Adam wuz putterin' 'bout 'tendin' to the vines? Don't you b'lieve she got mighty sick uv jest layin' 'round an' doin' nuthin'—no cloes to make an' no house to clean up? My land, jest think uv it!"

"The Good Book sez Adam he named the animiles. Now, why didn't he let Eve help? If he hed, it 'pears to me some uv 'em wouldn't uv hed sich outlandish names ez he tacked onto 'em, though some animiles is 'bout ez outlandish ez their names. 'Course I don't mean our Christian cows an' horses an' sich. Why, it 'ud make you b'lieve Adam hed tried his hand at makin' uv 'em too, 'stid uv them bein' the Lord's own handiwork; but seein' ez how the Lord *did* make 'em, mebbe Adam would uv done a sight wuss. There's thet long-necked *gi*-raffe I seen to the circus, an' the pluriby-unum, an' the 'noceros with a horn a stickin' out uv his snout—what under the canopy's thet good fer? Then there's thet hippopo-*tamus;* jest listen to thet—nuthin' but o's an' p's in it. I could uv named thet waddlin' bar'l better myself, an' I haint got no book-larnin' nuther."

"Neither had Adam," I adroitly sandwiched in, but Aunt Sally checked me with a wave of her hand.

"I wuz a sayin' a spell ago thet if Adam hed uv let Eve hev her say too, 'stid uv leavin' uv her all day while he roamed 'round huntin' fer more snappin' an' snarlin' an' growlin' animiles to give them fool names to, she'd uv felt she wuz uv some use. 'Tween you an' me an' the gate-post, Miss Mary, there's one thing I know: She'd uv hed more sense then to stand skeeters; she'd uv squshed 'em an' been saved the trouble uv namin' the pesky things, an' she'd uv stomped on all the nasty crawlin' bugs so they wouldn't be here now a chewin' up my garden-sass.

"Jest s'pose Eve hedn't uv et thet apple; what sort uv critters would we all be now—jest a loafin' 'roun' 'thout any cloes on? I mustn't say thet, though," said Aunt Sally, reflectively, "fer after all it's cloes thet's took the nip out uv us wimmin-folks."

At this pause I tried to ask Aunt Sally what she meant by her last oracular statement, but the flood-gates of her speech being let loose, it was useless to question her. Snapping her jaws for a renewed attack, though I could see that her little black, bead-like eyes twinkled, she continued:

"I tell you, Miss Mary, it's cloes thet's kep' wimmin

from doin' the work in this vale uv tears thet the Lord meant 'em to. S'pose men folks hed been tied up in petticoats hundreds an' hundreds uv years—their sons an' their sons an' *their* sons; bent double a sewin' an' shet up inside uv four walls out uv the sunshine, what 'ud they be today? Jest tell me thet? They'd be the measly lot some uv 'em sez wimmin is. It's them petticoats thet's to blame.

"Waal, I 'spec' Eve she jest got tired uv remem'rin' she wuz nuthin' but Adam's rib made over (mebbe he threw it up at 'er every time they hed a spat) an' like enuff she kinder hankered after the rest uv the ribs when she got lonesome.

"Now, I've heerd tell uv them old raskils thet lived in the Old Test'ment thet hed a lot uv wives, but I bet if the Lord 'ud meant men folks to hev a hull tribe uv 'em like roosters, He'd uv pulled out *all* uv Adam's ribs while He wuz 'bout it, 'stid uv only one, an' would uv hed two rows uv 'em standin' there an' smirkin' when Adam come out uv thet soun' snooze uv his'n; an' what a sorter caved-in lookin' feller he'd uv been, Miss Mary, 'thout anything left inside uv him to hold up his spinal colyum!

"I've sorter figgered it out this way: Eve she hed wits in her noddle, an's she jest hed to use 'em, an' when she et thet apple it wuz 'cause she wanted to git knowlige. Some folks sez thet's an ally-gory, but I bet it's true. It's jest what any smart female would uv been up to in her place. Now, if Adam *he hed* uv shook off thet apple an' took the fust bite, he'd uv swallered it, core an' all, fer fear Eve 'ud git knowlige too, but law! Eve done it an' like all fool females she hed to run an' let Adam hev some too. Then what did thet mean critter do when the Lord came a walkin' 'roun' at sundown but try to shove off the blame fust onto the Lord an' then onto Eve, fer he whined: 'The woman You give me, she give it to me.'

Here Aunt Sally seized a hoe and prodded with it viciously to work off her rising wrath, while she sputtered on:

"They needn't talk to me 'bout females bein' 'ferior to men. The fust one—thet great hulkin' sneak uv an Adam—what wuz he? Jest a fraid-cat, a layin' it all onto Eve; an' the next one—his fine son Cain—what wuz he? Jest a low-down murd'rer—a slayin' uv his own brother. I guess Abel wuz a nice, quiet sorter boy an' would uv stood by his man if Cain hedn't uv gone an' cut him off in his flowery youth, so he don't count much nohow.

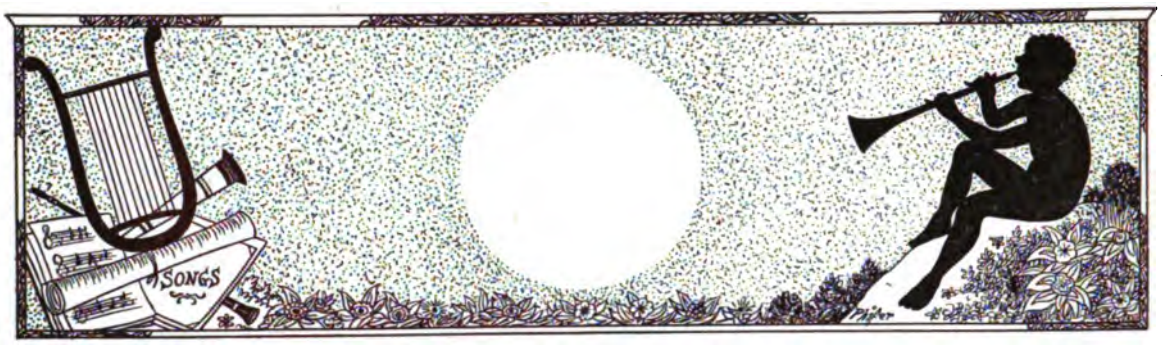
"Now, wa'n't all this 'nuff to make Eve a sufferagist? Wa'n't she ez good ez them men an' a durn sight better too? 'Tennyrate I calc'late Eve would uv grabbed at votes fer wimmin if she'd heerd tell uv 'em, but who wuz there to tell 'er? She didn't git no chance to air what knowlige she *did* hev, bein' druv right off to the backwoods an' a 'grubbin' fer a livin,' an' hevin' to feed them hungry men, an' her only one female to three uv 'em at thet."

"Waal, I mustn't stand here gassin' 'stid uv weedin' them inions, but it do beat all how what them wimmin said jest tetched the right spot. If sufferage is good 'nuff fer them, it's good 'nuff fer me, an' I'm mighty glad I live an' move an' hev my bein' in these 'lightened days, an' I'm thankful I wuz born an' eddicated in a land uv Bibles when I might uv been born an eddicated in a land uv heathendum, where the wimmin, I've heerd tell, gits down onto their marrer-bones to their men folks, an' stands up an' waits on 'em while they's gobblin' their outlandish vittles. They haint found their wits yit or they'd quit sich tom-fool-doin's."

"Sakes alive, Miss Mary, if it ain't a goin' to rain. You'd better hurry up if you're a goin' to the village an' not stand here talkin'. It's a cloudin' up over yender. Run fast or you'll git soaked an' spile thet fancy bunnit."

GEORGIANA CHEESMAN.

New York City.



OURS TO GO SINGING!

JAMES PARTON HANEY M. D., New York City.

Ours to go singing, tho' the way be long,
And sad the press that stumbles up the steep.
For us—a vision leads; our chorus strong
Sets up the path we tread with eager feet.
No choice—but all must climb that narrow way;
Whether with years or youth—but choice to sing!
As we mount high, to where the hill-tops rim,
'Round that empurpled vale where all must rest.

To hearten those who faint, our lips hymn praise,
Of all brave souls who know not what is fear.
Our eyes beam kindness, and our hands we raise,
To bridge the depths—nor cease to speak in cheer.
The hand which guided, sure shall guide us still.
Why should we be afraid—shall Faith be vain?
Courage, good friend—come, join in our refrain.
Ours to go singing—singing up the hill.

THE NARROW-MINDED LAYMAN

ON THIS particular evening, it must be confessed, as I started out to attend the meeting of The Elite Obstetrical Society, my mind was not over-stirred by any special anticipation of excitement. That there might be some sound and deliberate debate was all I had reason to allow myself the pleasure of looking forward to. I had not at all counted on any other element entering into the occasion to lift my thoughts out of the usual quiet conventionality of these gatherings.

Although not especially engaged in the field of obstetrics myself I still liked to follow its progress.

Having been away for over two years on account of the war—that is, having been away from the meetings I mean, I would have been away—that is, well, I felt it was my duty to remain at home as so many others went into the military service. As I was saying, over two years away from these obstetrical meetings left me rather poorly informed as to the progress my obstetrical friends had been making this while. I was glad, therefore, to be going to this meeting to polish up somewhat that knowledge which my absence had rendered rather rusty.

On arriving, the pleasure of meeting so many old acquaintances and friends after so considerable a lapse of time was very gratifying; and to look about at this well-groomed group of successful physicians in evening dress was indeed refreshing.

On taking my seat I looked anew at the program, and this time with a special interest; for I had just been presented to the distinguished guest of the society, Dr. Lightfinger, who was to deliver the address to us on that evening.

He was the ready up-and-doing delightful type of man to whom we owe our splendid rapid urban upbuilding of the west. My eyes followed him with interest as he made his way up to the platform in front, giving his rather large soft handshakes to the right and left as he passed on. In personal appearance, tall with black curly hair, he was distinctly moulded for female admiration—especially for the admiration of our newer type of woman. One might almost say that Nature herself had made of him a lady's specialist, so altogether harmonious was he with the field of endeavor in which he was pursuing his career. He sat down on the right of the chairman. To the left ranged the other speakers "by invitation."

After the usual preliminary introduction in which the chairman introduces the speaker by explaining that he needs no introduction; Dr. Lightfinger rose to speak. My seat chanced to be along the side of the room and near the front, so that as the greeting of applause broke forth I noted the genuineness of its character in the faces of the audience. It was at that moment my eye caught sight of a face entirely strange to me, yet there were a good many other faces also which were strange to me there that evening. Was it because this man remained with hands still and with a peculiarly immobile or shall we say sceptical expression on his face while others were assiduously clapping, that my eye caught his person and my mind so suddenly became occupied with his personality? The answer seems hardly worth pursuing, for whether it was this or something else which aroused so immediate an interest is of small concern beside the fact that a sudden and peculiar interest in this individual seemed all at once to be experienced by me. It seemed to me he presented a striking ruggedness of appearance foreign to the faces usually seen about New York. There was that in his firm features and direct clear eyes which seemed to pull one up with a kind of mental start. A something instinctively reminiscent of old New England ancestry seemed to be aroused.

But such musing was rudely checked by the voice of the speaker as he began his address. The title of which, as the program announced, was, "My Method of Hand Delivery by Version of the Child." It is to be regretted that time has robbed my memory of so many of the pleasing and well rounded sicentific terms used in this branch of medicine; and that I shall have to fall back on simple descriptive terms in setting forth an account of this illuminating evening's discourse. In general, however, I shall follow as closely as possible the doctor's rendering of his thesis.

Fortunately for my better understanding of his remarks I *did* remember the term Version and that it meant turning the baby from its usual position before birth, to an opposite position where it is brought into the world feet first. I also remembered that this delicate and somewhat hazardous procedure might be employed on those rare occasions when it seemed necessary to relieve an abnormal situation which threatened the life of the mother or child. The speaker's remarks will soon show how far indeed behind in this particular branch of our profession

I had fallen during my enforced absence from these meetings.

"It's a great honor, I'll say, to have this chance to hop over East and give you fellows here in New York my little talk." The speaker's easy—one might almost say breezy—way of beginning his discourse immediately captivated us. "It's the hand-picked baby," he continued, "that's the baby of the future. What's the indication for my method of version and pull-'em-out operation? That's the question everybody asks first thing. The answer is simple. When a woman's going to have a baby. Now, of course, you can't expect the small town and country doctor to get the big idea as fast as us city fellows do. Hidebound conservatism, that's their trouble. If you want to get any return on your time spent in our profession in these days watch the surgeons. That's what I tell the country practitioner." This was followed by some applause, particularly by the younger men present. "Now I suppose you want to know the technic—my technic of this little operation," went on Dr. Lightfinger. "It's how it's done, not why it's done; that's always the interesting thing in surgery. For example, if you have an apple tree you don't ask why you want the apples and you don't necessarily *wait* for the apples to come down by 'emselves either. When you see that the apples are about ripe you go up after 'em and pull 'em down. Well, that's what my operation means."

I do not know why, but for some reason or other my gaze happened to wander across the room and quite incidentally to light on the face of the stranger again. And among all the sympathetic faces of the listeners his struck me as being, well, to say the least, *un*sympathetic to our speaker's interesting and distinctly progressive discourse. I thought little of it at the time and again found my attention fixed on Dr. Lightfinger.

"When the woman is ready to have the baby, that is, when the operator is ready for her to have it," he went on saying, "she is brought to the operating room, and there put under. *Under* is the word. We give her a regular surgical anaesthesia. We must make sure she has it good before the second or 'business' stage of labor begins. If you don't catch 'em before the *real* pains have set in you miss more than half of the thing that is making this operation popular. Make no mistake about that, for it's the avoidance of any discomforts of having a baby that takes with our present-day woman." The approving nods throughout the audience attested to the fact of this wise observation. "Now when the mother and baby are thoroughly and deeply insensible and all muscular effort and resistance suspended, the operator rolls up his sleeves and draws on what we call our 'party gloves,' which come up to the elbow. At this point there is no need to hurry. The patient will not run away. With a pass of the hand lubricated with soft soap, baby John or baby Jane, as the case may be, is grasped by the feet and around our little friend swings, looping the loop, so to speak, and then—presto!—the little feet are dragged into sight. The following steps are easy; just a pull, then a twist, then another pull, with possibly a slight tug, and *there* is your next American voter out on the table."

For a moment the speaker paused for breath after this minute and lucid description. "I have described the technic of doing this operation," continued the doctor, "but it is in the management of this class of cases that the trick really lies. For if you manage these cases properly you'll find they will *flock* to you." On the last words there was a perceptible rustle in the audience as it straightened itself up. "And remember," went on the speaker, "*each* case is an operation. A regular surgical operation with a regular surgical fee." It seeemd to me I could hear a slight scraping on the floor as though chairs were being pulled just a little closer to the speaker. "Last year," went on Dr. Lightfinger, "I had more than a thousand of these operations." As I looked up I saw a number of the older men figuring on little pieces of paper or on the backs of their programs. "Of all these cases I only lost seventeen," said the doctor. As everyone looked up with surprise the speaker smiled and shook his head. "No, no, gentlemen, I'm not referring to my mortality. We will not speak of that. These seventeen patients I lost were so many operations lost; for, failing to call me in time, they had their babies in the *old way* at home before I could reach them to get them into the hospital. With the great majority of our present-day women, however," the speaker pursued, "there is little danger from this kind of loss in practice. Our women are getting to dread any pain worse than our forefathers ever feared Satan. What with canned food from the delicatessen shop, and electric cooking on the table; what with absolutely no exercise or household work to make them strong, they haven't the endurance or the courage to face pain or stand any strain whatever. So usually it's no trouble to persuade our women of today to see the sense of my 'painless extraction' method."

This little sally of the doctor's brought a general laugh, for he really could be very funny. I say a general laugh, but that perhaps is not strictly correct, for a chance glance across the room brought the stranger's face at that moment into my view. In it I beheld a most peculiar expression, an expression I find difficulty in defining. Was it dis-

gust? Hardly,—I see no reason for that. Perhaps it was indigestion. At any rate the doctor was speaking again and I turned my whole attention once more in his direction.

"Now I hope you will all take up this method of the hand-picked baby here in New York," Dr. Lightfinger went on to say. "Why, there is probably no city in the country as well suited for this operation as right here, unless possibly you include Chicago, where the women are simply a soft and pleasure seeking class, and where they hardly know what physical strength and endurance means. Besides," he added, "if you take it up here it will become the fashion in Chicago and all over the country just as skyscrapers, shimmy dances, knee skirts and suffragettes have become the general fashion in all our other cities by your New York example.

Now gentlemen, in bringing my little talk to a close I want to say that I do not claim that this operation of mine is the last work in obstetrics. I feel rather that it may be looked upon as perhaps a stepping stone, and that later we may possibly educate our patients up to expecting a Caesarean operation as a routine thing." With this last far-sighted observation the speaker resumed his seat as the audience broke out in a prolonged applause.

As I glanced about the room in interest, noting the society's fullness of response to this master of obstetrical methods, my eye unconsciously fell once more upon the stranger. Rigid and still he sat in the midst of our hearty demonstration which followed our confrére's splendid discourse on his important contribution to our profession's art and knowledge. Rigid. Yes, more than rigid this stranger sat, his firm features had taken on a peculiar tense expression. He looked as if he were about to hurl out some crushing anathema. Was this only my imagination? I sat wondering, for no one else seemingly was paying the slightest attention to this strangely antipathetic person with his suppressed expression.

But the business of the evening was being resumed and I had no mind to lose any of its interesting features by a wandering inattention. Quiet was once more restored and the chairman was on his feet. His smiling face showing the satisfaction we were all then enjoying as our minds lingered over the words and wisdom of our eminent guest. He was saying just what chairmen always say at this juncture, "but," he added with a flutter of originality, "we have not partaken of all our intellectual food as yet." Which witticism brought from two or three of our quicker minded members a precipitate laugh. "We have here," continued our chairman as he pointed to the gentleman on his left, "a noted specialist in our field of work, and one who is little behind Dr. Lightfinger himself in the employment and the expounding of modern methods." I am sorry I cannot recall this gentleman's name. To me he was a stranger, and I had been taking much interest in a quiet study of his personality as I sat below him. I like to make these little studies and from such observation make deductions and thus determine where people come from and what their rating at home may be. But where this gentleman came from puzzles me. It was either from Brooklyn or London, I felt quite sure. Some things about him suggested Brooklyn, yet when he rose slowly to speak—but I must get back to the subject.

The gentleman had already risen and was lifting Dr. Lightfinger to a pinnacle of permanent fame. He had himself, he said, been a student of this master's remarkable technical skill. He told of his long acquaintance with the doctor and his admiration of his progressive work. And with a large number of other pleasing remarks he brought his words to a close and gracefully resumed his chair.

The discussion of the subject was then thrown open and one after another of our society's professors rose to speak. There was none but spoke in praise of our guest's ability in operating upon the expectant mothers. Some of our more conservative professors hesitated to advise that all women should be delivered in the fashion Dr. Lightfinger advocated and personally practiced; but I cannot recall one who came out with a flat denial that Dr. Lightfinger was not pursuing the right, the proper and the scientific course.

Not being a specialist in this work myself it would be presumptuous indeed for me not to look to the wisdom of our own professors as conclusive and not to admire with them the great advance in the field of obstetrics I had the honor of becoming acquainted with on that long to be remembered evening.

As I looked toward our chairman I saw his eyes roving the room for any further discussion of the subject. By his side sat Dr. Lightfinger, his face lighted with that quiet satisfaction and pride which one sees in the countenance of those, who having scaled the heights, sit in peaceful contemplation of the scene below. All about the room the faces seemed to reflect that contentment which one might expect as the aftermath of the splendid intellectual excursion upon which we had been carried that evening.

The chairman, it seemed to me, was about to turn his smiling face to our eminent guest and speaker and offer to him the opportunity of any closing remarks, when—

when rising slowly to his feet I beheld the stranger—the individual who had drawn my attention so often during the evening. My breath caught in astonishment. His strangely compelling features seemed to me oddly set. I do not know what impression the others in the room may have had as the man came to his feet. I saw no unusual signs of surprise as I glanced quickly about and over their faces. From the chairman's face there certainly shone the same affable and attentive expression as he formally inclined his head to indicate to this man who had risen that he had the floor. A queer feeling came over me. Was my astonishment then entirely unfounded, entirely a thing of my own imagining? Why indeed did the occurrence of this person's rising set any emotions loose within me? Did I expect a rude and incoherent outburst? An outburst which would shatter that fine mental state to which we all had been exalted—and which only *scientific* men can know? The next moment I felt a fool and that was the quick answer to my forebodings; for the low tones of the stranger's voice were already rolling slowly and indeed very coherently forth. I gasped internally to think that I should have anticipated an unruly demonstration from him—this man of the quiet, even voice.

"Mr. Chairman," he was saying, "I do not wish to enter upon any discussion of the subject pursued here this evening under a misapprehension of the fact that I am simply a layman, and chance to be present as an acquaintance of one of your members."

Now it is a little unusual for a non-professional man to attend our meetings, and it is rather more unusual for him to essay his opinions. Nevertheless we are, as it is very well known, an unusually broad-minded profession, and without hesitation the chair ruled that unless any member objected we would welcome the stranger's remarks. There being no objection offered, the stranger bowed his acknowledgment, and moving a few steps, came to the side of a table by the wall. He then turned so that he faced us all. Once he had turned he gave the impression of being planted there, so firmly did he seem to stand. For full a minute the man remained perfectly silent, looking into the faces of his audience. Looking deep into us, it seemed to me.

I cannot tell what was passing at this moment in the minds of the others. Much less can I describe my own thoughts. A grotesque image appeared to rise in my mind. The man before us gave me the strange impression of a powerful piece of rapid fire artillery and that we were all actually looking into a cannon's mouth. The absurd fancy carried itself on. It seemed to me as if each one of us was experiencing the same impression.

The room was very still. What could he have to say, a mere layman, in this gathering of highly trained and scientific men? I was beginning almost to feel uncomfortable for him as he stood there silent and fixed. Then came his words. I might well have saved my sympathy, for his beginning indicated no need of moral support.

"What measure may be employed," began the stranger, "to estimate the esteem which is the heritage of the physician? From antiquity forward, what profession is there which has been so faithfully followed, so implicitly trusted and so profoundly respected?" His clear, precise words, though spoken in the lowest tones, carried to every corner of the large meeting room. "You doctors, you who are the champions of humanity," he went on, "I stand before you—a picked few of you stationed at the peak of your profession. You stand atop of wonder. The world gapes upwards at your achievements."

Oh, how I had misjudged him! This man with the even tones and perceiving mind. I looked about at his eager auditors. They, too, were not missing a word. Our distinguished guest and speaker of the evening seemed to me to be larger and broader; he seemed actually to have swelled in all dimensions as he sat there next to our smiling chairman.

But the stranger was proceeding. "Times change. Conditions alter. Men get new and different impressions of their fellowmen," went on the layman. "My father was a physician. In him my respect for your profession was born. We lived in a small New England community. There it was he dedicated himself to his difficult life work. His pay was meagre,—but his reward was great; for he was conscious of the service he rendered; the service he gave in trying to guide his people in the pathway of God's laws as prescribed by Nature." As I looked around I could see that the fine simile he had drawn had not gone unnoticed. "I repeat," went on the speaker, "men get new impressions of their fellowmen." There was an emphasis put into this last remark which seemed to straighten the backs of his listeners.

"I have been in your great city here but a few days. Chance has thrown in my way a few glimpses of the modern physician—the physician who is thrilling the world with his new conquests. It is in the great city you find the essence of this modern medicinal man who is leading the world on"—he repeated slowly—"on, on, to what?" His hearers were now all alert as he continued. "It will not take long to sketch the trend of humanity in the hands of

this present medical profession." The speaker was leading us on to a fine climax, I felt sure of that. As I looked up the audience appeared as if it wanted to clap, waiting only for the speaker's pause. "I will tell you just a few facts which have come before my face, during this one day, and in your own particular specialty of the baby and how its career is directed. They were interesting facts," he continued, "and perhaps they may solve some problems in our present social puzzles, when they receive thoughtful attention."

The room remained very quiet as we all listened to hear his summing up of our great profession's progress.

"This afternoon I chanced out on your brilliant Fifth Avenue," he started. "A luxurious motor was rolling by. I saw a little man with a little pointed beard leaning back amidst the cushions. 'There,' exclaimed my companion, 'is one of our most eminent physicians. He has made over a million dollars!' " Several of the younger men at this moment involuntarily clapped their hands. "Over a million dollars," slowly repeated the speaker, "teaching mothers how to mix cow's milk and sugar to fool their new-born babies with, while they hunted pleasure and excitement in their skins of slaughtered animals and feathers of slain birds."

Several of our prominent physicians looked up in utter surprise at this sudden suggestion of criticism. How absurd indeed for this layman to be expressing his narrow-minded views of our *scientific* affairs. What could he know of our farsighted goal, anyway?

"All doctors," he went tensely on, "I am told, have now learned how to instruct mothers in this method of defrauding the infant of its natural food, and natural birthright." What does he mean? What is this layman driving at? That was the question I read on all the faces of his listeners as I glanced about. "This," went on the speaker in even more distinct terms, "may be looked upon as *one* of the steps leading up to our present shameful and disorderly social state."

" 'Come,' my companion next said to me," the stranger went on saying, " 'and I will show you some of these bottle-fed babies—those that have survived and are now grown up.' He took me into a large and ornate hotel near by. He showed me a great room edged with little tables. The room was filled with boys and girls in their teens. The girls were being hugged and danced about on the polished floor, or inhaling cigarettes at the small tables. The boys were pouring out drinks from their pocket flasks. 'This,' said my guide, 'is the generation of cheated children, by the selfish or incapable mothers, tutored by their doctors. Here is the dressing room where the little girls check their corsets and paint their lips before going in to dance!' "

The room seemed to have gotten warm and oppressive. I not only noticed it myself but I saw that the others had also. The chairman was wiping his brow. They must have turned on an extra supply of steam heat, I found myself thinking; for it certainly was getting stuffy in that room. But somehow everyone seemed to sit up quite straight as his next words shot out. "But tonight," his voice had risen, "I learn that even God's plan of giving birth to babies is about to be abandoned. That besides forcing unnatural nourishment upon the infant, it is to be forced into the world by unnatural means. That each birth is to become an altogether artificial act. That each mother and her baby is to be drugged with the potent poison of an anaesthetic, on the far off effect of which no one dare venture an opinion. Supposing our women do fear the pains of labor, what does that mean? It means that they have been allowed to slide down the slope of degeneracy into a state of physical unfitness for motherhood. And the only answer to that from an intelligent medical profession is to see that they are guided back to that state of strength and health which is their human heritage."

I could see his listeners getting distinctly restless. For myself I do not pretend to know anything about this specialty so was not especially impressed with the stranger's remarks.

"Each birth," he went on, "is to become a high-priced surgical operation so that *your* fees will compare favorably with your brothers, the surgeons who have grown rich ahead of you."

Was it that the speaker was getting taller and larger, or was it that his listeners were shrinking? Perhaps it was simply an optical illusion on my part.

"Yes," he said, "I commence to see the meaning of the 'onward' movement of this modern medical profession." None of us liked this last remark and I think some of us would have shown our resentment if—well, if the stranger hadn't kept right on *shooting* out his remarks. "Once," he continued, "the medical profession was an honored profession pointing out to struggling humanity the ways of Nature as the path to follow, the laws of Nature as the laws to respect. With self sacrifice and earnest effort, they pursued their way, pointing out to their trusting patients the cost of greed and artificiality and personal selfishness, and the tax it levies on posterity. Is it on this hard-earned and honorable reputation that you doctors of today are entirely capitalized?"

His last remarks were hurled out in such a way that

there was brought back to my mind that early impression of him as he stood like a rugged piece of field artillery getting the range. He was certainly getting his range. "What excuse," he thundered, "has the medical profession to make for playing into the hands of human depravity and degeneracy? *That* is the question which keeps coming back when I see the children who have been tricked out of their mother's milk—and mother's care—and mother's love and guidance." His words were coming very hot and fast now. There was an apathetic look, I thought, about the audience, or was it apoplectic, for some were looking very red indeed! "There was a time," he went boldly on, "when the worthless women who refused to nurse their babies, or the sickly women who *could* not nurse their babies, were looked upon as not fit for the high estate of motherhood. A time when the moral stand of the *good* physician allowed no compromise on this."

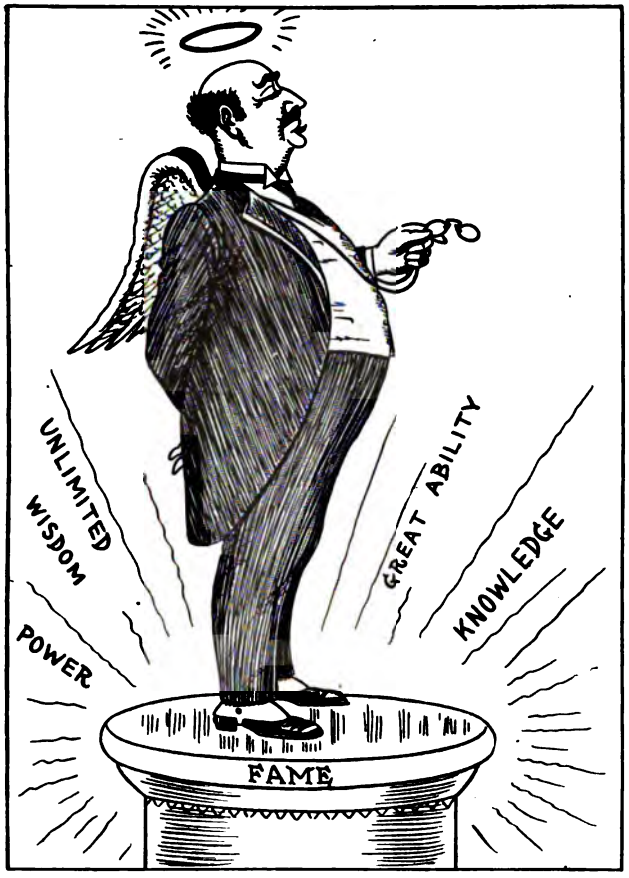
At this point I thought surely one of our great professors would have—would have—well, would have gotten up and said *something;* I, of course, as I explained, was really out of the discussion. The speaker's words were booming out again.

"The handiwork of the modern physician speaks for itself. At the top of society his results roar out their evidence. He has taught the pampered rich how to spawn their puny posterity. The fashion is fixed for the masses to follow. A degenerated population cries out its origin. Crimes, crookedness and confusion have polluted our generation. A state of moral and physical unfitness reaches from the top of society down to the very bottom of it." He finished off with a snap of his powerful jaws. It was very unpleasant to hear them come together.

He was raising his clinched and brawny fist above the little table, and drawing in his breath to hurl out another epithet. I remember thinking at that particular moment of what would happen to the table when that fist came down on it. The faces of his listeners wore a peculiar look; a furtive look. Some were restless. Some were red. His big voice broke out again. I lost his words; for just then a most shocking thing occurred. One of our professors (the one whose splendid student's manual was making such a stir in professional circles—the book entitled "Cow's Milk for Kiddy While Mother Roams") suddenly, and without the slightest warning, toppled forward from his seat. Several nearest by rushed to his aid. He was prone on the floor before he could be reached. A considerable confusion followed. A half dozen or so grasped our confrére and bore him from the room. Our professor was not a lightweight. The broad door of the apartment had been quickly thrown wide. With the bearers of the burden many others followed. A general exodus ensued. It was not especially orderly. As I glanced back into the room—passing out with the others—there stood the stranger, the audacious layman, his arm still raised. His voice was stilled, but on his face there lingered the strangest look. I can still see him as he stood there, a faint enigmatic smile frozen about his lips.

After seeing the professor sufficiently revived and taken away in his motor, and after learning from one of our diagnosticians that it was nothing more than "a slight ptomain attack" which he had suffered, I strolled homeward myself, my mind, as can be imagined, very full of the unusual occurrence visited upon our meeting that evening.

JAMES BAYARD CLARK, M. D.



How a Doctor Usually Appears to His Patients.

And How He Often Appears to His Wife.

WHIZZERINKTUMS

WE PROPHESY.

It ued to be said that a prophet was without honor in his country. But Mr. Daugherty, of Ohio, the World's Greatest Prophet, has disproved this assertion and accepted the honor due to him as prophet. Not unmindful of this new turn of affairs Whizzerinktums offers itself in a paragraph or two of prophesy.

Hear ye! Mr. Public is vastly tired of paying a heavy fee to be examined, Roentgen-rayed, card-indexed et cetera and to find, suddenly, that he still complains in the same old manner, with the same old symptoms. He yearns for a real physician. He is thinking of a man whose tribe has almost passed out of existence, but whose seed will spring into new life when the specialties show too much competition, when clinical groups begin fighting for expansion into the other groups' territory, and when Mr. Public gets sick of all this—which savors highly of superfine quackery. So, again, will come the doctor who will be a better doctor by virtue of better equipment, and who will be a therapeutist. Therapy is and has always been a lost art. No school teaches it, but shuns it. No new graduate knows enough therapy to annoy him. The pendulum always swings, we like to say, and when it leaves the "con" side and goes once more to the "pro" side, we may once again find doctors who have a sense of the clinical and who are not hide-bound technicians, nor exchangers and traders in the specialties.

The Clinical Groups are hastening the day of the return of the family doctor. We hope that he will be a better doctor and practice the art of medicine as well as what little science there is in it. Tut, tut! How much do you really *know?*

AT A CHURCH WEDDING.

Wonder what the usher thinks about?

DIVISION OF LABOR.

The gynecologist does the work that ought to be done by the obstetrician and surgeon. Pediatrics (Definition: the art of mastering feeding formulae) should be turned over to the obstetrician and the general practitioner. Isn't all this division of labor an evidence of lazy-mindedness? Much of what is printed isn't true, you know. Medicine always remains a matter of mechanics and horse sense and good judgment.

Years ago a great surgeon casually remarked to his class: "Gentlemen, in doing surgery limit your incision by the length of the patient's body, if necessary." He was a surgeon, not limited to 8x12 inches of anatomy; he opened up brains and fixed deformed feet. He was particularly good in opening up the vistas of surgery and its unlimited field for results.

Did you know that more calomel is used than any other single drug? And that sodium iodide is second only to calomel in use?

"CABBAGES AND KINGS."

Many of our most worthy members of our citizenry often worry over what might happen us if the farmers quit producing. Threats have been conveyed to Congress and that worthy body of politicians and patriots, always worrying over the power of the vote, hasten to tailor to measure regulations to appease the farmer. Whizzerinktums, which diagnoses, if it does nothing else, advises you not to worry. The farmers have no power, other than that provided by the seasons, the sun and the chemicals within the soil.

Let us imagine that the farmers have become so organized that, like a great union, they may threaten to quit producing. The farmers do not control money and money could solve the question much easier than it solves big industrial problems. A great organization could be formed, branches subsidized, and thousands of acres purchased—even by condemnation, if necessary, for food. Like a great army camp could be built up an organization along modern business lines to till the soil with tractors, to make a great waste spot bloom with activities. Men are always for hire and bunk houses with cots for hundreds could be built. These men would function, receive pay, as do factory hands. Movies would spring up, and small cities grow by virtue of the trading to be done. This would not be socialistic. Intensive cultivation of crops, under control of agricultural graduates, would make it pay and food would be no higher, since direct marketing could also be accomplished by such a farm organization. Keep food from people? Not while brains and organization are available.

JOIN OUR DON'T WORRY CLUB.

Mr. Harding gets $75,000.00 a year for four years for worrying about foreign relations and everything, and we have turned over to him our share of any such worries. We should worry!

DRAW YOUR OWN MORAL.

We received a letter, the other day, on which was typed "Dictated, but not read." We marked on it "Opened, but not read," and mailed it back.

We may be overwhimsical about it, but believe that Col. Harvey will give added life to the Court of St. James. Where, oh where comma have the old masters of vituperative scribbling gone? Unc' Henry Watterson was a late dean of those who would fain break a journalistic lance against the windmills of buffoonery and damphulishness which surround us daily. But he isn't writing and retired immediately after the mint julep became a mem'ry.

ANOTHER CABBAGES AND KINGS PARAGRAPH.

The world, at this writing, not only is not safe for democracy but rather dangerous for it to be abroad when darkness falls. Only royalty is in a worse predicament.

FOR THE STATISTIC LIZARDS.

Figures that purport to measure mentality, the dividing line of genius and imbecility always amuse. No system yet devised has not its weak link. The weak link is the mind of the person who forms judgment—all minds are biased. A recent announcement sorts us all up as follows:

Feeble-minded.	2 per cent.
Genius.	2 per cent.
Average boob	96 per cent.

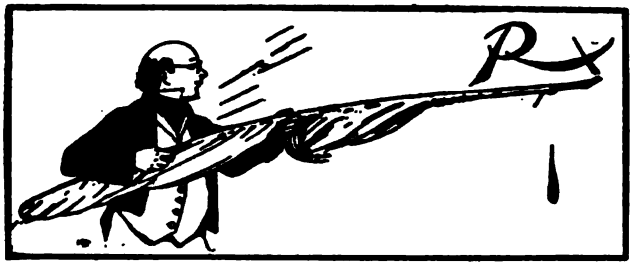
Why not say that genius is suspected, but that in only 2 per cent. of instances, while 98 per cent. are movie fans?

We have known two or three who were believed to be men of genius. The only thing that impressed was their *constant and intensive urge to work.*

SING LO.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

SOME OF GUISEPPE PETRELI'S FRIENDS HAVE BROUGHT HIM ORANGES, GRAPES, WATERMELONS AND PICKLES AND HE'S WONDERING WHERE HE CAN HIDE THE STUFF-
DR BLINK EXPLAINS TO JOE MUCK THAT HIS WIFE SUFFERS FROM OTOBLENNORRHEA— JOE IS CONSIDERABLY WORRIED—
WHEN LITTLE JAMES SEES WHAT WONDERFUL THINGS THE DOCTORS DO, HE WONDERS IF HE DIDN'T MAKE A MISTAKE WHEN HE DECIDED TO BE A PLUMBER!
"DON'T FORGET TO BRING A LITTLE SOMETHING WITH YOU, BILL"
MRS. STUBBS WANTS MORE MONEY—MR. STUBBS WONDERS WHAT PEOPLE IN THE OBSTETRIC WARD CAN POSSIBLY FIND TO DO WITH MONEY
HIS FIRST DAY UP, JOHN SMITHERS, BEING THIRSTY, CALLS UP A FRIEND —
CLIFFORD KNIGHT



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THE SHIFTING SHORES.

THE spirit of unrest that permeates the industrial world is indicative of an alteration of personal philosophy. After the forces of altruistic action came upon an immovable body of opinions they became spent, and, thus weakened, became subordinate to the more powerful egocentric motives.

Whether in the international, national, familial, or individual realm of living, the leading question today is "What do we get out of it?" This viewpoint is by no means unique nor does it per se smack of radicalism. The query is distorted by the peculiar circumstances of the world's existence and thus appears to be conditioned along dangerous lines.

There is no doubt that there is an omni-present feeling that civilization may have been saved by war, but many are wondering whether it was worth saving at such a sacrifice. The influence of the idea of failure is more widespread than is generally admitted. The desire to hold influence with constituencies handicaps the frank expression of opinions and disguises convictions that arise from a knowledge of particularized facts that have been denied publicity. In the interests of harmony compromises are essential, but too frequently these are represented as demanding the maintenance of the status quo ante, however indeterminate this status quo may be.

In order to keep the expression of thought under control a new series of epithets have been invented and applied to stigmatize the inferiority of those who honestly differ with the viewpoints of the majority. The efforts at stifling convictions are productive of greater intellectual unrest than could arise through open debate or frank argument. The medical profession has not been above infection by the microbe of expletives. The physician who dares to utter opinions at variance with the accepted dicta of his guild is attacked as intellectually dishonest, arrogant, self-exploiting, Bolshevist, or a strabismic uplifter. Such personal abuse is not reasoning nor does it pass for intelligent characterization among those who seek truth.

The unrest in medicine is merely a symptom of the changing philosophy of this age. Whither are we drifting? Who knows? Who can prophesy with certainty? Present ills cry out to be cured but the cures may cause newer and more enervating complaints. The experimentalist in therapy craves an opportunity to present his theories for discussion. He may be right and he may be wrong—but he is entitled to a fair hearing. No group in the profession nor any single man is blessed with omniscience, wherefore tolerance is essential.

The progress of the next generation is being determined by the growth of the ideals and philosophy of this age and generation. Openmindedness and the free interchange of ideas are requisite. Blind, dogmatic and unalterable partisanship may promote some forms of the stability but a static world no longer exists. In the dynamics of the world there are rest periods only sufficiently long to develop new energies of greater power to sway mankind. The forceful unrest of a changing philosophy is manifest in every field of human enterprise including medicine.

What is the future of medicine? The answer is being compounded in Destiny's cauldrons which are seething and boiling down the elements of all forms of unrest into more concentrated and more useful palliatives and curatives for medical woes.

What is human life but a longing for something we shall not attain?

* * *

A generation is but a large family, united by ties of impulses and ideas.

* * *

It is not hope, but despair, that gives the measure of our ambitions.

* * *

Should you dig over the minds of most people with a spade, nothing would be turned up in them save immemorial lust of possession.

DR. WORLD: HERE'S HOPING I CAN RAISE THEM ALL.

PROTEOSES AND PEPTONES

In "The Outline of History," Mr. H. G. Wells has had the temerity to begin his story, not with the earliest civilization, but with the origin of the earth itself. It seems to have astonished the world that the origin of the earth itself is a subject included in history instead of in geology. And the critics have taken Mr. Wells to task on this point and on that: Mr. Wells is not a geologist and his geology is faulty; he is not a paleontologist, and his paleontology is faulty; he is not a historian, and his history is faulty. Aside from that, Mr. Wells has produced an excellent book. Thus the critics.

"The Outline of History; being a plain history of life and mankind, by H. G. Wells; written with the advice and editorial help of Mr. Ernest Barker, Sir H. H. Johnston, Sir E. Ray Lankester and Professor Gilbert Murray, and illustrated by J. F. Horrabin." Such is the title, and the two volumes, at $10.50 per pair, are being bought and read by people who buy many books, and by people who buy few books and particularly few books at $10.50. It is a work that has already taken its place among the books that have stimulated human thought.

"The need for a common knowledge of the general facts of human history throughout the world has become very evident during the tragic happenings of the last few years. Swifter means of communication have brought all men closer to one another for good or evil. War becomes a universal disaster, blind and monstrously destructive; it bombs the baby in its cradle and sinks the foodships that cater for the non-combatant and the neutral. There can be no peace now, we realize, but a common peace in all the world; no prosperity but a general prosperity. But *there can be no common peace and prosperity without common historical ideas.* Without such ideas to hold them together in harmonious co-operation, with nothing but narrow, selfish, and conflicting nationalist traditions, races and peoples are bound to drift towards conflict and destruction. This truth, which was apparent to that great philosopher Kant a century or more ago—it is the gist of his tract upon universal peace—is now plain to the man in the street. Our internal policies and our economic and social ideas are profoundly vitiated at present by wrong and fantastic ideas of the origin and historical relationship of social classes. A sense of history as the common adventure of all mankind is as necessary for peace within as it is for peace between the nations.

"Such are the views of history that this *Outline* seeks to realize."

Surely a book that is dedicated to so noble a cause must challenge the attention of anyone who pauses to wonder, in this seething age, whither mankind is bound. And because Mr. Wells is an entertaining as well as an instructive writer, he is getting his great message across where a historian would fail. The *Outline* should appeal to physicians above all other classes of readers, because the education of a physician, though limitation of knowledge prevents its including a conception of the origin of life, does approach the subject of life itself. Therefore this page does itself the honor this month to quote a few passages:

"Wherever the shore line ran there was life, and that life went on in and by and with water as its home, its medium, and its fundamental necessity.

"The first jelly-like beginnings of life must have perished whenever they got out of the water, as jelly-fish dry up and perish on our beaches today. Drying up was the fatal thing for life in those days, against which at first it had no protection. But in a world of rain-pools and shallow seas and tides, any variation that enabled a living thing to hold out and keep its moisture during hours of low tide or drought met with every encouragement in the circumstances of the time. There must have been a constant risk of stranding. And, on the other hand, life had to keep rather near the shore and beaches in the shallows because it had need of air (dissolved, of course, in water) and light.

"No creature can breathe, no creature can digest its food, without water. We talk of breathing air, but what all living things really do is to breathe oxygen dissolved in water. The air we ourselves breathe must first be dissolved in the moisture in our lungs; and all our food must be liquefied before it can be assimilated. Water-living creatures which are always under water, wave the freely exposed gills by which they breathe in that water, and extract the air dissolved in it. But a creature that is to be exposed for any time out of the water, must have its body and its breathing apparatus protected from drying up."

This was the beginning of the Proterozoic age, or age of primitive life, twenty million or two hundred million years after the earth was formed. The Proterozoic age is said to have been sixty million or six hundred million years ago; between four and five times as remote as the Mesozoic age, the age of reptiles, when the dinosaur occurred. And notwithstanding the cartoonist's fancy

of primitive man leading the dinosaur about with a string, the dinosaur had been extinct for ten million or a hundred million years before there was any primitive man.

"Primordial man, before he could talk, probably saw very vividly, mimicked very cleverly, gestured, laughed, danced and lived, without much speculation about whence he came or why he lived. He feared the dark, no doubt, and thunderstorms and big animals and queer things and whatever he dreamt about, and no doubt he did things to propitiate what he feared or to change his luck and please the imaginary powers in rock and beast and river. He made no clear distinction between animate and inanimate things; if a stick hurt him, he kicked it; if the river foamed and flooded, he thought it was hostile. His thought was probably very much at the level of a bright little contemporary boy of four or five. He had the same subtle unreasonableness of transition and the same limitations. But since he had little or no speech he would do little to pass on the fancies that came to him, and develop any tradition or concerted acts about them."

After a lapse of perhaps 50,000 years: "Away beyond the dawn of history, 3,000 or 4,000 years ago, one thinks of the Wiltshire uplands in the twilight of a midsummer day's morning. The torches pale in the growing light. One has a dim apprehension of a procession through the avenue of stone, of priests, perhaps fantastically dressed with skins and horns and horrible painted masks—not the robed and bearded dignitaries our artists represent the Druids to have been—of chiefs in skins adorned with necklaces of teeth and bearing spears and axes, their great heads of hair held up with pins of bone, of women in skins or flaxen robes, of a great peering crowd of shock-headed men and naked children. They have assembled from many distant places; the ground between the avenues and Silbury Hill is dotted with their encampments. A certain festive cheerfulness prevails. And amidst the throng march the appointed human victims, submissive, helpless, staring towards the distant smoking altar at which they are to die—that the harvests may be good and the tribe increase. To that had life progressed 3,000 or 4,000 years ago from its starting-place in the slime of the tidal beaches."

"Our *Outline of History* has been ill written if it has failed to convey our conviction of the character of the state toward which the world is moving. * * * The attainment of this world state may be impeded and may be opposed today by many apparently vast forces; but it has, urging it on, a much more powerful force, that of the free and growing common intelligence of mankind. * * * And this world state will be sustained by a universal education, organized upon a scale and of a penetration and quality beyond all present experience. The whole race, and not simply classes and peoples, will be *educated*. * * * The world state's organization of scientific research and record compared with that of today will be like an ocean liner beside the dugout canoe of some early heliolithic wanderer. * * * Its economic organization will be an exploitation of all natural wealth and every fresh possibility science reveals, by the agents and servants of the common government for the common good. Private enterprise will be the servant—a useful, valued and well-rewarded servant—and no longer the robber master of the commonweal."

This is truly a magnificent optimism that gives new courage for the meeting of the tasks at hand. Those who recall with disappointment that the present age is a departure from the one anticipated by Edward Bellamy in "Looking Backward" (1888), will be pleased to note considerable resemblance between the visions of these two imaginative men, and may feel that Bellamy's error lay only in anticipating the millennium at too early a date.

A Problem in Addition and Subtraction.

Sympathetic Little Girl: You ought to see the doctor.

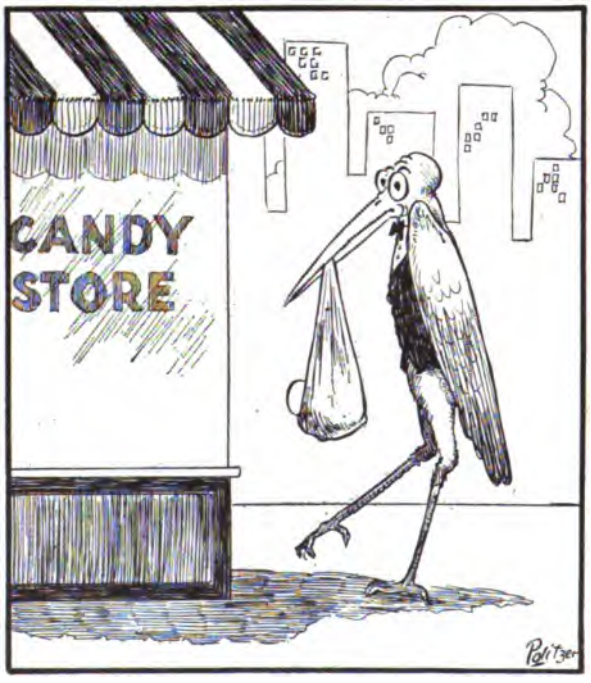
Kid (with the black eyes): I wish't I could. Boo-hoo!

Reverence seldom goes with familiarity; the deities are said to be austere.

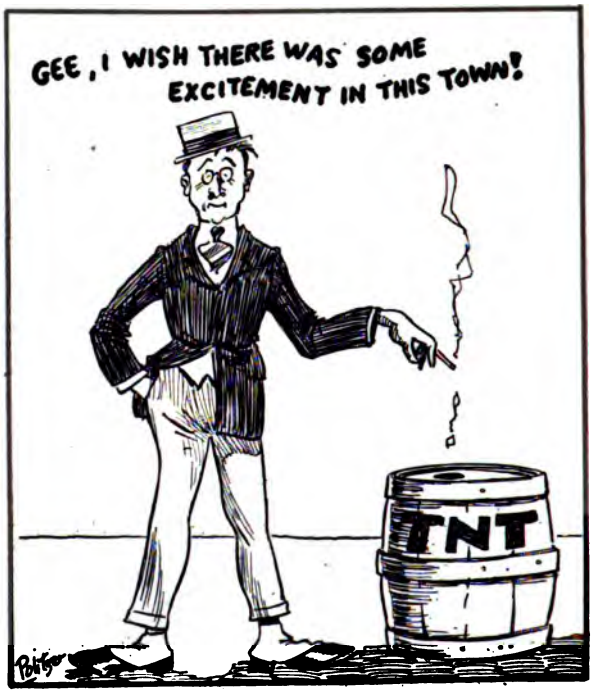
* * *

Whenever you find real talent, you will find frank, good-fellowship and sincerity and no sort of pretensions.

Dr. West: Jumping cats! Here's a picture of my patient, John D. Row, and he's the oil millionaire—and I thought he looked hard up and sent him a bill for just half of my regular fee!



Why only a minute ago they had a sign out, "Boy Wanted." No sooner I get here they change their mind.



Incurables.

Baby dying in "The Sins of Rosanne." That's what the doctor is thinking so hard about.

John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." We don't blame son for looking doubtful. The doctor appears to be prescribing three pills twice daily for a sprained ankle.

The doctor is looking in the wrong direction to discover why Wallie Reid is registering a heart-beat of 210 to the minute.

"Who would want to look like that?" says Roscoe Arbuckle to the students in "Crazy to Marry." But Bull Montana is wondering whether his own face is much improvement on Yorick's.

THE DOCTOR IN THE MOVIES.

—Courtesy of Famous Players, Lasky Corporation.

Repentance is virginity of soul, which we must keep for God; a man who repents twice is a horrible sycophant; periodical repentance is hypocrisy.

It is rarely that a liaison can be begun again—life is too hurried. We may not go back—the past may not become the present—ghosts come between.

SOME UNSCIENTIFIC CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

DURING the war, when public interest naturally was directed to physical fitness, and when the Nation's resources were frequently thought of in terms of man power, one of the publications of the U. S. Public Health Service, a bulletin devoted to physical fitness and the prevention of physical defects, was issued under the title "Man Power." Announcement of the publication of this bulletin brought in numerous requests for copies, none, however, of greater interest than the following written on a post card:

"Am 74 years old. Send me Man Power. Send it quick. I need it."

Experiments conducted by the U. S. Public Health Service indicate that under certain circumstances top minnows can be utilized in the work of mosquito control for these fish feed extensively on mosquito wrigglers. In order to show this phase of mosquito work, arrangements were recently made to take motion pictures of the fish in action. Accordingly, in co-operation with the Bureau of Fisheries a small aquarium was fitted up and stocked with top minnows. The motion picture operator began to turn the crank, and then mosquito wrigglers were introduced. Imagine the surprise and disappointment, however, when it was seen that the fish were apparently frightened by the wrigglers, and dodged when the latter came too near.

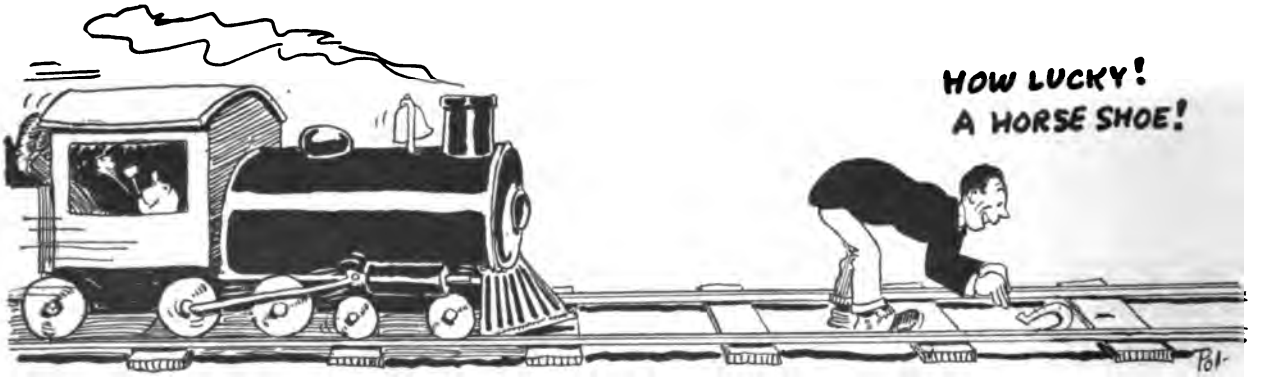
A newspaper correspondent, who seemed to enjoy the embarrassment of the fish and mosquito experts, insisted that in his town, Augusta, Georgia, a mosquito breeding lake, which had been stocked with top minnows for the purpose of destroying the mosquito larvae, had recently had to be drained to control the mosquito nuisance. "And when the fish were examined, it was found that the wrigglers had chewed the tail off most of the fish." Since newspaper reporters are known always to stick to facts, there would seem to be nothing to add.

Developing, as it did, out of the Marine Hospital Service, devoted to the medical care and treatment of sick and disabled seamen, the Public Health Service has naturally always taken a keen interest in the ship's medicine chest. One of its bulletins is a book of several hundred pages, constituting a handbook on the prevention of disease and care of the sick, and designed for the use of skippers when no physician is available.

An officer of the Public Health Service was an interested observer of the way in which this handbook and the ship's medicine chest was used. A sailor, feeling bilious, had presented himself to the captain, his "bowels all tied in a knot, sir." A purge was clearly indicated, so taking the bottle marked "calomel," the captain poured out, on a piece of paper, about half a tablespoonful of the powder, and gave it to the seaman with directions to wash it down with a gulp of water. "But isn't that too much to give him," remonstrated the medical officer. "Shucks, no. It's not worth over five cents, and I've got plenty on hand."

CHARLES BOLDUAN, M. D.

Washington, D. C.



The blessings that I now enjoy
Are beyond count or score;
While every day that passes by
The good Lord adds some more.

It just occurred to me with force
That I should not o'erlook
The blessed fact that my small child
Has failed to write a book!

She cannot speak six languages,
Nor play a game of chess;
At school she thumbs her History,
And longs for her recess.

She wears no College medals
To prove her brain out size;
She speaks some slang, some English,
She hates to memorize.

She sings like any other child,
She plays the "Maiden's Prayer,"
But when it comes to super gifts,
She simply isn't there!

So herewith let me render thanks,
That our dear family
Drew just a normal child and not
An infant prodigy!

TRANSITION

She was a pretty baby,
With such a dainty skin,
Such elfish eyes, such rosy cheeks,
And dimples shorn of sin;
But powder-streaked and painted,
Face, shoulders, neck and brow,
And looking every inch a freak,—
You ought to see her now!

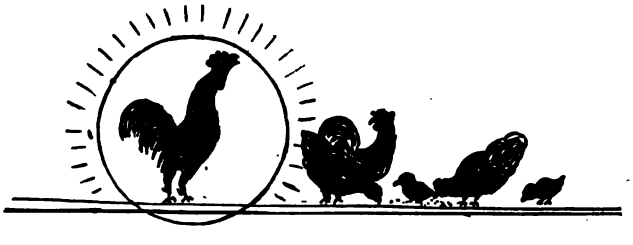
RALPH M. THOMSON, M. D.

There was a crowing in the morning
And a cackling in the yard,
For ev'ry fruit-bearing chicken
Had an order on the card.
They were busy in the yard.

With great gladness crowed the rooster,
Chanticl'ered aloud the message,
"Eggs were wanted for a doctor;
Pure fresh eggs and by expressage."
Boldly telling of the message.

Then at once the hens got busy;
Scratched about with just incentive;
Went into the nest, made ready
By unfeathered bi-ped's motive,
Segregated and attentive.

Quiet rested o'er the barnyard,
Such a quiet was a portend
Of a later pandemonium.
(At even ten
Each laying hen
Who could cackle
Cackled then.)
Servants they were who'd not offend—
The hens that day laid eggs to send.



HIS FIRST CASE

CHAPTER 13.—With the Passing of Time.

JUSTINA was soon firmly established in the large, still, silent house of Colonel Darl. The change from the modest little cottage to the big stone mansion caused her to completely rearrange her mode of living. Although she had been a frequent visitor of the Darls since childhood, the kind of life they led, so different from her own, had never appealed to her. But, now, she welcomed the very things that she formerly detested—the high walls, the silent house, the stiff and orderly arrangement of the grounds, the seats, the fountains, the stone bridge, the flower urns, and even the bushes and trees themselves.

As a child she had taken delight in running about the huge grounds, following and pretending to help old John, the gardener, who good-naturedly put up with her baby tricks, even when she pulled every pansy in the small pansy-bed by the side of the round stone table where the Darls were in the habit of taking lunch on hot days. In those days, though, she loved her own home best, for she could stand at the gate and see the horses and carriages passing by, and answer the words of greeting that everyone had for her.

Later, as she matured into girlhood, the carriages were replaced by automobiles, and, instead of a word of greeting, there was a wave of the hand as the cars passed by; and then, when she wanted seclusion, there was the House of Dreams to hide her—and what more could one wish? The six-foot, solid wall around the Darl grounds always stifled her, after a certain length of time, and often reminded her of the penitentiary where, she had read, the same condition existed; and, often, she had played that it was so, and in her child mind she could vividly portray the stiff guards walking on top of the wall, armed with long, bright rifles. She had mentioned this once to the Colonel, who was so shocked that he reprimanded her rather severely for thinking of such things, and, thereafter, she let her imagination run its course in silence.

But those times were gone. The pleasant memories of the bright summer days were all she had left; the days when her mother and Mrs. Darl spent the afternoons in the shade of the white birch near the house, or under the big spreading oak that stood in the center of the grounds, while she took off her shoes and stockings and splashed with girlish glee in the cool water of the big fountain, or, laying on her back, looking up at the pointed top of the slender poplar tree.

But even the most pleasant memories are sometimes cruel, and are better forgotten. In those days the natural silence of the place was broken by her merry laughter, for no cares had she, no troubles to worry her. Now, she moved about the grounds alone, except for the companionship of Napoleon, who seemed to know that the world was all wrong, and his dog heart had lost the joy of former times. The birch was still there, as was also the oak and the fountain and the slender poplar tree, and old John still pottered among the flowers and bushes; but over all was a gloom that would only brighten with the passing of time. Yet she loved them all for what they had been, and the joy they had given.

It was the third day after she had began her life at the Darl house, when she was walking among the flowers, watching old John carefully pull the small weeds that insistently tried to overwhelm them. She stooped and plucked a large, perfectly formed geranium and held it high, admiring it with her wonderful eyes.

"You still like them, don't you, Miss," asked the old man in piping tones, as he ceased working and looked up at her with the same old smile.

"Yes," she replied, "but you won't have to watch me, John, for I promise not to riddle them as I used to."

The sunken gray eyes of the withered old man became moist. "I wish you were like you were then, Miss Justina, for the place has been lonesome since you growed up, for you haven't been here very much; and, now, since your dear mother has gone, I feel it more than ever; although"—his face brightened—"your being here all the time adds a new flower in the garden."

Justina did not reply, but stood, silently, admiring the deep red flower.

"Those were your mother's favorites," continued the old gardener, pointing to the geranium bed, "and this afternoon I'm going out to the graveyard and put some on her grave. Maybe you'd like to go with me?"

The girl lowered the flower to her side and bowed her head, while her lustrous eyes sought the ground. "Yes," she said, "I'll go." And, turning quickly, she went to the lawn settee under the big oak and sat alone for an hour, until Mrs. Darl came in search of her.

On every occasion that she stopped and spoke to him,

the saddened old gardener insisted on referring to Mrs. Everett's death, always stating that this flower or that —whichever it might be that he was working with—was her favorite one. It was his disposition to offset his grief by talking about it; while such words only increased the girl's sorrow. Therefore, she learned to avoid the old man, and this aversion added more grief to him, for he could not understand her action.

It was a week after the funeral when Mrs. Ganey called for Justina and they went to the cottage to clean and close it. They went in the big, black limousine, for Justina could not bear to walk the short distance and meet the people on the street.

"We must clean everything out of the cupboard," said Mrs. Ganey, "for it will spoil—some of it is spoiled now," she remarked, swinging open the doors and inhaling a whiff of the interior.

"I'll attend to it while you sweep and straighten the front rooms up," she added.

Justina went to work at the much-dreaded task and only by fast and furious labor could she keep from breaking down, as she saw the various articles so dear to her mother, the old Bible, the pair of flower vases, the autograph album, the artificial flowers in the parlor, and numerous other trinkets.

Then, when she came to the clothes closet, where her mother's dresses were hung, she touched them reverently and—but why should we so coolly trespass upon her actions of emotion?"

"Are those old papers in this fruit-jar any good?" called Mrs. Ganey, from the kitchen. "I found them on the top shelf of the cupboard."

"No," came the answer, hurriedly. "Throw them out and burn them with the other trash. Mamma always kept her valuable papers in Uncle John's safe, except some I've found in the bureau drawer."

And so the receipt for the ten thousand dollars, that Mrs. Everett had so carefully placed there, was soon destroyed.

Mrs. Ganey, knowing well the break between Fred and Justina, and the reason thereof, racked her brain for a suitable remark that would bring the subject under discussion, but failed to accomplish the feat. Justina, herself, having given the matter much thought, and, now, in the light of sound reasoning and in spite of what has been said to influence her against him, was exceedingly sorry that she had let her anger so unconsciously and suddenly assert itself, and would have gladly welcomed the opportunity to discuss it. However, she would not broach the subject; and, too, she still felt that Fred had been incompetent—she had not changed her mind about that.

Her only regret was that she had spoken so brutally, for, though she doubted his surgical skill, there was yet a warm feeling of sympathy for him, because she knew from her previous association with him that he was conscientious in his work, and she farther knew that if his lack of skill was responsible for what had happened, it was not his desire for ambitious experimentation that had caused it.

She had missed him during the past weeks and she had time to think over many things. She realized that she had done him a wrong—and it could only be rectified by going to him and apologizing. Yet, how could she apologize when she felt that he, in a way, was really responsible? At best it could only be a half apology, and she could not do that. Besides, Justina had pride. She had her own natural pride, and with it the pride of heredity. Such a combination does not easily give way to defeat.

The two women worked silently and swiftly. Justina put the three front rooms in spotless order, and the furniture stood so stiff and stately, and there was such an atmosphere of gloom over the place, especially after the window shades were pulled down and the house darkened, that she was glad to get away from it. Joining Mrs. Ganey in the kitchen, she helped put the finishing touches to the pots and pans, and soon they emerged therefrom and left. And the people of the village, passing the house and viewing the green-shaded windows, seemed to absorb some of the gloom that radiated from every nook and corner of the silent house and yard, in contrast to the gay and jolly atmosphere which previously reigned therein.

Time passed and the summer faded into autumn, and the village folks became accustomed to the absence of Justina on the streets, except as they saw her flash by behind the polished glass of the big, black limousine; sometimes alone, sometimes with Mrs. Darl. And they were also growing used to her absence from the many parties and social functions, which were now becoming more frequent as the weather became cooler; and the young men of the community, ever quick to forget, were devoting their attention to the other girls. Particularly did they center around Virginia Donon, who, now, held full sway in being the most popular young woman in the neighborhood, and, being different in the fact that she was more vivacious and cunning, she received many proposals of marriage from the young men, who, as Mrs. Ganey had so truthfully said, were afraid to propose to Justina.

It was near Thanksgiving time when Justina summed up enough courage to approach the Colonel in regard to money matters. The Colonel had taken immediate steps. after Mrs. Everett's death, to have himself appointed—of course, with Justina's consent—administrator of the estate; and since that time nothing more had been said concerning financial arrangements. The girl had so far existed on the small amount of money that she had found in the house at the time of her bereavement.

But now she felt that it was time to make some arrangements concerning her money needs, so, having fallen into the custom of the Darl way of living, she called Dawkins one bright sunny morning and asked for an appointment with the Colonel.

"The master says he will see you in the library at ten o'clock, Miss," answered the grave Dawkins, a few moments later.

Justina nodded and consulted her wrist watch—it was nine o'clock. "Very well," she answered, and Dawkins departed in silence.

At the appointed time she was ushered into the magnificent library and was received by the Colonel with as much formality as if she had been some royal personage.

"Well, my dear, what can I do for you?" he asked, after they were both seated and Dawkins had been dismissed.

"I came to see about my money," she said, plunging into the subject at once. "My funds are running low—really, I have only fifteen cents left." This statement was accompanied with just a touch of the old laughter.

The Colonel smiled ever so faintly, then cleared his throat. "That's most unfortunate and quite embarrassing to me," he said. "I should have inquired concerning your financial needs before this, but I confess that I neglected it on account of pure forgetfulness—I wonder if you can forgive me?"

"Oh, you needn't feel so badly about it," she said. "You can depend upon a woman to ask for money when she needs it."

The Colonel coughed and shifted his gaze to the window. He began talking: "Well, you see, you know, to be exact——." Then, floundering for more words, he stopped and reached for his cheque-book. He slowly filled out one of the blank cheques, carefully blotted it and handed it to her.

"There's a hundred dollars," he said. "I beg a thousand pardons for such neglect—it was an oversight, but I know that is a weak explanation—very weak indeed." Then, changing the subject, he said: "I hope you are satisfied with your life under our roof. Mrs. Darl tells me that you are quite a companion to her, and we both feel that you are like our own daughter."

"Yes," she said, dropping the cheque in her lap and folding her hands over it; "I feel quite at home here—you know, I've been here so much all my life. Of course, I miss mamma and——."

"Yes, I know," interrupted Colonel Darl with a wave of his hand, "but don't talk about it. Such things are better if they are not spoken of too frequently, or even thought of."

Then, before she could reply, he changed the subject again. "I wonder if you found all the papers of importance that were in the house. Are you sure you didn't overlook anything?"

"Yes, I'm perfectly sure. We cleaned out every place that migh contain them, and I know mamma kept them all in the middle bureau drawer, except the ones you have. Of course, there were a lot of old receipts in a jar in the cupboard, but they were not important. We didn't even look at them. I told Mrs. Ganey to burn them with the trash."

The Colonel nodded with understanding. "I see," he exclaimed. "Then you are certain you have everything."

"Absolutely certain," came the emphatic reply. She did not notice the smile of satisfaction that spread over the Colonel's thin face at her remark.

After the interview she called Charles, the chauffeur, to get the limousine ready for a ride to the little cemetery on the hillside. At first, when she had made the frequent visits to the sacred spot, she felt a pang of remorse over her whole body and an empty feeling of loneliness filled her heart as she arranged the flowers on her mother's grave. But later in the autumn, when she took up the tender plants to protect them through the coming winter, her visits were made with more subdued emotion, for grief is lessened with the passing of time.

* * * * * * * *

"Mr. Ganey, I'm sorry to tell you that I can't pay my board bill," thus spoke Fred Forson shortly before Christmas. "I've hung on here as long as I could," he continued. "I've tried to stand the gaff and face it out, and would, too, if I had the money; but you know how things have been going since Mrs. Everett died.

"I suppose I should have taken up Doctor Lants' offer," he went on, "and gone to Oliva as his assistant; but I hated to act the coward and retreat in the face of defeat. Since he took in Bonnes they've done about everything there is to do around here, although I'll give them credit for being clean-cut and honorable, and I know

they've done all they could to place my prestige back where it was. That's more than Doctor Deeny has done."

The jolly storekeeper leaned back in his swivel chair and placed his feet on the desk. Then he locked his hands behind his head and puffed vehemently on his corncob pipe until it was going to his satisfaction.

"Why?" he asked. "Has that old codger been shoving a kick into you?"

"He sure has," answered Fred. "Riley's called me the other day, out on Dry Ridge—they've stuck to me all the time, because I took one of the kids through an attack of indigestion last summer—and the next day old Deeny was called to see one of their neighbors. He stopped at the Riley's, for some reason or other, and looked Mrs. Riley over. She had bronchitis and I had given her a simple cough mixture. He picked up the bottle, held it to the light and studied it from all sides, then tasted it and looked wise. 'Huh!' he said. 'That's the medicine we give for smallpox.' Do you suppose they could get her to take another dose? Not for a million dollars."

Tom Ganey threw back his head and chuckled: "We'll get him yet," he cried. "You see if we don't! You almost had him beat to a frazzle before you—before that operation. And we'll do it again. I never did like that old devil after he gave me a dose of dry quinine once. We'll give him all that's coming to him."

Fred shook his head mournfully.

"I'd like to know how?" he mused. "I've got to sell out and pull my freight."

"Why, you've been making some calls right along," declared the storekeeper. "You're not beat yet, not by a long shot."

"I know I've been making calls," sighed Fred, "but they're all to see deadbeats who can't get anybody else, and they don't even intend to pay *me* a cent. I can't buy gasoline and wear out tires and use drugs that aren't paid for, forever, to hold such practice as that."

"How about that call to see Jim Donon the other day, and the one to Henry Bean's last week? They're not deadbeats."

"No, but those are about the only ones that aren't."

"I'll tell you what's the matter with you," snorted Tom Ganey, unclasping his hands and bringing his feet down to the floor with a bang, eyeing Fred steadily. "It's because the Colonel called Doctor Bonnes last week when Justina was sick. Now speak the truth—isn't that so?"

Tom Ganey had hit the nail on the head and Fred knew it. He had bravely stood up against the wall of opposition that confronted him on all sides from the rest of the people of the village. He had seen other physicians come into the town and make hurried calls from place to place, while he sat idle in his office. He had known of bad cases in the surrounding country who had waited all night before another doctor could get to them, in preference to calling him. He had seen and heard of these things, but hope still remained in his soul.

He had passed through a trying ordeal with Justina, speaking to her at every opportunity, in hope that some day something might happen that would renew their friendship. She always nodded to him, at first casually; but of late he had noticed that a pleasant smile accompanied the nod, as the big, black limousine rushed by. He had never had an opportunity to talk to her; he hoped for one, longed for one; his lonely life cried out for one passing word. Remembering their short, sweet months of companionship, he knew that she, too, was lonely; and he had hoped beyond hope that she would unbend from her anger and dignity, and call him to her bedside if she should be ill.

But such was not to be. Only the week before she had been confined to her bed for five days with a cold and the Colonel had summoned Dr. Lants, who, being unable to make the call, had sent his assistant, Doctor Bonnes. The young physician knew that such had been done with Justina's consent and probably at her request, and it had been the last straw added to his load under which he could bear up. Not even his frequent visits to see the charming Virginia Donon, who entertained him with music and dancing and laughter and frivolity, could take away the depression that overwhelmed him.

He knew that what Tom Ganey said was true, but he answered after hesitating only an instant: "No, it isn't that"

"I know better!" chuckled the storekeeper, and his blue eyes twinkled more than usual. "I'm not as big a fool as I look, even if Alice does say I am. You're in love with that girl, and I've known it ever since I saw you look at her the first day you came here—the time I took you to the house. I guess I know."

"I know some other things, too," he went on. "You've been trying to make yourself believe that you're in love with Virginia Donon; but you can't do it, can you? Oh, I can tell. It's shameful the way Justina has done, but she'll come off her high and mighty perch some day, for it's a false position for her. She can't keep it up forever—the stiff, formal life at the Darl's will be too much for her next summer. It's her nature to get out and run wild occasionally. It's only her pride that's keeping her

where she's at. I know that pride well, for her mother had it."

The storekeeper reached for a pen and used the red holder to point at Fred, while he went on talking.

"You're going to stay with us, here! I want you to understand that right now! You're going to stay until people forget, until the time comes when you'll make old Doctor Deeny set on his hind legs and beg, and until you take Justina out of that big stone house and put her back in the cottage again, as your wife."

"It's impossible," objected Fred. "She'll never give in—she still thinks that I was responsible for her mother's death. And, besides, what will I live on?"

"How much money have you got?" demanded the storekeeper.

"Twenty-five dollars, and I owe eighty dollars for drugs."

"Is that all you owe?"

"Yes; except to you, for board and room."

"Then, I'll tell you what you're going to live on," assured the jolly Tom, dipping his pen in the ink and writing a cheque. "You're going to live on me. There! You can pay your drug bill with that hundred and have twenty left, without touching your twenty-five. When that's gone there'll be more."

Fred shoved back the proffered cheque. "I can't do that," he protested.

"But you're going to do it," insisted the chuckling Tom. "I'm your manager now. It will be worth all it cost when I see Justina happy once more; and I'm not giving it to you, anyway—it's a loan. You can pay it back when you get it."

"And suppose I never get it?"

"Then I'll accept a gambler's loss without kicking, for I'm taking a gambling chance on you."

Fred studied over this plan for a moment, not knowing whether it was a streak of good luck or simply a method of getting in so deep that he could never get out. Yet, how could he refuse the generous offer from one who had been such a staunch and constant friend?

And, too, the words of the girl he loved came back to him; and the vision of her lovely face, upturned in the moonlight, was vivid. He could feel the gentle touch of her hand on his arm, and could see those wonderful eyes gazing straight at him, as she soothed his nervousness with cheerful and sympathetic words; and one remark ran through his brain: "You must not give up, *never*, on account of death." Oh, then it had sounded like words of wisdom; but now, had it come from the same lips, it would have twanged of idle mockery. But the Justina who uttered those words was not the Justina of today. Fred realized that, and hoped for a transformation.

"I'll try it a while longer," he finally decided, "if you'll take a note for the money."

"Well, all right; if that's the only way you'll have it." Tom shoved a blank note at Fred. "Fill it out, for a year, without interest."

"For a year at eight per cent.," said Fred, writing.

"No; with interest starting at maturity."

"At eight per cent. from date."

"Too much. Now, see here! If you've got to put interest in the thing at all, make it six per cent."

"Eight per cent. is customary," declared Fred.

"Oh, well; darn you! Make it ten, for all I care. It will all come out in the wash with the passing of time."

* * * * * * * *

Mrs. Bean had never before realized how lonely life could be without Henry's violin. It had been an institution in the household since their marriage. In fact, for a time, it had been their only piece of furniture. It had furnished amusement and recreation for Henry all these passing years. It had furnished excellent grounds for contention on her part during the same length of time. Now, Henry was depressed and quiet—he read lots. It was hard to find any excuse to shower her wrath upon him, for there was no work to urge him to—except the chores and the cutting of wood into stove lengths. He did the chores diligently and there was no chance for discussion concerning them; although, much to her relief, the woodpile furnished grounds for occasional hot arguments. Then, too, she missed the music; but never would she admit that fact—not even to her own self.

"Here, Henry, dear. I bought this for you."

It was early on Christmas Eve that she handed forth a big package from the closet, where it had been hidden for two weeks, and thus presented it to Henry, who was reading. He opened it with trembling fingers and extracted therefrom a handsome, new, brightly-varnished violin. His face was radiant with delight as he inspected it, but a dull frown of disappointment clowded his brow as he drew the bow across the strings—the tone was displeasing to his sensitive ear, which, now, could have only been satisfied with a genuine Stradivarius instrument. He played two tunes and laid it down, picking up his book.

"Don't you like it?" asked Mrs. Bean.

"Sure!" acknowledged Henry. "It's nice of you to think of me that way."

"Isn't it a good fiddle?"

"Yes, certainly; it's awful pretty."

"Then why don't you play it some more?"

"Well, you see, I wanted to finish what I was reading, and—and—and——."

"And what?"

"Well, you know, it seems that since I had that Stradivarius violin, others haven't got the tone like it."

The ponderous Julia jumped across the room and grabbed him by the collar. She jerked him to a standing position, and the book clattered to the floor. She shook him and whirled him around and around, and he, remembering another similar incident, grabbed his false teeth out of his mouth and held them in his hand, so that there would be no danger of choking on them again.

"Now you play that fiddle," she commanded. "What do you mean by telling me that fiddle ain't got no tone? Ain't it as good as any fiddle? Answer me that!"

"But Julia, my love, I meant——"

"Yes, I know what you meant; you meant to insult me, after all I've done for you. Play that fiddle!"

The astonished little man nervously took up the bright violin and played upon it with all his might. He spent the entire evening at it, playing every piece in his mental repertoire. He played and played, while she sat and listened, though she was really reading and never knew the tunes he played; but somehow, she found that she could read better with the buzz of the violin in her ears—the same as it had been for twenty years. She was happy.

Even after she had gone to bed, Henry sat and played on. The tone was rasping and he knew it, but try as he would he could get none better from it. Yet, fearing another outburst of wrath, he dared not stop. He continued for half an hour after she had retired, and at that time, nine-thirty, the form of his white-robed spouse appeared in the doorway which led to the bedroom. She was pointing her chubby forefinger at him, and he instinctively crouched down in his seat, like a frightened cur, for he knew what was coming; and the note he was playing died into a screech.

"Henry Bean," she roared. "How do you expect a body to sleep with you sawin' on that fiddle all the time. Answer me that!"

"But Julia, my love, you said to play."

"I didn't say to play all night and keep me awake. Now, you come to bed this minute. I reckon that now since you've got a fiddle that there'll be no peace in this house—no living with you at all. Ain't I right? Answer me that!"

"Yes, yes; of course you're right, Julia, my love. I'll come to bed right away."

He deposited the violin on the stand and went to the kitchen for fuel to bank the fire. He danced about with ecstacy. His happiness was complete. Julia, who had been too quiet of late, almost melancholy, was now her natural self again; and he had feared that the change which had come over her would be permanent with the passing of time.

* * * * * * * *

In the meanwhile Bob Flinn was hurrying through the cold, biting sleet, toward the Ganey house, but stopped as he saw a light in Fred's office, for it was he whom he desired to interview.

"I got the toothache, Doc," he announced, removing his hat and shaking the ice from it. "Fine weather for Christmas Eve, ain't it?"

"Sit down here," motioned Fred, who was in a hurry to be gone. "Which tooth is it?"

"The one up above on the left side, next to the back," said Bob, indicating it more plainly by placing his finger on it and at the same time continuing his talking—the words being inaudible and resembling a speech made while the speaker had a mouthful of hot mush.

Fred pulled his hand away and instantly plunged the tooth forceps into his mouth. The action was quick and took Bob by surprise, but he was as quick to respond. He raised out of the chair and shoved Fred from him with both hands, forcibly, landing him against the wall. "Gosh, Doc, I just told you I couldn't stand it without takin' somethin' to kill the pain."

"Sit down there and keep quiet," ordered Fred, advancing on him and brandishing the glittering forceps. "It won't hurt."

Bob lurched into the corner. He searched the room hurriedly, located the coal bucket and spat at it, hitting the center. Then he rubbed his mustache with his thumb knuckle. "Honest, Doc, I can't stand it without takin' somethin'. Old Doc Pugh tried it once without givin' me anything, and I fainted right in his office—so after that Doc always give me whisky, for, said Doc, 'I've found out that whisky is the best stimulant you can take, Bob, 'cause you ain't used to it and it takes right a hold on you!' That's what Doc said, and he knowed me pretty well, Doc did. He'd doctored me for a long time. That's the reason I'm tellin' you about it, so you can have the benefit of Doc's experience without learin' me all over again. Just a couple a nips of whisky'll fix me so I can stand it without flinchin'!"

"But I haven't got any whisky."

"You ain't? Not yet? When you goin' to get some?"

"I don't suppose I'll ever get any," answered Fred impatiently. Formerly he would have taken advantage

of the chance to have some fun with the village drunkard, but now he was in no mood for humor. "You sit down there and let me pull that tooth, or else get out and get out quick."

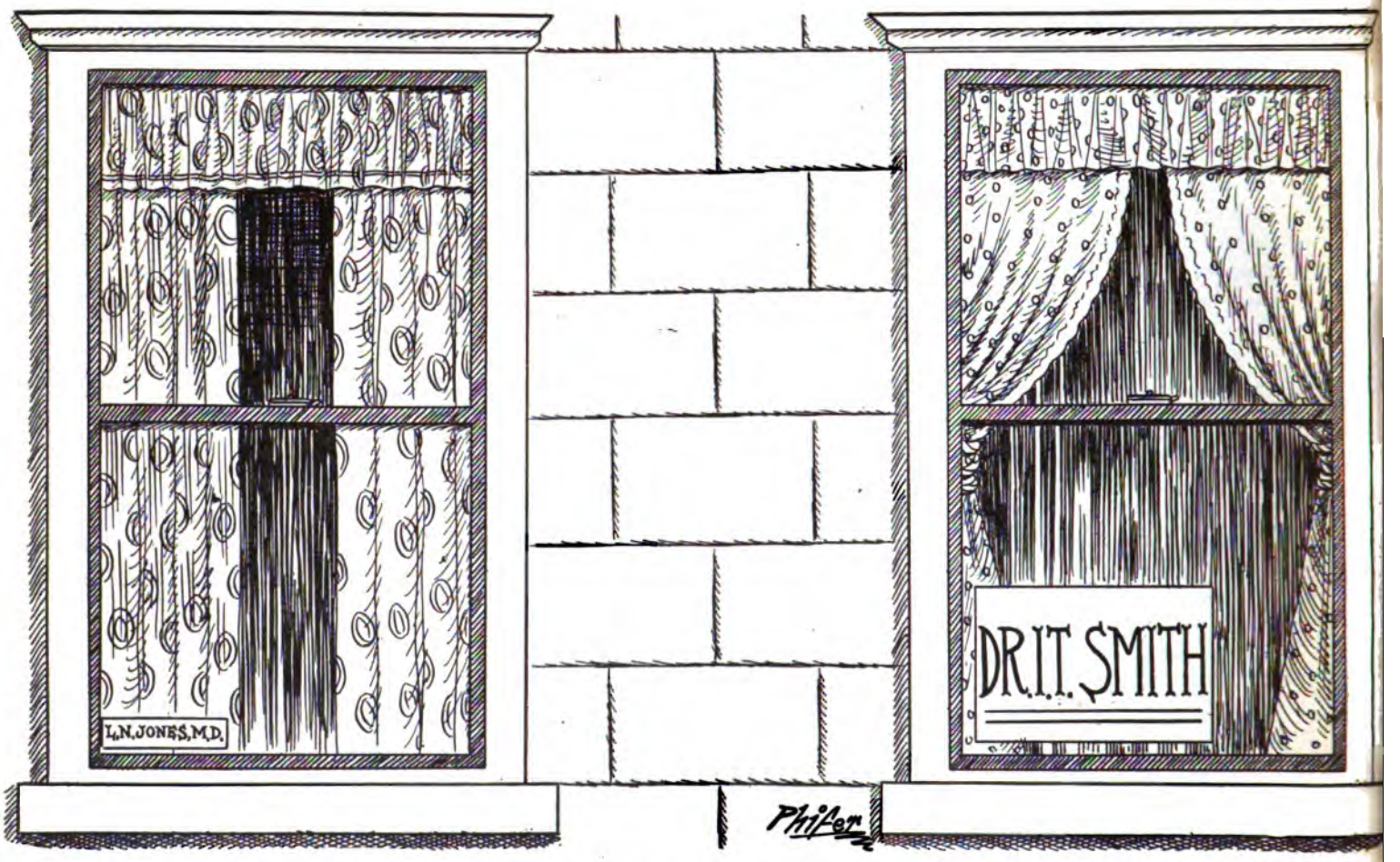
Bob picked up his hat. "I reckon I can stand it a while longer," he said dolefully, "although tomorrow's Christmas and I didn't want to suffer all day—I'm invited to the widow McCarty's to eat dinner. I 'spect I'll hike down to old Doc Deeny in the morning. He's got whisky."

He edged toward the door, keeping his eye on the young physician and circling around him, as if fearful that he should suddenly be attacked with the shining forceps. Then he opened the door hurriedly and passed out, into the bitter night. He was the same old Bob Flinn —and there had been no changes in him with the passing of time.

(To be continued.)

WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D.

Ottumwa, Iowa.



YOU CAN'T JUDGE THE SIZE OF A DOCTOR'S INCOME BY THE SIGN IN HIS WINDOW.

This Doctor's Income Can Be Counted In Five Figures.

While This One's Income Is Very Much Smaller.

A STUDY IN BONES

OSTEOLOGY is the first subject to test and torment a medical student on entering a medical school. He is given a box of unassorted bones to take home, where its arrival gives the unexpecting folks chills that permeate their marrow. The topic for discussion during the next few weeks is whether the contents of the box once formed the framework of a human being, and whether of a blonde or brunette.

After many nights spent trying to pronounce the names of the different bones, the neophyte sits at his desk and wonders why he picked medicine as a profession, while the Army and Navy were actually begging for recruits and the whole jungles of Africa were full of bona fide animals simply wild to be shot. Then, there are too many doctors, anyway.

"The pubes consists of two ramii; the pubes consists—; the pubes—." With understanding, Morpheus transported the student to the osteologic plane of the land of dreams.

He found himself seated beneath a vertebral arch, reviewing a peculiar parade. First came a white skeleton on horseback, followed by the first, second and third phalanges. Then came the vertebral column equipped with breast plates and bearing shoulder blades. Close behind followed the temporal line, the superior curved line and epiphyseal line. They marched to the tune of "Pickle my bones in alcohol," played by the Ilio-Tibial Band in a spirited fashion. The line of march took them across the Sacral Canal, over the Temporal Plane and through the Auditory Tube, under the pubic arch when the lines broke up.

Suddenly amidst great rattling, femora clashed and maxillae moved to weird frontal attacks through numerous foramina. Shoulder blades, spines, and breast plates were used freely and with dire results. Tarsi and Carpi fought bravely, and scattered ribs fell to rise no more in inspiration. When all was quiet again the field was covered in all radii with the bodies and necks of the different bones.

Morpheus fled the boneyard and left the blinking student on his ischial tuberosities contemplating the heap of bones which had fallen while he was somnolently recalling "the pubes consists of—do re mi."

MEYER J. KUTISKER, M. D.

New York, N. Y.

MOMENTS OF ANGUISH.

When you find that the family has called as a consultant your most hated rival.

REMINISCENCES OF LINDA RICHARDS, America's first trained nurse. Second printing: Whitcomb and Barrows: Boston, 1915.

A charming and brief bit of autobiography which reflects the beginnings and the development of trained nursing in the United States. Covering a span of almost fifty years, the life of Linda Richards, from her initiation as the first pupil nurse in the New England Hospital for Women and Children to her retirement as *Emeritus* Superintendent of Training School of the Taunton Hospital for the Insane, embraces the history of modern educational ideas for nurses in the United States.

Her name and work is bound up in the history of Bellevue, the Massachusetts General Hospital, the Boston City Hospital, the Methodist Episcopal Hospital of Philadelphia and other excellent institutions whose service in training nurses has advanced public welfare. Further, her devotion to her cause gave the opportunity of organizing the first Training School for Nurses in Japan.

With becoming modesty and simplicity in narration she has given a felicitous account of her life as developed through service to the nursing profession and the public, and her story is an evidence of the enthusiasm and idealism of a pioneer who saw the souls in warped human bodies. She had caught the spirit of motivation generated by Florence Nightingale, who greeted her in England, advised with her, and bade her God speed for the furtherance of her tasks. The forty years of labor of this "born nurse" mark the firmest foundation of the education and training of nurses in America, to which she contributed so admirably and consistently. I. S. W.

RADIANT MOTHERHOOD. By MARIE CARMICHAEL STOPES. Octavo, pp. 252: G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. The Knickerbocker Press, 1921. Price $2.75.

Physicians' wives may find some pabulum in this interesting though badly written book attacking the problems of parenthood from the viewpoint of a superidealist. Such chapter titles as "The Lover's Dream," "Conceived in Beauty," "Birth and Beauty," suggest the dilution of sentimentalism which laves much of the subject-matter and gives it a psychic surface that reflects rainbows.

To criticize facts that are modified by a spiritual tendency would require first an analysis of the psychology of the authoress, who is not a physician and totally out of sympathy with what she regards as "the low standard of health in women" that doctors accept in writing for potential mothers.

It is strange indeed to find an overstressing of the physical and mental unpleasantnesses and hazards of childbearing, unless the English generation for whom she writes is widely variant from that known in America. There is excellent judgment, however, in acknowledging the necessity of greater and better training and frankness in all problems concerning parenthood. The practical-minded will find sound objections to many of her doctrines while human beings must live on this earth.

In her advocacy of specialized times, places and circumstances for conception she is overpowered by sensuousness rather than reason. Her hygienic advice lacks authority or accepted corroboration. Her free hypotheses, to which she gives strength by calling them *scientific*, are largely mirrored hopes or biased wishes, as is well exemplified in the chapter on pre-natal influence.

The discussions of the Evolution of Women and Baby's Rights are based upon the beliefs that woman's place is not restricted to the home; that voluntary parenthood is most radiant; and that birth control plus the sterilization of women lacking the requisites for advancing the racial stock are all essential for irradiating the race.

After all, the dreamer pictures wondrous scenes ne'er found on earth, but which might beautify and enrich it. If all of "Radiant Motherhood" were common knowledge, the greatest benefit would arise to but a few selected parents, unless a great miracle should completely alter mankind, physically, mentally and morally. I. S. W.

RECURRING EARTH-LIVES, by F. MILTON WILLIS, M. D., Fellow of the Theosophical Society. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York City.

In a foreword to this volume, which is the first of a series on Sacred Occultism, Dr. Willis comments upon the exceptional value of Theosophy especially to those whose life work is thinking, and expressing themselves in action. He deals with the subject of rebirth from the philosophic and descriptive aspects.

Whether or not one accepts the doctrine unfolded by the author as a foundation for "a truly reasonable theory of life," one cannot fail to be impressed by his concise and sincere explanation of Reincarnation, and very beautiful is the parable by which he illustrates the ordinary life cycle of an average man or woman.

EVELYN CUSHING CAMPBELL.

HISTORY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ANATOMIC ILLUSTRATION. By LUDWIG CHOULANT. Translated and edited with notes by MORTIMER FRANK, B. S., M. D. With a bibliographical sketch of the translator and two additional sections by Fielding H. Garrison, M. D., and Edward Streeter, M. D. University of Chicago Press: Chicago, Illinois.

Choulant's epochal work dealing with scientific and artistic anatomy was born in 1852, but passed into a quasi-suspended animation while out of print. Today it is revivified in the delightful translation by Dr. Mortimer Frank whose unfortunate and early death in 1919 deprived him of the pleasure that is derived from the consciousness of work well done. His memory is fostered through the thoroughness of his efforts, the sincerity and sympathy of his translation and the erudite additions that he has made that enhance this volume of classic medical history.

A memorial notice of his life, written in the felicitous style of Fielding H. Garrison indicates the enthusiastic and devoted interest of Dr. Frank in medical history. Similarly, the life of Choulant by Dr. Frank evinces the admiration and appreciation of a student, physician, and historian for a leader in many fields of human endeavor but pre-eminently a genius in the literary organization of historical facts.

The original text has been supplemented by annotations and much of the subject matter has been rewritten or rearranged. In addition there is an excellent and stimulating article on "Sculpture and Painting as Modes of Anatomical Illustration," by Fielding H. Garrison and E. C. Streeter, and a bibliographic presentation of "Anatomic Illustration Since the Time of Choulant," by F. H. Garrison. A detailed review of the subject matter of Choulant's unique and excellent volume would be presumptuous. It suffices to state that the translation reproduces the worth of the German without its ponderousness. The spirit of the original wood-cut drawings is gained through photo engravings of the facsimilies in Choulant. Fortunately the publishers have met the typographic needs of the text with exceptional appreciation of its importance.

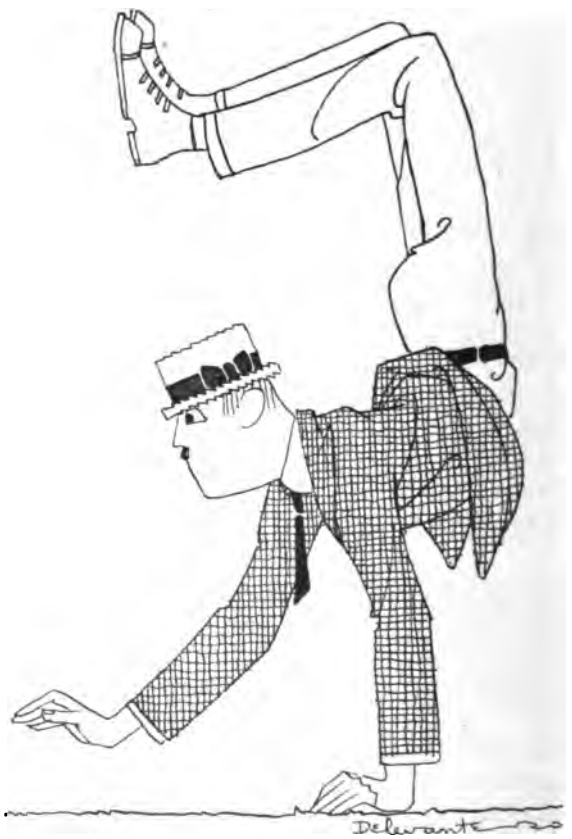
The impress of Dr. Frank is placed upon the splendid though brief chapter on "Anatomical Illustrations of Antiquity and of the Middle Ages," even though it is based upon the researches of Karl Sudhoff as in a further chapter discussing "Manuscript Anatomic Illustration of the Pre-Vesalian Period." Thus the original version is enriched and made more valuable.

Throughout the volume are bracketings evidencing the careful and thoughtful notations, comments, and interpretations of the translator whose interest in accuracy is everywhere apparent. The anatomist or artist, the literateur or historian, the bibliophile or student physician who desires a knowledge of the historical development of anatomical representation will rejoice in the re-availability of Choulant's historic contribution to human letters. They will be thrilled, likewise, with a pride in the successful conversion of the German volume into a simplified, readable, viable text by an American physician and historian.

Choulant's studies have been extended; his bibliographies have been improved; his language has been clarified, and his reputation has been furthered.

For the related history of anatomic science and graphic arts, an acquaintance with Ludwig Choulant is essential and the translation by Mortimer Frank affords the proper introduction.

I. S. W.



FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

You Must Keep Off Your Feet.

The Medical Pickwick

VOL. VII JULY, 1921 No. 7.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

It happened soon after this adventure that Signor Don Vincent fell sick. Independent of his very advanced age, the symptoms of his disorder appeared in so formidable a shape that a fatal termination was but too probable. From the beginning of his illness he was attended by two of the most eminent physicians in Madrid. One was Doctor Andros, and the other Doctor Oquetos. They considered the case with due solemnity, and both agreed, after a strict investigation, that the humours were in a state of mutiny, but this was the only thing about which they did agree. The proper practice, said Andros, is to purge the humours, though raw, with all possible expedition, while they are in a violent agitation of flux and reflux, for fear of their fixing upon some noble part. Oquetos maintained, on the contrary, that we must wait till the humours were ripened before it would be safe to go upon purgatives. But your method, replied the first speaker, is directly in the teeth of the rules laid down by the prince of medicine. Hippocrates recommends purging in the most burning fever from the very first attack, and says in plain terms that no time is to be lost in purging when the humours are οργαομος, that is to say, in a state of fermentation. Ay! there is your mistake, replied Oquetos. Hippocrates by the word οργαομος does not mean the fermentation, he means rather the concoction of the humours.

Thereupon our doctors got heated. One quotes the Greek text, and cites all the authors who have explained it in his sense; the other, trusting to a Latin translation, takes up the controversy in a still more positive tone. Which of the two to believe? Don Vincent was not the man to decide that question. In the meantime, finding himself obliged to choose, he gave his confidence to the party who had dispatched the greatest number of patients—I mean the elder of the two Andros, the younger, immediately withdrew, not without flinging out a few satirical taunts at his senior on the οργαομος. Here then was Oquetos triumphant. As he was a professor of the Sangrado school, he began by bleeding copiously, waiting till the humours were ripened before he went upon purgatives. But death, fearing, no doubt, lest this reserve of purgatives should turn the fortunes of the day, got the start of the concoction, and secured his victory over my master by a *coup-de-main*. Such was the final close of Signor Don Vincent, who lost his life because his physician did not know Greek.—*Alain Rene Le Sage: Gil Blas, Bk. IV, Ch. 3.*

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STAFF NURSE;
New Style.

Blue-eyed and bright of face, but waning fast
Into the sere of virginal decay.
I view her as she enters, day by day,
As a sweet sunset almost overpast.
Kindly and calm, patrician to the last,
Superbly falls her gown of sober gray,
And on her chignon's elegant array
The plainest cap is somehow touched with caste.
She talks Beethoven; frowns disapprobation
At Balzac's name, sighs at poor George Sands;
Knows that she has exceeding pretty hands;
Speaks Latin with a right accentuation;
And gives at need (as one who understands)
Draught, counsel, diagnosis, exhortation.

W. E. Henley.

To

HUNTER HOLMES McGUIRE, M. D., LL.D.,

President of the American Medical and of the American Surgical Associations.

Founder of the University College of Medicine; Medical Director, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. An eminent civil and military surgeon and beloved physician. An able teacher and vigorous writer. A useful citizen and broad humanitarian. Gifted in mind and generous in heart. This monument is erected by his many friends.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S "LAST CALL"

THE old doctor had gone to bed completely worn out. Of late he had noticed that he tired more easily and could stand less and less the cruel blasts of the wind, or the fierce onslaughts of winter. His limbs were getting stiff, his hands were beginning to tremble, and there were times when his eyes became dim, very dim. But he held on to his work like some old war horse who hears the bugle in the midst of the fight, sounding the final retreat, but is bound to stay while the battle is on.

Tonight he had gone early to his bed, half undressed, as was his wont. Ere his head had touched the pillow he was dreaming. Happy, indeed, was the dream, for he was back again to his younger days, when with light heart, though lighter purse, he had started out to his life

work. Brave as a lion, all the trials of life seemed behind him, all the joys and triumphs before him. And in his dream he could see himself driving in rain or shine, over the hills, the beautiful hills so intimately connected with his boyhood days. Ah, how the people loved him, for he not only came into their homes as a physician, but as a friend. He studied their lives and became mysteriously united to them in both weal and woe, sharing alike their sorrows and their joys.

And as his dream unfolded, myriad forms and faces flitted before his gaze. Faces of men whose lives he had saved, of women whose pains he had softened or relieved, and of little ones he had introduced into the great, cold world. All were there, each and every one representing some unforgettable moment, some living episode in his life; but gradually they faded back into the shadows, leaving one face, one form behind. Ah, that face, how well it was pictured on his heart. She had been a patient of his once in the earlier days, and to him had been given the good fortune of having saved her life. Day after day he had watched by her side, fighting her fever inch by inch, hoping for what he dared not expect; the odds had been great, but finally he conquered. How happy he was the day the danger line was passed, when he knew beyond all doubt or question that once again he had cheated death of a victim.

And he wondered why he was so glad! But when the roses began to steal back into her cheeks again, and her eyes grew bright once more, *then he knew*, and humbly but gratefully he thanked his God, for having given her back to the world—and to him.

Then the scene swiftly changed to the day when he stood by her side in the little country church, while the old grayheaded parson solemnly pronounced them man and wife. How his heart had throbbed and his voice had trembled as he promised to take her to be his forever. And as they passed down the aisle, her little hand on his arm, with a great joy filling his being, the whole world seemed sweet and beautiful. Then followed their home-life with her to greet him whenever he returned from his rides, tired and out of sorts. How she had softened the rough places, and made his life worth living! And when their little girl came—but there is a harsh pull at the bell, and the old doctor springs unsteadily to his feet. A call three miles up the road. Mechanically he dresses, makes his preparations, and when his old horse and still older chaise are brought around to the door he is ready to start.

It is a rainy night, and the old horse with low hanging head seems to dread the journey, but a few moments see him jogging along at the same old gait he had been permitted to use for years The old doctor is only half asleep but his dream still goes on. Memory is rampant again, and all through the ride he is oblivious to everything but the scenes of the past. His arrival at his destination, however, abruptly brings him to himself, and as he enters the house his memories are roughly brushed aside by the urgent needs of his patient. Again the old spirit manifests itself, the spirit of meeting all difficulties face to face, squarely and bravely. His limbs grow strong, the hand that trembled is as steady as it was forty years ago, and his eye is bright again with the fire of youth. Nobly he does his duty, with the same old fountain of sympathy and pity overflowing at the sight of suffering, and when he

leaves the sick chamber, there is a happy mother lying fast asleep with a little babe by her side.

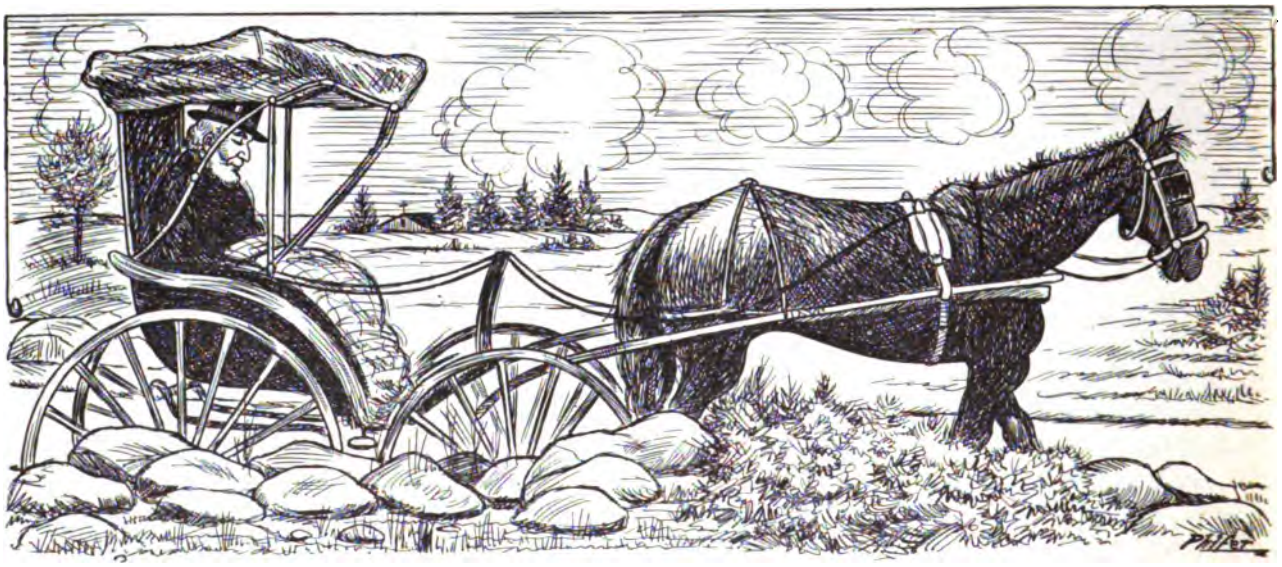
Softly he tip-toes out of the house, and climbing up into his chaise, is soon on the road home. The rain has ceased, the clouds have broken away, and the beautiful silvery light of the moon has changed the whole surrounding country into a glorious picture. The lights and shadows meet and blend together, the hills and valleys grow strangely beautiful in the moon's pale light and over all is Nature's canopy, the great unfathomable sky with its thousands of twinkling eyes.

But the doctor sees naught of the splendors around him. His thoughts are with his dreams and while he lives the past again, though he knows it not, the end of the chapter is drawing near. The old horse passes slowly down the hill, picking his way, for the reins have fallen to the dash board. Those hands which have guided his course so many days and nights have, alas, lost their power for guiding forever. At the foot of the hill the old horse stops at the familiar watering trough, takes his usual drink and goes on. The noisy gurgle of the water running into the trough half rouses the doctor from his stupor. Feebly he tries to shake off the lethargic sleep that is folding him in its arms—but the effort is futile. And then, though he knows it not, that numbness, that sensation of a mist rising around him on every side and enveloping him like a cloud means that the sands are run. It is his last call.

And as the old horse plods along the doctor looks out once more at the old familiar scenes. Every tree, every stone, every fence-post he knows as he knows his name. Every house contains those whose lives have been mixed with his while the years have come and gone. But they are fading, fading away into the distance, and his eyes are growing dim. The mists are gathering fast, and even now everything is dark before him. His head falls forward onto his chest, his eyelids begin to close—he is dreaming again. Suddenly he gives a start, a beautiful face is before him, the face of her he loved. As he looks closely, seeking to catch her every glance, he almost sees her beckon for him to come. A final nod, a smile of inexpressible joy, and he is gone. The old doctor has answered "his last call!"

H. EDWIN LEWIS, M. D.

New York City.



BY ADVICE OF COUNSEL.

Alienist: "Do you consider yourself sane now?"
Prisoner: "No, not until I am acquitted."

THE QUESTIONABLE WATT.

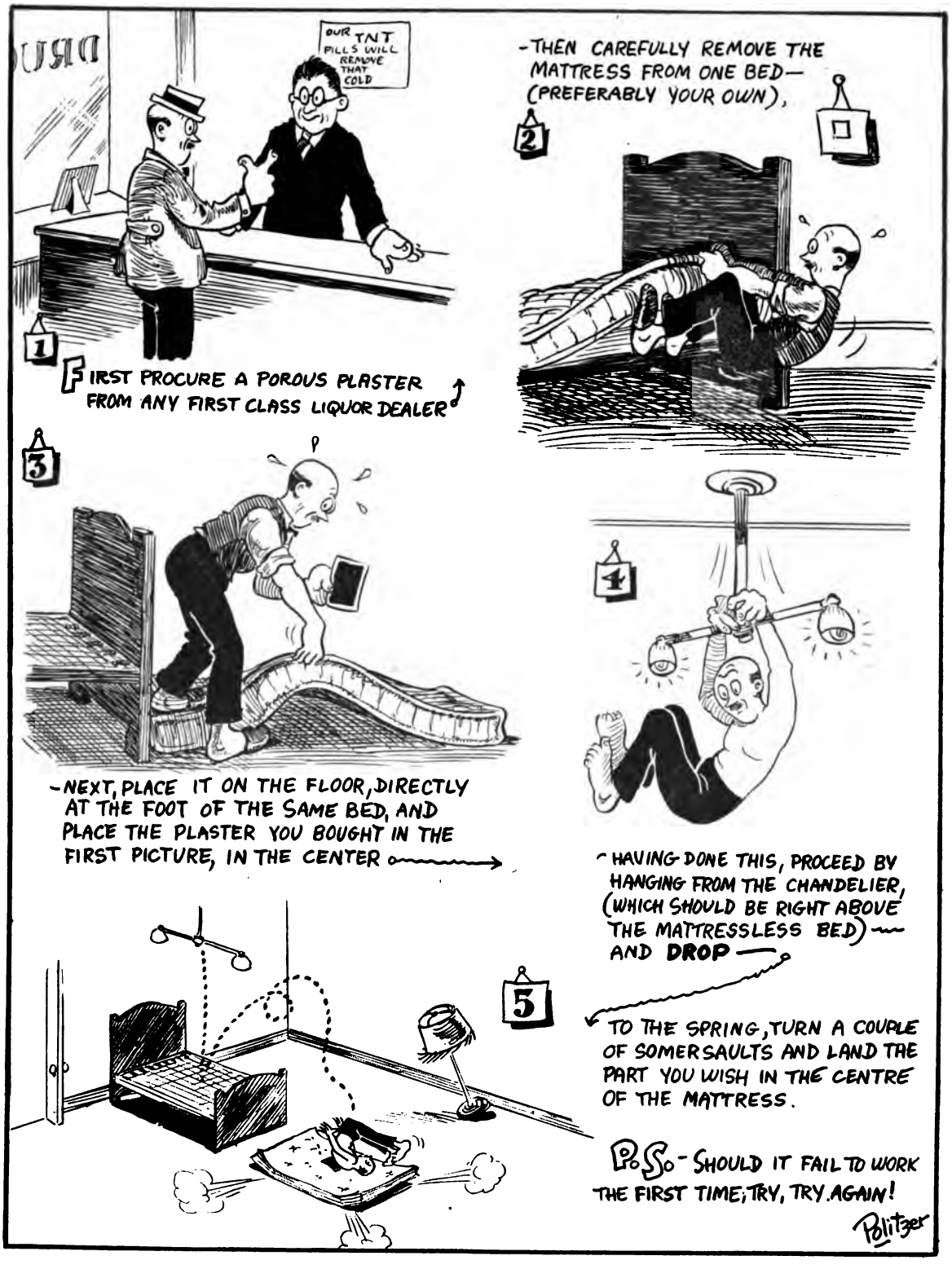
Teacher: "What does a watt denote?"
Tommy: "A question."

NOT SO PAINFUL AS IT SOUNDS.

Mistress: "What is the matter with your sick sister?"
Maid: "I don't know. The doctor will diagonize her case tonight."

SON'S VALUE.

Harry: "Walter always has his hair perfumed."
Hall: "Advertising his father's drug store, I suppose."


OUR TNT PILLS WILL REMOVE THAT COLD
1
FIRST PROCURE A POROUS PLASTER FROM ANY FIRST CLASS LIQUOR DEALER
2
-THEN CAREFULLY REMOVE THE MATTRESS FROM ONE BED— (PREFERABLY YOUR OWN),
3
-NEXT, PLACE IT ON THE FLOOR, DIRECTLY AT THE FOOT OF THE SAME BED, AND PLACE THE PLASTER YOU BOUGHT IN THE FIRST PICTURE, IN THE CENTER
4
-HAVING DONE THIS, PROCEED BY HANGING FROM THE CHANDELIER, (WHICH SHOULD BE RIGHT ABOVE THE MATTRESSLESS BED) AND DROP
5
TO THE SPRING, TURN A COUPLE OF SOMERSAULTS AND LAND THE PART YOU WISH IN THE CENTRE OF THE MATTRESS.
P.S.- SHOULD IT FAIL TO WORK THE FIRST TIME; TRY, TRY AGAIN!
Blitzer

How to Get a Porous Plaster in the Right Place.

THE DOCTOR AND THE MAN

THE outstanding figure of the Medical Faculty of "Stenton" was Judson Henry Potter. When one referred to Stenton, one also thought of Potter and vice versa. Professor Potter had no office. Consultations, hospital wards and teaching occupied his time fully. No subject in the entire realm of Internal Medicine was so dry but that he could make it interesting. As a result, his lectures were always fully attended, and universal attention was the order of the hour.

Nature has not often put the full breath of life into a man of physical and mental mould like his. Tall and of a commanding personality, the very essence of reserve and dignity, a cool calculating keen observer; the presence of the grace of scholarship, litterateur.

To a great many he was known purely in the capacity of a consultant. To these he appeared as the unsympathetic, cold and impersonal thinking machine. A man lacking and almost devoid of all those finer emotions that go to make up the human family. Pain and suffering drew no word of sympathy from him. At least so it appeared to them; though it was oft noted that his interest seemed to increase in direct proportion to the severity and extent these were present. Only the few that knew him intimately realized how easily his sympathy and interest were aroused in the presence of suffering and how hard it was for him to suppress his feelings that he might be all the more useful. Again there were those who differed with him professionally, and the bete noire of these contentions was usually some subject in therapeutics.

Judson Potter did not have much faith in drugs. He felt that there were very few drugs that per se influenced a pathologic process. He would contend that disease should be managed and the patient's resistance kept at the optimum by such means as rest, fresh air, sunshine, and diet. To him a still greater responsibility rested upon the physician than the mere giving of drugs—a responsibility frequently too lightly assumed, less often thought of and, many times, he felt, not even cared for. Unto Judson Potter like in Hamlet's play, The Diagnosis was the Thing.

It was one of those early wintry days when the air has in it a snap that brings a flush to the cheeks, and makes men and children seek the warmth of the fireside. Overhead the clouds hung low. It looked and felt as though it were going to snow. Fires were stirred and lights were turned on, though the hour was not late.

Professor Potter had finished his lectures and had made his rounds. He was now engaged in examining some slides, the results of which were to be incorporated in the next revision of his book. He had left word that he was not to be disturbed and as a result, no sound penetrated the inside of his study save the melancholy strain of the north wind outside.

There was something sad about that wind. In its constant drone intermingled with its screech there was a vague omnipotent note. A something that seemed to threaten, to overwhelm and destroy. To all this, however, Professor Potter was oblivious. For the moment he was completely occupied. His eye held close to the eye-piece of a microscope, he was the personification of a man completely absorbed in a single object.

Of a sudden the quiet atmosphere of the study was rent by three sharp staccato rings of a bell. For a moment he raised his head wondering. He recalled having left distinct orders that he was not to be disturbed. Thinking, therefore, that an error had been made, he resumed his studies. However, he was to be disappointed, for ere the last sounds of the bells had died out, they again rang; this time perhaps with greater volume and more persistence as though demanding an answer. The look upon Professor Potter's face, as he reached over for the instrument, was not a pleasant one.

"Well, well, what is it?" he asked, rather harshly. Then his face became a study. A forehead wrinkled with frowns, eyes half closed and jaws set; there now set in a gradual relaxation.

"Is that you, Judson?" came the voice of Mrs. Potter over the wire. It was strained, and in it one could detect a note of fear and apprehension.

"Yes, Agnes, what is it?"

"I called you up about Curtis. He has just come home from school and is ill. I do wish you would come right out, Judson. I'm afraid he is quite ill.

For a moment neither spoke. While outside the north wind's singsong increased with even greater fury. "Very well, Agnes, I'll be right out." This time his voice was much softer.

For a moment as he leaned back in his chair his mind was blank. He caught himself repeating, "Curtis is ill."

Nonsense he thought; that boy never had a sick day in his life. He has probably eaten something and has an upset stomach, and his mother is frightened. But, well he knew that Agnes Potter was not of the hysterical type. Slowly he arose from his chair, put away his slides and carefully replaced the glass bell over the scope. He donned his coat and hat, adjusted the latch and went out.

Judson Potter was not the type of man given over much to sentiments or moods of any kind. He was rather the cold, impersonal analyist. To him a patient was a problem broken down from the original that had to be reconstructed as it were. The parts involved in this breaking down, and their original place and function were to be recognized according to certain fundamental principles. Each problem was a law unto itself. But now something within the past hour had gone wrong. Perhaps it was the bleakness of the day with its fury of snow and wind that greeted him as he left the building. Then again it seemed to take him so long to get to his home today—today when Curtis was ill and needed him. Yes, perhaps that was the real cause of his somber mood.

As he entered the hallway of his home, he quickly threw off his coat and hat, and made directly for the bedside of his son. The little fellow lay in bed while his mother was anxiously pacing the floor. The glistening black hair was still parted and the perfect brown eyes tried hard to smile. Folks said he was the image of his father and of that there was no doubt. Fond of play, an inherited taste for study he was the typical American healthy lad of twelve or thirteen years. But now he was ill. His eyes had in them a feverish luster. There was an unhealthy glow on his cheeks, and his breath was short and rapid. A little hacking cough seemed to cause him considerable pain. But yet he tried to smile as his father sat down beside him.

Professor Potter spoke softly, gently stroking his head he asked, "Does that cough pain you, boy?"

"Yes, Dad, that's all there is the matter with me, just a cold." And then another spasm of coughing. "Stop that cough, Dad, and I'll be all right. I have a recitation tomorrow and I must go to—to," and another coughing spasm ensued.

Judson Potter noted the hot, dry skin. The temperature must be high he thought. The boy must be entering upon a delirious phase. He must be—and so he sat bewildered as it were, intently watching the spasms of coughing and the painful contortions they produced in his boy.

Perhaps he was not bewildered. Perhaps it was the muttering delirium of his son that so held his attention. Whichever it was, it was not until Mrs. Potter spoke to him several times that he removed his gaze from the boy.

"What do you think it is, Judson?" she asked, frightened by his unusual actions.

"The boy is evidently very sick, Agnes," he replied. The anxious expression on his face told her that the very life of her only child was probably at stake.

"Stay with him, Agnes, I'll phone for Biddle and get a nurse."

"Couldn't I nurse him, Judson?" The tears had come to her eyes, and for a moment husband and wife gazed at each other as though bewildered and at a loss. Looking at her his voice failed him and so he simply shook his head and left the room. A dense pall settled over that room as a mother knelt by a bedside and gathered into her arms a sick little boy.

Preston Biddle was the type of physician who believed that getting a patient well was more important than an ethical consideration of the methods involved. Dr. Biddle knew drugs, had a thorough knowledge of their origin, their usages and their limitations, and added to these was that natural presence and dignity of personal mien which wields such a powerful influence in the sick room. When occasion required it, he could be sympathetic and yet not sentimental; stern and yet not harsh, kind, considerate and cheerful and yet not frivolous. The families had known each other for many years, and while the men differed, as they were bound to at times, it but increased the respect and affection they had for each other. It was therefore but natural that at a time such as this, Judson Potter should call on his old friend for advice.

When he arrived, he found Dr. Potter pacing the floor of his study back and forth. "I hope things are not as serious as you look, Potter," he said by way of greeting.

Dr. Potter shook his head in silence as he clasped the hand of his friend. "Well, we shall see."

The nurse had arrived. The room was arranged and the patient made comfortable. Apparently listening to the child's mother, Dr. Biddle had nevertheless both eyes glued upon the lad. He had greeted him with a wave of the hand and a cheery smile, but nothing of importance that was to be noted by inspection escaped those kindly, deep-set gray eyes of his. The nurse had already noted the temperature, pulse and respirations. Slowly he moved over to the side of the bed and took hold of the little fellow's hand. From an inside pocket he with-

drew a stethoscope and, adjusting the ear-piece, applied the disc to the child's chest. As it began to move from one point to another there appeared in the doorway unseen and unheard a tall, gaunt figure dressed in black. The broad forehead was deeply wrinkled and in the tense silence that ensued, he, too, was intently watching every move of the little disc as it traveled from place to place on the little bared chest. Then the ear-pieces were removed and the instrument folded up in a methodical fashion and replaced in the inside pocket of the coat. And then percussiou was begun, slow, careful and methodical. As plexor and pleximeter met, each dull note had its echo in the heart of the bent figure there in the doorway. At last it was over, and the bed clothes replaced. And then silence—a silence that was but disturbed by the dull gong of a clock striking the hour.

Apparently Dr. Biddle was lost to all his surroundings. He did not note the nurse standing on the opposite side of the bed. He was entirely oblivious to the child's mother watching him attentively from behind, nor did he see the gaunt and bent figure framed in the doorway. His knees crossed and body bent forward, he was gently stroking his little gray beard and mentally outlining a campaign of action. And, oh, what a campaign. Of what value, thought he, was the science of tactics and strategy here, when the enemy was so infinitesimal, so powerful and the defense of so unknown a quantity and quality. But well nigh forty years' experience with just such an enemy as this had taught him many things. And from this vast store of experience he now must needs draw and once more go forth and give battle to this, the most hideous foe of mankind.

He had written down his orders. As he arose he handed the chart to the nurse. "You will give him the M.S. when the cough becomes annoying especially so during the night." Turning, he came face to face with the child's mother. She looked at him appealingly, through misty eyes, as mothers will when their little ones are in danger. In them was a yearning for a word of hope that she could cling to in this hour of agony. Nor did he for a moment hesitate. To be sure he probably was as much in the dark as to the ultimate outcome as she was. But that great unknown thing called hope, so lightly spoken, but so tightly clung to, he well knew the value of; and so with that quaint twinkle in his eye said, "You must not worry nor cry. We are going to do everything in our power to get Curtis well, and I shall look to you to help us in every way possible."

For a moment her face brightened up as she looked at him eagerly. "Oh, what is it that I can do? I'll do anything you say, Dr. Biddle."

"The nurse has her orders," he said. "Help her in every way you can and in that way you will help Curtis."

She smiled at him through eyes dimmed with tears, and as she shook his hand, Preston Biddle instinctively felt the old burden of responsibility once more settle down heavily upon his shoulders. As he descended the stairs, Dr. Potter met him as he came out of his study.

Both men knew that the other knew the truth and each hoped the other would understand. "Pneumonia?" queried Dr. Potter in a low voice.

"Yes," replied Dr. Biddle. "The upper and part of the middle lobe of the right lung is involved." As he said this Dr. Potter's jaw came shut with a snap. Already the lines of worry on his face were discernible.

"We will watch him carefully, Potter," said Dr. Biddle, as he put on his coat and hat and with a nod left the house.

Judson Potter, leaning against the door of his study, had not moved, but kept looking straight ahead down the hallway and at the door through which Dr. Biddle had passed out. He had had a faint hope that it might be something else. He had refused to believe because he had feared what in reality he knew was the real nature of his son's illness. But now, his fears fully realized, his hopes were shattered. None knew better than he how treacherous was the disease. How each day was fraught with grave dangers, how each night was pregnant with fearful possibilities, and how each dawn was dreadful to contemplate. Hopes abandoned, beliefs failing and fear overwhelming him, standing there alone looking into the vacant, his brain became a riot and he kept uttering such phrases as "the resistance and susceptibility of the host. The virulence of the invading organism. A self-limited disease," and as against these he thought of what value were Biddle's pills, plasters and sticky mixtures? In that moment of utter despair and tragedy he saw the object of his dreams and hopes shattered. The bright fires in his hearth suddenly extinguished. And he left alone, cast out to wander on in an aimless manner with no object in view. From a man well in his prime he had suddenly grown old, and thus began a rather acute disturbance of an otherwise highly organized brain.

Faithful by day and accurately recorded in the dim light of the cold nights, the checkered chart with its high mounting black dots reflected in a mechanical way the battle that was raging on within the little body there in

bed. Already the glistening black hair had lost its luster. The hacky cough had left in its wake a trail of fatigue while the eyes had burnt their way deeper into the sockets, and the little cheeks had become hollow. Thus had passed five days and nights. It was in the early hours of the fifth night, the cough and restlessness had for some reason become particularly distressing. The nurse had prepared a hypodermic, as was her instructions for such occasions. She was about to inject it into the little patient's arm when she became cognizant of someone in the room. In the dim light she barely recognized Judson Potter. The haggard expression on the man's face told its own story of suffering. He had indeed aged. In a low, rasping voice he asked, "What is that you have there?" His sudden appearance at that hour of the night, the change in his general features coupled with a peculiar harsh note in his voice frightened her, while the cold, unpleasant look in his eyes demanded an answer.

"It's—it's the morphine Dr. Biddle ordered when—"

"Stop! I do not want my son to have any morphine. No—no, not that." Then walking over to the side of the bed he knelt down and gathered up the little patient into his arms and in a voice that was low and cracked, began to murmur, "My boy, my boy, my poor little son," until his voice trailed down to a whisper. Then suddenly straightening himself up he hurriedly left the room.

Another day had dawned. A sharp, crisp wind rivaled the warm rays of the sun as they came in through the open window. The hacks cough and sleepless night added their burden to a little body near the breaking point. As was his custom Dr. Biddle arrived early. A single glance and the increased pallor, weakness and exhaustion told him of something amiss. Nor did the apparent cause of it all please him. Plainly, he was nettled and the flush of anger was reflected by a nervous frown that distorted his cheerful mien. He was not in the habit of being interfered with in the sick room and determined to put a stop to it there and then. "Give it to him now," he said rather sharply, "and hereafter please carry out my orders as I have written them down."

As he descended the stairs he met Judson Potter standing in the doorway of his study. For perhaps a moment both men glanced at each other. "Potter," began Dr. Biddle, "I must insist that you do not interfere with my orders to the nurses. I trust you will understand." His voice was low and firm and each word cut like a knife, and again there was silence.

Judson Potter made an attempt to speak, but somehow words simply would not come and when after an interval they did, his voice was husky. "Biddle," he began, "I—I was only thinking of my bub-bub-boy." A quiver passed through that tall, gaunt figure, and with head bent low, he turned back into his study and closed the door.

For some time afterward Preston Biddle remained standing as if frozen to the spot. He had arrived feeling hopeful only to be disappointed, and then angered and now remorse was tugging at his vitals. Within a brief half hour or so he had practically passed through the entire gamut of human emotions. Now he felt warm and uncomfortable and he kept pulling at his collar as though it were choking him. As he opened the door to let himself out, the cold air had a soothing effect but the lump in his throat would not go away.

Dr. Thomas Peter had just opened his front door when a large touring car drew up to the curb. An instant later, Dr. Biddle stepped out. The early hour and the serious look in his chief's eyes betokened something impending, nor had he long to wait. "Thomas," said Dr. Biddle, as he greeted his protege, "the son of a very dear friend of mine is ill. I wondered if you could arrange to spend a day or so at his house."

"You are referring to Dr. Potter's son?" said Dr. Peters.

"Yes, Thomas."

"I would consider it a privilege to do whatever I can," replied the young man.

"Thank you, Thomas. How soon may we expect you?"

"I will come at once."

"No need to hurry, Thomas, a little later in the day will do."

The sixth day came and passed with the battle raging with even greater fury. The little black dots in their hectic flight seemed to show no inclination of any final remission. The heavy pall that had settled down over the household with such great intensity was pierced every now and then by the delirious outcry of the patient in bed. His eyes rolling back and forth, his mind wandering far and wide, each spasm of cough intensifying the sinister purple about his lips. Yet was he fighting, tenaciously holding on, calling forth every ounce of strength in the blood of his forbears that flowed through his veins.

In an adjacent room a little woman was pacing the floor. In her clasped fingers was a handkerchief literally soaked with tears. The gray hair which had become so prominent of late was now even more intensified and rapidly turning white. Her face bore a strained look, more

anxious and haggard than it had thus far and there in that room alone, surrounded by His things, by the side of the bed where she so often had tucked the covers around him and kissed him good-night—this little mother knelt and prayed. Prayed with a fervency as was perhaps never known before and in the poignancy of her silent appeal there was reflected but the cry of the ages—the right of a mother to her child. Hers by right of blood, hers by right of pain, suffering and agony endured, hers by all the rights of a woman's travail that gives birth to the holy name of Mother. And as each prayer went forth the tears came rolling down her cheeks unrestrained, compelling and surcharged with their soul-bearing message. Let Cynics sneer and Fools rave, but he who doubts the weight of a Mother's prayer stands alone and beyond the pale. At last, tired and exhausted she arose. Then lying down upon the bed she soon began to dream of those happy days that were and of days yet to come.

For two days and nights Dr. Peters held forth, alert, tireless and unsparing in his efforts. It became evident to him that this night a change was impending. The hot, dry skin was now gradually becoming moist. In the dim light of the room little beads of perspiration began to glisten from the little fellow's forehead and as he sat there keenly alert, prepared and watching, the breathing became slower and deeper, and the little fluttering heart more steady and stronger. As Thomas Peters arose from his all-night vigil a faint smile crossed his tired features. Outside the inky blackness of the night was beginning to fade, the myriads of stars in their journey through the heavens had suddenly stopped. The birds in the tree-tops close to the windows, began to stir and here and there the chirp of an early riser could be heard. While far over in the distant eastern sky a faint ray of light heralded the dawn of a new day.

Arriving early as usual Dr. Biddle was met by Dr Peters at the head of the stairs and the broad grin on his face told its own story. A glance at the chart and an examination of the little patient assured him of the true conditions. "Good work, Thomas. I congratulate you," and as he grasped his hand the grizzled old veteran uttered not another word, but his silence spoke volumes.

While they stood there talking the lad's mother entered the room. In spite of a few hours of sleep, she still looked tired and worn. At first she did not understand and when the realization of it all pierced her clouded brain, there came a Niagara of tears. Tears of joy and thanks and blessing to these men standing there awkward unable to speak, but who understood. It was the elder man who finally found a solution for the situation. Clearing his throat several times, he said, "Come, let us find Dr. Potter."

Between her sobs she managed to speak, "I have not seen him since the morning you spoke to him about interfering with the nurses. He has locked himself up in his study and will not see anyone; he has even refused food."

An anxious frown come over Preston Biddle's face. Speaking in a low and somewhat apprehensive tone of voice he asked, "Why have you not told me of this before?"

"He asked not to be disturbed by anyone."

"Have you a key to the study?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Potter, "but he has it bolted from the inside."

"Come, we must get into that room quickly," said Dr. Biddle now feeling more apprehensive than ever. They descended the stairs rapidly. As he approached the massive oak doors of the study, a sickening feeling passed over him and their somber appearance became intensified as with each rap and call came no response.

Preston Biddle, now quite pale, with little beads of perspiration upon his forehead, asked in a voice that had in it a strange vibration, "Is there no other way of getting into this room?"

Agnes Potter, now thoroughly alarmed, replied: "We might try the window that opens up into the garden."

The large shutters were closed tight. These, however, were finally pried open. By chance, the windows with their stained glass, were not locked. Tom Peters was the first to enter, followed rapidly by his chief. There was a deathly silence in the room, overhead a small, flickering gas jet threw a ghastly shadow upon the figure of a man sitting in a chair with body bent forward and the head resting in his arms. Gently they raised him up and laid him upon a couch. The face was lined with grief and weariness, terrible to behold. The imprints of suffering had left their indelible marks, but life was still present.

Preston Biddle examined him carefully and after a while arose with a sigh of relief. "Exhaustion, Thomas, absolute, complete, mental and physical." Then they ministered to his immediate needs.

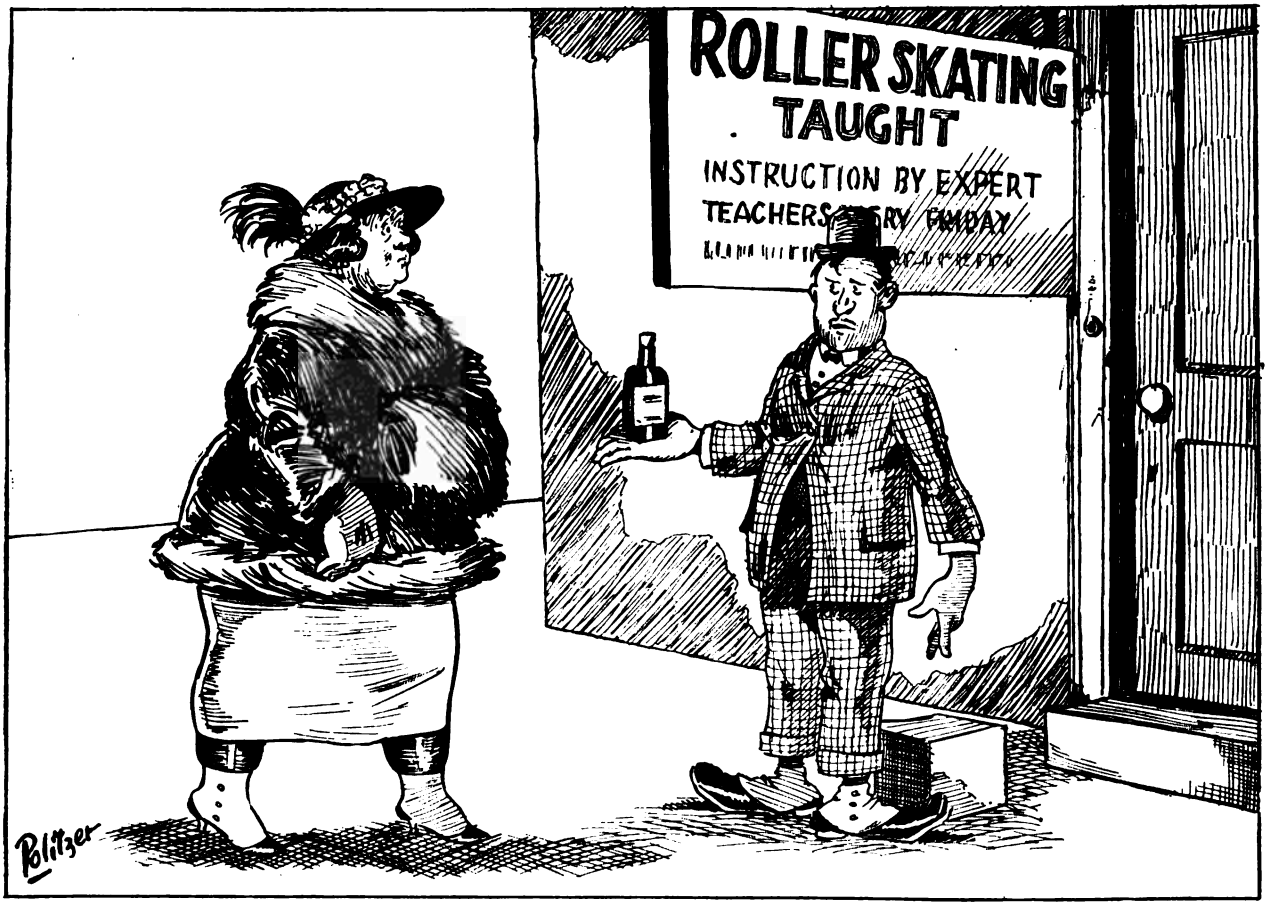
The room in spite of its shelves upon shelves of books had about it a most somber appearance. Upon the walls encased in massive gold frames looking down upon this strange scene were the stern faces of Judson Potter's ancestors. Here, thought Thomas Peters, he worked—wrote all those famous books and papers and lectures and

as he stood there looking out of the window there came to him thoughts and scenes of other days. So engrossed was he with his thoughts that he did not hear Dr. Biddle re-enter the room nor was he aware that he had been standing almost beside him and watching his gaze for some little while.

"Ah, Thomas," said Dr. Biddle, startling the younger man, "I'll wager I know what you are thinking of," and there was a quaint twinkle in his kindly eyes. "Let us see, you were thinking of the time not so many years ago when you were a student sitting in a crowded amphitheater. Before you, down in the pit stood Judson Henry Potter, the great clinician. He is lecturing upon the clinical phenomena of some important disease. Along with others present you marvel and admire the dignity and ease with which he elucidates the intricacies of his subject. He never hisitates, he never reiterates, but like the ever-flowing river, he goes on, now and then sparkling with wit, with humor, always propelling wisdom. Ah, yes, Thomas, he is still all of that and now even more, for here before you, stripped of all that gigantic armor plate, lies the Soul of a Man."

SAMUEL AXILBUND.

Philadelphia, Pa.



Here y' are, Ma'am, get y' bottle o' Stone's Ointment. Relieves all pains and sprains here!

A THOROUGH SEARCH.

Absent-minded Scientist: "Gracious, where did I put those typhus-carriers?"

Assistant: "Have you looked in your hat yet, sir?"

LONG DISTANCE CALL.

"Does your father still practice physical training?"

"Yes, he's been running for the Coroner's office for the past four years."

TO A DEAD MOUSE

Written in a Country Church.

A. W. Parsons, M. D., San Antonio, Texas.

Late Tabernacle tenant, whose limp form
So still and lifeless lies upon the floor;
Your little body even yet is warm,
But you will haunt your native hole no more.

For 'twas within these sacred walls, your eyes,
From out their timid lids did first appear.
Here your maternal parent, with surprise,
Noted your advent, with full many a tear.

Full well she knew how sore a task it were
E'en for herself, to glean a scanty meal
From out the silent pews, where not a stir
Or sound was heard, save when a solemn peal

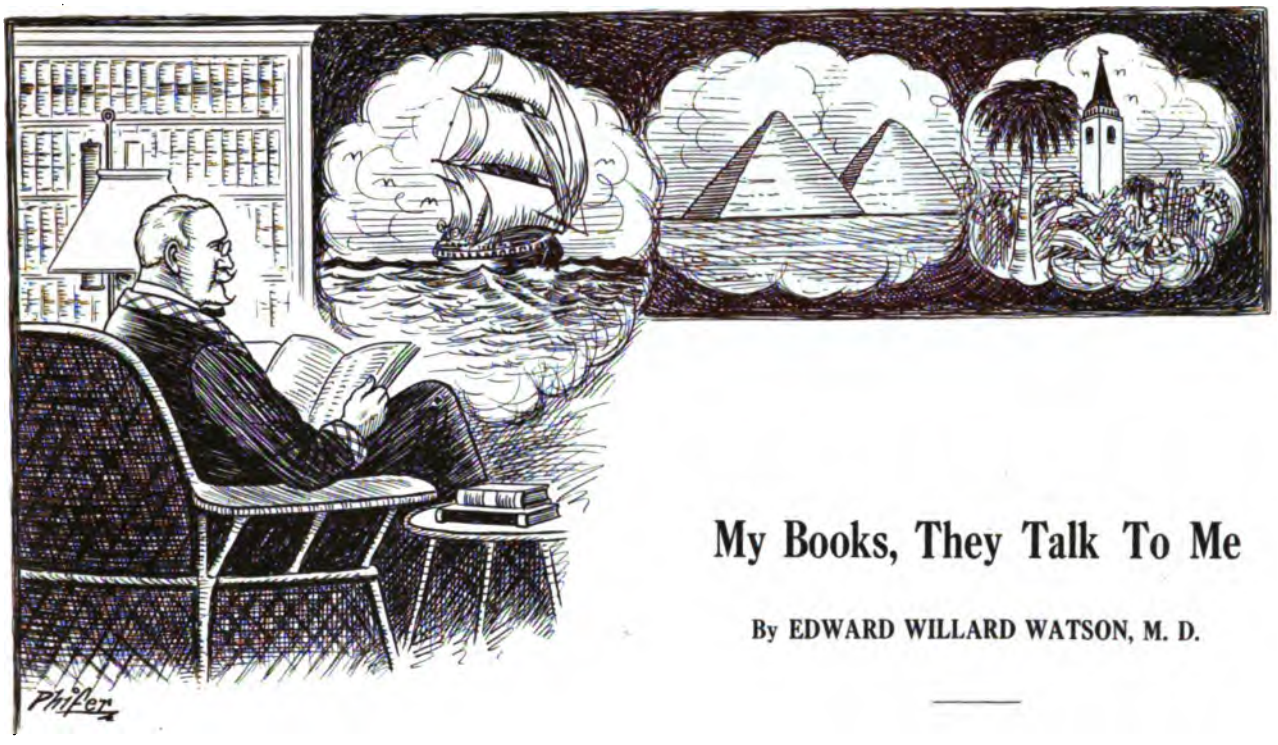
From the time-honored belfry tolled the knell
That marked the flight of some poor soul from earth;
Or Sundays, when the Preacher came to tell
The Story of the Cross, and the New Birth.

Where tired listeners, weary of the work
Of six long days; after a custom old:
Assembled weekly at the quaint old kirk
To gossip, and to hear the Gospel told.

But thou, poor suppliant, who didst depend
On this scarce bounty, for thy humble fare,
Hast come at last to an untimely end;
And I thy little grave will soon prepare.

A moral I would find in thy sad fate,
Thou couldst not live alone on Charity;
And they who hope to reach The Golden Gate
Through prayer alone, or strict sobriety,

Will find, at last, with thee, that faith indeed,
Is scanty fare to battle with the strife
Along Life's pathway. Teach me, Lord, the Creed
Through which I may attain the Bread of Life.



My Books, They Talk To Me

By EDWARD WILLARD WATSON, M. D.

You think my evenings are so dull,
When all alone I sit?
No children dear, no friends to cheer,
Or talk and laugh a bit.

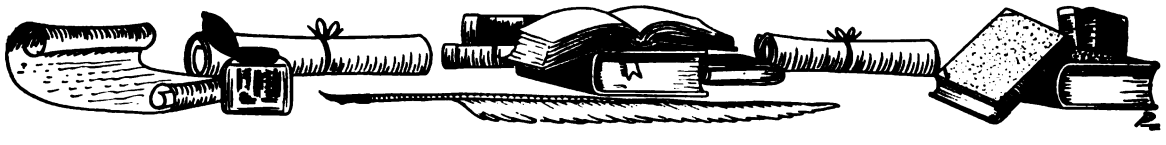
For age takes friends so quick away,
And years fly on so fast,
The children grow, away they go,
And one's alone at last.

But, oh, my books they talk to me,
Old books, old friends of yore,
Read and reread, when all is said,
I love them more and more.

They tell me stories old and new,
Show many a foreign land.
They lead me ways through ancient days,
When life was new and grand;

They never quarrel, never turn
Away and leave me lone,
Or oft forget I'm living yet,
With hearts as cold as stone.

And, oh, my books they talk to me,
They bring me back the years,
When we were young and songs we sung,
'Mid all life's woes and fears.



A CLERICAL ERROR

(From a British lay press.)

THE operating theatre was crowded with a fashionable and expensive audience. For weeks past the box office had been flooded with applications for seats to witness the grafting of a new set of glands onto the venerable Bishop of Swears and Wells whose popular series of homilies on Eternal Punishment, illustrated by dissolving views and punctuated by appropriate solos on the oompah, showing that Hell was not the prerogative of the rich but easily accessible to even the humblest member of society, had been the talk of the town.

The operation was to be performed by Sir Bistoury Scalpel, who had made a European reputation by successfully removing a kiss corn from the Pope's big toe, and on his entrance a buzz of excitement swept through the theatre. When quiet had been at length restored, and the attendants who had been selling antiseptic chewing gum and plans of the Bishop's inside had withdrawn, the patient was wheeled in on a liqueur-wagon breathing stertorously under the influence of an anesthetic compounded of chloroform, vermiform, paregoric and chutney. The nurses, dressers, sterilizers, fertilizers and so forth grouped themselves around in a symbolical tableau representing the Darwinian Theory, the Nebular Hypothesis, and the Monroe Doctrine. The orchestra began to play shivery, blancmange-like music as the eminent surgeon, having fastened the Bishop's ears to the operating table with drawing pins, advanced to the front

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "tonight I am about to perform an extraordinary beautiful experiment, for which I shall require the loan of a silk hat. Will someone kindly—thank you, sir! You will perceive that I have nothing concealed in my sleeve. The experiment is nothing less than an attempt to graft on to my right reverend patient's thyroid the interstitial glands of a thoroughly respectable and specially selected ape. The operation is rendered necessary by the fact that the distinguished cleric recently felt the burden of advancing age, and wishes to be rejuvenated that he may be able during the coming season to deliver his new series of discourses upon the peculiar saline properties possessed by Lot's wife and why the marked tendency to alopecia was displayed by Elisha. With your kind permission, I will now, without further preamble, proceed to make his Bishopship shipshape. Mr. Mugford Wumply!" this to one of the dressers—"kindly give me knives, cataract, Mark I., and a three-by-four gland."

The dresser took the former from behind his ear and the latter from a pickle bottle. Then to the strains of that inspiration Welsh melody, "Gland of Our Father," otherwise "Glynwllch ap Fynwllch," which Mr. Lloyd George sang with such fervor and emotion, the operation began.

II.

The vast cathedral was packed. Even the crypt was full. Every seat was occupied, and every aisle crowded with straphangers. Some of the more attenuated members of the congregation had inserted themselves in the pipes of the organ, whilst others lay prostrate, three and four deep on the bellows. One earnest seeker after light and truth had even mounted the equestrian statue of a long-defunct Chancellor of the Duchy of Brixton, and retained his seat by clasping the august statesman round the waist.

"A bumper house," whispered the Dean to the Chapter, who was sitting next to him. "It reminds me of the occasion when we gave a benefit service for the widow of the Bishop of Waggapaggabagga, who was swallowed by a boa constrictor."

A hush spread over the spacious fane as the successfully rejuvenated Bishop of Swears and Wells rose from his stall and made his way to the pulpit. The congregation was somewhat amazed to see the reverend gentleman swing himself up by the hand-rail instead of walking up the stairs; but this was as nothing to the sensation created when, on reaching the ledge of the pulpit, he seated himself thereon and proceeded to crack nuts which he produced from the hood of his surplice. The Chapter looked agitated, and whispered excitedly to the Dean:

"It's those statistical monkey things they've sown on to his adenoids, or whatever it is they've done. A most remarkable case of reversion to type."

"Dear Brethren," came the voice from the pulpit; and then followed from the Bishop (who had now abandoned his heterodox stance) a most powerful and impassioned sermon on the enthralling and ennobling of Jacob's ladder. So great was its effect on the congregation that during a wonderful peroration, that included three extensions of the predicate, and oblique oration and an ablative absolute, strong men burst into tears, women

and children burst into nettle-rash, while a stockbroker who was in one of the organ pipes, burst a blood-vessel and had to be extracted with a tin-opener. In addition, five Scotsmen seated in a back pew were so carried away by the Bishop's eloquence that they decided to club together and contribute threepence to the offertory.

"In conclusion, dear brethren," said the Bishop, "and in order to bring my words more forcibly home to you, I will give you an illustration of how the angels negotiated the ladder."

And, so saying, he jumped at the electric light pendant above his head and with surprising agility climbed up it; then glissading gracefully down again, he dropped to his feet on the pulpit floor.

"We will now sing," he announced, "Sir Elgar Olgar Eli's beautiful hymn, 'Gland of Hope and Glory,' number one-two-double-oh in Monkey and Sandie's hymn-book, during which the collection will be taken."

As the first notes of the lovely nux vomica stop began to filter through the building a curious look came over the Bishop's face. He removed his robe and donned a little red jacket. Then, jumping lightly from his pulpit, he advanced with a curious hobbling gait to the front pew, and, extending his hand, began to gather in the pennies which he placed in his cheek.

The cathedral continues to draw packed houses whenever the Bishop of Swears and Wells tops the bill. As a popular feature he has got performing seals and Lockhart's elephants whacked to a frazzle.

ASHLEY STERNE IN PAN.

Voice from the other room: "O John, I'm so sorry I asked you to telephone the doctor. Baby didn't swallow that safety pin after all. I just found it in his crib."

Husband of the voice: "That's all right; I figured you would find it just before the doctor got here anyway—so I didn't bother to call him."

SAM SOFTSHELL

TRAMP STARR.

Sam Softshell sat around in stores
And yawned and gaped and let out snores
And one time when he hit the hay
Down at my place, some kids got gay
And they sneaked up on him and smeared
Limburger cheese into his beard.
And Sam woke up and sniffed the air
And smelled around him everywhere,
And then he come and bawled me out
And said my butter, fish and kraut
Was all decayed and he would see
The board of health was sicked on me.

And then he went out on the street
And sniffed and sneered at folks he'd meet,
And edged away and give 'em room
And said they'd better use perfume
And disinfect and take a bath
Or he would swat them in his wrath.
And then he went to the town board
And laid complaints and ripped and roared
And said the town was bum and punk
And it and all the people stunk
And he would leave that very night
For parts where people smelled all right.

So Sam went off across the hills
And stopped to sniff at trees and rills
And held bouquets up to his nose
And smelled at them and tore his clothes
And said, "It's mighty plain to see
That everything smells bad but me,
I'll not live on this rotten sphere
I'll end my life and do it here."
So Sam he whetted up his knife
And bought a rope and took his life.
Consider Sam, by him be steered,
If you smell stinks look to your beard.

Most men of action have a tendency to fatalism, while most great thinkers have a tendency to believe in Providence.

THE FIFTY-SEVEN VARIETIES

Our medsun closet's large and deep,
  And pa says, "Most capacious,"
If you'd just open up the doors
  I'll bet you'd say, "Good gracious!"

"These folks must own a real Drug Store,
  Or run a medsun wagon;"
'Cause every shelf is piled way up
  And tippin' out and saggin'.

Ma says that all the common drugs
  Should be on each home shelf;
But most of all the rest of it,
  Is stuff ma takes herself.

At night when ma crawls into bed
  All filled up with her dope,
Pa says, "Don't let Heinz beat you, dear,
  Nothin' forgot, I hope."

Then Joe yells, "Mother, take your hootch?"
  And ma sits right up straight;
"My land! I clear forget that stuff,
  Don't turn the light out! Wait!"

"Your liver pill?" asks pa again,
  "Your tonic, and your spray?
Now, shall I turn your heater on?
  Your yeast you've had today."

And then when all is dark and still,
  When pa begins to snore,
Ma shakes him good and wakes him up,
  And says, "There's one thing more!"

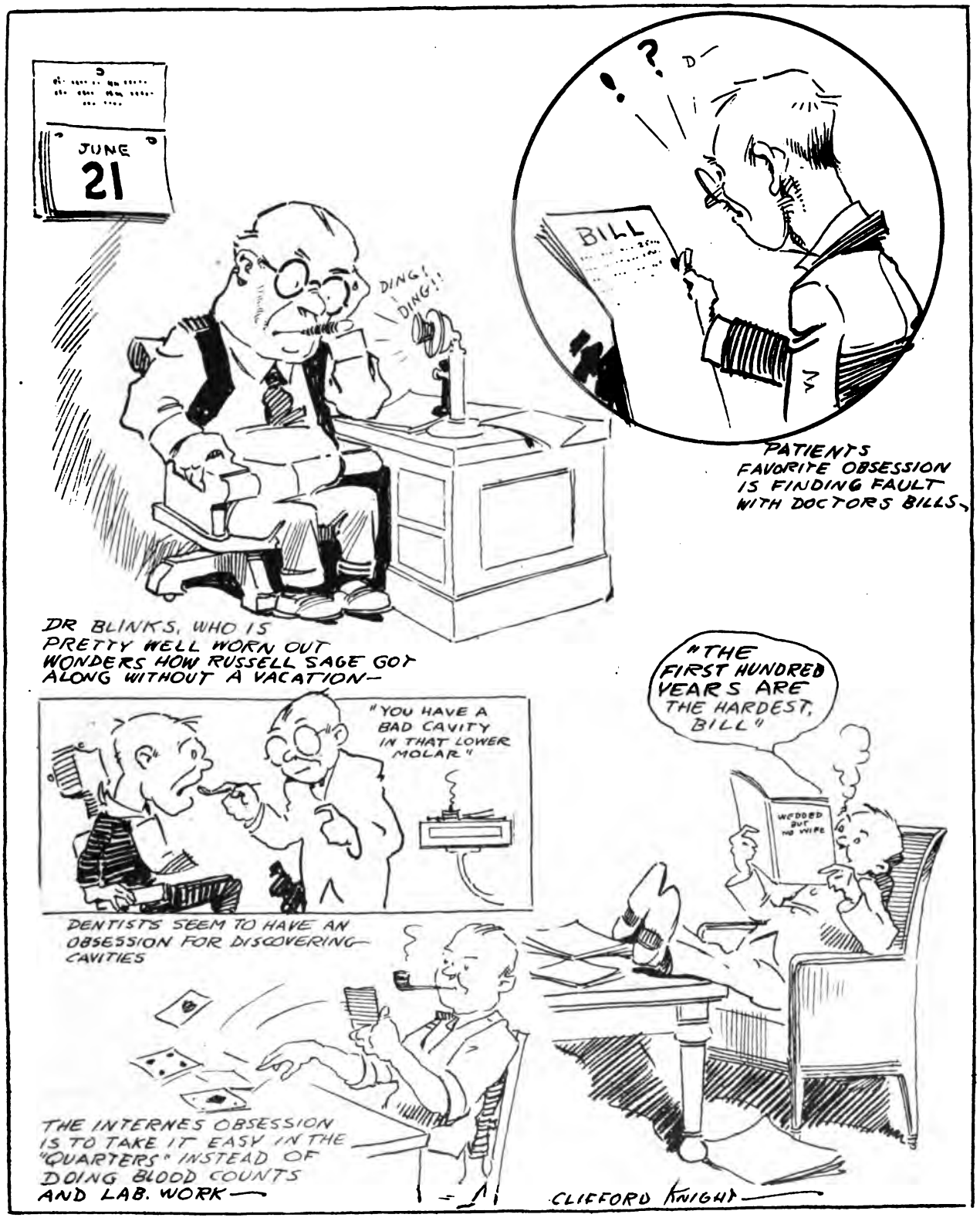
But what it is that ma's forgot,
  They neither one can think;
My ma she sighs and says she knows
  That she can't sleep a wink.

And pa he shakes his pillers up,
  And yawns and then says, "Nope,
I don't suppose you can—but you'll
  Wake up at six I hope!"

REBA MAHAN STEVENS.

Bloomington, Ill.

OBSESSIONS.


JUNE
21
DING! DING!!
BILL
PATIENTS FAVORITE OBSESSION IS FINDING FAULT WITH DOCTORS BILLS.
DR BLINKS, WHO IS PRETTY WELL WORN OUT WONDERS HOW RUSSELL SAGE GOT ALONG WITHOUT A VACATION—
"YOU HAVE A BAD CAVITY IN THAT LOWER MOLAR"
DENTISTS SEEM TO HAVE AN OBSESSION FOR DISCOVERING CAVITIES
"THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS ARE THE HARDEST, BILL"
WEDDED BUT NO WIFE
THE INTERNES OBSESSION IS TO TAKE IT EASY IN THE "QUARTERS" INSTEAD OF DOING BLOOD COUNTS AND LAB. WORK—
CLIFFORD KNIGHT

WHIZZERINKTUMS

LYKELL.

I love you, dear Lykell, indeed I do!
And swear that always I'll be true to you;
I'll even throw away my still and brew,
For you, Lykell, for you!

In case of war I'll never leave your side,
If you will promise to become my bride;
The joys of club and men I'll cast aside,
For you, Lykell, for you!

I love you, dear Lykell, my life's desire!
Why! Just your name, Lykell, sets me on fire!
And makes me vibrate like a tightened wire,
For you, Lykell, for you!

"OF SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX."

Whizzerinktums undertakes to discuss and try to diagnose almost anything, although prescribing is left to those whose therapy in more certain in results. Consider now the case of the preachers who have resolved that the stage and funny papers shall no longer criticize them by making them appear as hat-passing nincompoops and effeminate idiots. Let us examine into the causative factors of this bushwah.

Cartoonists base caricatures upon the enlargement of the most noticeable features. Does a man possess a bump for a nose and large ears, et cetera, these are merely enlarged. The same rule holds good for burlesque upon the stage and in the movies. Wherefore, or Q.E.D., it must be held that the preachers have given basic reason for the caricaturing which is so annoying to them. The fact that this caricaturing "gets over" with the public shows that the public recognizes the exaggerated features. There is nothing in the case of the preachers. Whizzerinktums believes that doctors, lawyers, senators and other classes should also be held up to ridicule, if necessary. It helps to cure what ails us.

SING HIGH, SING LOW.

Much talk goeth around about Judge Landis, who receiveth $7,500.00 for judging law and $42,500.00 all in ye same year for judging baseball, and it causeth us to yawn and say that judging law is perhaps worth no more than $7,500.00, counting in ye dignity and all that goeth with ye woolsack. Ye money is in ye lowbrow work and not in ye highbrow work. Ye umpire oft' receiveth more than ye professor of ancient languages.

An exchange notes that the woman's page of a farm magazine has given a list of twenty-five accomplishments necessary before a young woman can be said to be educated. She must know how

To sew.
To cook.
To mend.
To be gentle.
To value time.
To dress neatly.
To keep a secret.
To avoid idleness.
To be self-reliant.
To respect old age.
To darn stockings.
To make good bread.
To keep a home tidy.
To control her temper.
To make home happy.
To be above gossiping.
To take care of the sick.
To take care of the baby.
To sweep down cobwebs.
To marry a man for his worth.
To read the very best of books.
To be a helpmate to her husband.
To take plenty of active exercise.
To keep clear of trashy literature.
To be a womanly woman under all circumstances.

The average doctor's wife has done these things all her life, plus many more things, and considers them all in a day's work.

PARDON THE YAWN.

A good camel will travel 100 miles a day.—*Indianapolis News.*

So will a good Ford and not even need to hump itself.

TO THE ASH HEAP WITH 'EM.

We are mightily sick of words, at times. There are two we should like to see banished forever from our alleged English language. These are "Efficiency" and "Propaganda." "Efficiency" has acquired a dignity of meaning which is a lie and "propaganda" has acquired a stench that will never leave it. Have we no words to replace them?

Enters now a period of Sentimentalism and Emotionalism in our country. Yet this is not "normalcy."

SING LO.

"Gentlemen! Notice the beneficial results I have obtained from this wonderful tonic."

The Cause of Em "Bon" point.

Now, Lillian, you just get plenty of butter, eggs and milk and take plenty of exercise. Run at least three times a day around your Grandma, every day!

The early days of married life are a rock of danger for small minds as for great passions.

* * *

Men should live in the soul of things, to see the best of everything.

"Don't you realize that smoking those cigars will ruin your health and shorten your life?"

"Well, I've been smoking 'em for the last hundred and eighty years—an' I never felt better.

A SPEECH OF CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

(THE PRESENT INTEREST IN CHILD WELFARE JUSTIFIES A REPUBLICATION OF THIS APPEAL.)

FREEMASONS' HALL, FEBRUARY 9th, 1858.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

"It is one of my rules in life not to believe a man who may happen to tell me that he feels no interest in children. I hold myself bound to this principle by all kind consideration, because I know, as we all must, that any heart which could really toughen its affections and sympathies against those dear little people must be wanting in so many humanizing experiences of innocence and tenderness, as to be quite an unsafe monstrosity among men; therefore I set the assertion down, whenever I happen to meet with it—which is sometimes, though not often—as an idle word, originating possibly in the genteel languor of the hour, and meaning about as much as that knowing social lassitude, which has used up the cardinal virtues and quite found out things in general, usually does mean. I suppose it may be taken for granted that we, who come together in the name of children, and for the sake of children, acknowledge that we have an interest in them; indeed, I have observed since I sat down here that we are quite in a childlike state altogether, representing an infant institution, and not even yet a group-up company. A few years are necessary to the increase of our strength, and the expansion of our figure; and then these tables, which now have a few tucks in them, will be let out, and then this hall, which now sits so easily upon us, will be too tight and small for us. Nevertheless, it is likely that even we are not without our experience now and then of spoilt children. I do not mean of our own spoilt children (because nobody's own children ever were spoilt—(laughter)—but I mean the disagreeable children of our particular friends. We know by experience what it is to have them down after dinner, and, across the rich perspective of a miscellaneous dessert, to see, as in a black dose darkly, the family doctor looming in the distance. We know—I have no doubt we all know—what it is to assist at those little maternal anecdotes and table entertainments, illustrated with imitations and descriptive dialogue, which might not be inaptly called, after the manner of my friend, Mr. Albert Smith, the toilsome ascent of Miss Mary and the eruption (cutaneous) of Master Alexander. We know what it is when those children won't go to bed; we know how they prop their eyelids open with their forefingers when they will sit up; how, when they become fractious, they say aloud that they don't like us, and our nose is too long, and why don't we go? And we are perfectly acquainted with those kicking bundles which are carried off at last protesting. An eminent eye-witness told me that he was one of a company of learned pundits who assembled at the house of a very distinguished philosopher of the last generation, to hear him expound his stringent views concerning infant education and early mental development, and he told me that, while the philosopher did this in very beautiful and lucid language, the philosopher's little boy, for his part, edified the assembled sages by dabbling up to the elbows in an apple pie which had been provided for their entertainment, having previously anointed his hair with the syrup, combed it with his fork, and brushed it with his spoon. It is probable that we also have our similar experiences, sometimes, of principles that are not quite practice, and that we know people, claiming to be very wise and profound about nations of men, who show themselves to be rather weak and shallow about units of babies.

"But, ladies and gentlemen, the spoilt children whom I have to present to you after this dinner of today are not of this class. I have glanced at these for the easier and lighter introduction of another, a very different, a far more numerous, and a far more serious class. The spoilt children whom I must show you are the spoilt children of the poor in this great city—the children who are, every year, forever and ever irrevocably spoilt out of this breathing life of ours by tens of thousands, but who may, in vast numbers, be preserved, if you, assisting and not contravening the ways of Providence, will help to save them. The two grim nurses, Poverty and Sickness, who bring these children before you, preside over their births, rock their wretched cradles, nail down their little coffins, pile up the earth above their graves. Of the annual deaths in this great town, their unnatural deaths form more than one-third. I shall not ask you, according to the custom as to the other class—I shall not ask you, on behalf of these children, to observe how good they are, how pretty they are, how clever they are, how promising they are, whose beauty they most resemble—I shall only ask you to ob-

serve how weak they are, how like death they are! And I shall ask you, by the remembrance of everything that lies between your own infancy and that so miscalled second childhood, when the child's graces are gone, and nothing but its helplessness remains—I shall ask you to turn your thoughts to these spoilt children, in the sacred names of Pity and Compassion.

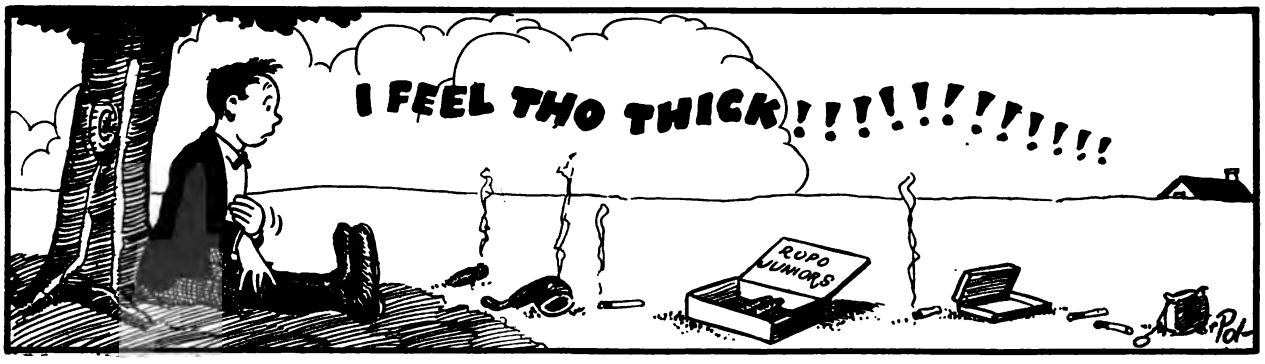
"Some years ago, being in Scotland, I went with one of the most humane members of the humane medical profession on a morning tour among some of the worst-lodged inhabitants of the old town of Edinburgh. In the closes and wynds of that picturesque place—I am sorry to remind you what fast friends picturesqueness and typhus often are—we saw more poverty and sickness in an hour than many people would believe in a life. Our way lay from one to another of the most wretched dwellings—reeking with horrible odours—shut out from the sky—shut out from the air—mere pits and dens. In a room in one of these foul places, where there was an empty porridge-pot on the cold hearth, with a ragged woman and some ragged children crouching on the bare ground near it—where, I remember as I speak, that the very light, reflected from a high, damp-stained and time-stained house wall, came trembling in, as if the fever which had shaken everything else there had shaken even it—there lay in an old egg-box, which the mother had begged from a shop, a little feeble, wasted, wan, sick child. With his little wasted face, and his little hot, worn hands folded over his breast, and his little, bright, attentive eyes, I can see him now, as I have seen him for several years, looking steadily at us. There he lay in his little frail box, which was not at all a bad emblem of the little body from which he was slowly parting—there he lay quiet—quite patient, saying never a word. He seldom cried, the mother said; he seldom complained. "He lay there seeming to woonder what it was a' aboot.' Gods knows, I thought, as I stood looking at him, he had his reasons for wondering—reasons for wondering how it could possibly come to be that he lay there, left alone, feeble and full of pain, when he ought to have been as bright and as brisk as the birds that never got near him—reasons, for wondering how he came to be left there, a little, decrepit old man, pining to death, quite a thing, of course, as if there were no crowds of healthy and happy children playing on the grass under the summer's sun within a stone's throw of him, as if there were no bright, moving sea on the other side of the great hill overhanging the city; as if there were no great clouds rushing over it; as if there no life, and movement, and vigor anywhere in the world—nothing but stoppage and decay. There he lay looking at us, saying in his silence, more pathetically than I have ever heard anything said by any orator in my life: 'Will you please to tell me what this means, strange man? And if you can give me any good reason why I should be so soon so far advanced upon my way to Him who said that children were to come into His presence, and were not to be forbidden but who scarcely meant, I think, that they should come by this hard road by which I am traveling—pray give the reason to me, for I seek it very earnestly, and wonder about it very much;' and to my mind he has been wondering about it ever since. Many a poor child, sick and neglected, I have seen since that time in this London; many a poor sick child I have seen most affectionately and kindly tended by poor people, in an unwholesome house and under untoward circumstances, wherein its recovery was quite impossible, but at all such times I have seen my poor little drooping friend in his egg-box and he has always addressed his dumb speech to me, and I have always found him wondering what it meant, and why in the name of a gracious God, such things should be!

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, such things need not be, and will not be, if this company, which is a drop of the life-blood of the great compassionate public heart, will only accept the means of rescue and prevention which it is mine to offer. Within a quarter of a mile of this place where I speak, stands a courtly old house, where once, no doubt, blooming children were born, and grew up to be men and women, and married, and brought their own blooming children back to patter up the old oak staircase which stood but the other day, and to wonder at the old oak carvings on the chimney-pieces. In the airy wards, into which the old state drawing-rooms and family bedchambers of that house are now converted, are such little patients that the attendant nurses look like reclaimed giantesses, and the kind medical practitioner like an amiable Christian ogre. Grouped about the little low tables in the center of the rooms are such tiny convalescents that they seem to be playing at having been ill. On the dolls' beds are such diminutive creatures, that each poor sufferer is supplied with its tray of toys; and, looking around you may see how the little, tired, flushed cheek has toppled over half the brute creating on its way into the ark, or how one little, dimpled arm has mowed down (as I saw myself) the whole tin soldiery of Europe. On the walls of these rooms are graceful, pleasant, bright childish pictures. At the beds' heads are pictures of the

figure which is the universal embodiment of all mercy and compassion, the figure of Him who was once a child Himself, and a poor one. Besides these little creatures on the beds, you may learn in that place that the number of small out-patients brought to that house for relief is now fewer than ten thousand in the compass of one single year. In the room in which these are received you may see against the wall a box, on which it is written, that it has been calculated, that if every grateful mother who brings a child there will drop a penny into it, the Hospital funds may possibly be increased in a year by so large a sum as forty pounds. And you may read in the Hospital report, with a glow of pleasure, that these poor women are so respondent as to have made, even in a toiling year of difficulty and high prices, this estimate forty, fifty pounds. In the printed papers of this same Hospital, you may read with what a generous earnestness the highest and wisest members of the medical profession testify to the great need of it; to the immense difficulty of treating children in the same hospitals with grown-up people, by reason of their different ailments and requirements; to the vast amount of pain that will be assuaged, and of life that will be saved through this Hospital—not only among the poor, observe, but among the prosperous, too, by reason of the increased knowledge of children's illnesses, which cannot fail to arise from a more systematic mode of studying them. Lastly, gentlemen, and, I am sorry to say, worst of all—(for I must present no rose-colored picture of this place to you—I must not deceive you), lastly—the visitor to this Children's Hospital, reckoning up the number of its beds, will find himself perforce obliged to stop at very little over thirty;* and will learn, with sorrow and surprise, that even that small number, so forlornly, so miserably diminutive, compared with this vast London, cannot possibly be maintained unless the Hospital be made better known; I limit myself to saying better known, because I will not believe that in a Christian community of fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, it can fail being better known, to be well and richly endowed. Now, ladies and gentlemen, this, without a word of adornment—which I resolved when I got up not to allow myself—this is the simple case. This is the pathetic case, which I have to put to you; not only on behalf of the thousands of children who annually die in this great city, but also on behalf of the thousands of children who live half-developed, racked with preventable pain, shorn of their natural capacity for health and enjoyment. If these innocent creatures cannot move you for themselves, how can I possibly hope to move you in their name?

"The most delightful paper, the most charming essay, which the tender imagination of Charles Lamb conceived, represents him as sitting by his fireside on a winter night, telling stories to his own dear children, and delighting in their society, until he suddenly comes to his own solitary bachelor self, and finds that they were but dream-children, who might have been but never were. 'We are nothing,' they say to him; 'less than nothing and dreams. We are only what might have been, and we must wait upon the tedious shore of Lethe, millions of ages, before we have existence and a name.' 'And immediately awaking,' he says, 'I found myself in my arm chair.' The dream-children whom I would now raise, if I could, before every one of you, according to your various circumstances, should be the dear child you love, the dearer child you have lost, the child you might have had, the child you certainly have been. Each of these dream-children should hold in its powerful hand one of the little children now lying in the Child's Hospital, or now shut out of it to perish. Each of these dream-children should say to you: 'Oh help this little suppliant in my name; Oh help it for my sake!' Well!—and immediately awaking, you should find yourselves in the Freemasons' Hall, happily arrived at the end of a rather long speech, drinking 'Prosperity to the Hospital for Sick Children,' and thoroughly resolved that it shall flourish."

*The liberal response made to this appeal enabled the Committee to increase the number of beds for in-patients from thirty-two to forty-four. In the summer of 1865 additional wards were opened, and the number of in-patients increased to 75.



OBITER DICTA

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

Collapse of the Military Machine in War is generally the first step toward Social House Cleaning and Political Liberty. To the Victor belongs the Spoils, among which are Graft, Autocracy, Reactionary Laws, Social and Economic Repression. The triumphs of Louis XIV paved the way for the Terror; the irresistible Armies of the Republic were ripe for the Man on Horseback. Germany's first step toward real Liberty followed the complete collapse of her military power as was the case in Russia and China, and will be, let us hope, in Japan.

FREUDIAN FANCIES.

Be suspicious of a woman who has no fear of snakes and bugs, and bats, handles worms without a tremor, and is unmoved by mice and crawling things things generally.

Constipated women have a deep dislike for domestic duties, especially house cleaning.

SPEEDING UP.

Man has all the time there is and all the space, actual or relative, that he needs. Yet there is a frantic call for quick action, pep, and speeding up; a fear that mankind has to be constantly kicked to be kept awake. Yet I know of some very beautiful melodic themes set to slow music. The tendency traces back to those who have an Interest and a Standard only in mechanical efficiency, and quantity production.

If you are made uncomfortable by a man's socio-political reactions, it is much easier to call him a young visionary, or an old reactionary, or an enemy of established order, than to answer his arguments.

Hermione, M. D., knows of a young fellow who is so habitually melancholy that she fears he is a confirmed sadist. Her lady friend, recently married, suffers with nausea o' mornings. She really thinks she may be enchantee.

SURE FIRE.

There are few things more howlingly funny, more appealingly ludicrous, than the phonetic confusion of the words suffrage and suffering.

STATUS PRAESENS.

From a Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin. Case Report.

"Triangular crines, abundant hircus, with occasional strophulus." These complicated findings and involved conditions should not be stated thus baldly. Surely there are more subtle and recondite combinations of technical terms or phrases to express them.

Man's two greatest Inventions are God, and the Myth that Woman is an Unfathomable Mystery.

COMING AND GOING.

Manus Manum lavet. Turn About is Fair Play. If I am prepared to back my Country, right or wrong, my Country might at least have a Heart and overlook a little Honest Graft on my part.

According to the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (Vol. 75, No. 1), statistics show that 85 per cent. of chronic invalids had some food dislike in childhood. "Right you are, *J. A. M.*, and, furthermore, it can be shown that 95 per cent. of the adult tuberculous wore diapers in infancy, and that over 55.34 per cent. of all cases dying of nephritis were raised, in whole or in part, on mothers' milk."

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

Did you ever see—A white horse that was lame—A red-haired girl with a squint—A Negro with a hare-lip—A blue-eyed woman with warts—Why not?

A Card with the Compliments of Blank's Chemical and X-Ray Laboratories. (Agents for Salvarsan-Metz and Lister's Diabetic Flour.)

Looking Forward to a Happy Fall and Winter.
Parenchymatous versus Interstitial Nephritis.

What It Means to You.

Early Diagnosis of Renal Disorders means increased Ethical and Tangible Assets to the Physician.

Ridicule is a Cleansing Fire which should be reserved for the Destruction of Vermin and Filth. Unfortunately, it is often as blind as Love, and shoots hit-or-miss and runs amuck. As in the times of the

Inquisition many are burned at the Stake who have merely committed the Heinous Crime of being in a Minority.

Truth crushed to earth may rise again, but it has a hard time making headway against a really funny Cartoon.

Much forgetting is due to insufficient fastening, by associations, of our thought, and mnemonics give us a hook to hang things on where we will find them.

FREUDIAN FALLACIES.

The Clonic Escape, as I would like to call it, is a case in point. All emotional ataxia is due to repressed dislike of the action being carried out. If a policeman, chasing a thief, stumbles, it is because his (repressed) desire is to let the man escape. If the lover stammers in proposing to his lady love, it is because, subconsciously, he does not want to marry. The child that dances about aimlessly when shown a sweet or a new toy, must have some fear or dislike which it is trying to keep down. This is closing the psychologic eye to at least one-half of life. Do not intense desires upset at least as much as intense aversions? The poets saw more clearly. "These stormy passions must have stormy ends." The hurry call for action leaves little over for careful adjustment, either of words or acts. That is why imprecations either of love or wrath are stammered. As Greeley once said: "I have not time to be concise." Hesitation may be at least as much a search—for the right word, the right action—as an escape.

PROGRESSIVE EMANCIPATIONS.

Sacred rights of property extended in the good old times, to wife and child, man-servant and maid-servant, as well as to ox and ass. Little by little, against the howls and tears of the owners and the solemn imprecations and threats of accomplice priests and dignitaries, the wife got rid of shackles and was a chattel no more. And then, the children. And then, the servants. Some day, perhaps, all the workers—

VITAMINES AND HORMONES.

Man cannot stomach or digest pure food elements, protein, carbohydrate or fat. He needs subtle somethings, contaminations in a way, to color and refider palatable his food and supply something which is beyond energy. So, too, the human mind cannot grasp pure truth, pure beauty, or pure science, but needs the roughage, the vitamine, and the coloring matter of fancy, tradition, fallacy, perhaps, and analogy.

RACE AND ENDOCRINES.

The repetition of similar sensual and emotional stimuli, aided by habit of diet, and uniform climate, may well determine an endocrine predominance. It may establish not only temperaments and character but also nutritional likes and dislikes. I am thinking of the adrenal-pituitary types of the Orient, especially the Mongols, Malays, and Polynesians, with their love of leisure, and love of pleasure, their smooth skins, luxuriant hair, sluggish, easy going, sometimes reflective mentality, and the tendency to indulgence in drugs which accentuate—or perhaps originally caused—this temperamental tendency. Opium, hasheesh, lotos, bhang, tobacco, supply the easy and artificial Edens of the day-dreaming races.

PSYCHOLOGY OF APPLAUSE.

There is a deal of Suggestion, none too subtle, in the pause or the gesture which demands and too often elicits that burst of hand-clapping which only the most naive mind could appraise as spontaneous. It is a proclamation of nobility and of conformity, responding eagerly to the obvious, the clap-trap, the cheaply virtuous, a notice to all and sundry that we are climbing onto the Band-wagon of Accepted Standards, if not indeed, already front-seated thereon.

Phonetic Patriotism is the thing. Speak United States and you will be a real American.

UNIVERSAL MILITARY SERVICE.

It makes me laugh to see the Great Solicitude for the Moral and Physical Health of our Youth, on the part of Gentlemen who have never moved a finger, spent a dollar, or opened their mouths to do away with slum, sweat-shop or dive.

I see by the Papers—that some Ladies are urging a Club for servants. I am for it, strong, when I think of our Cook. Or Slow Poison.

General Bonus was the Favorite with the Legion, and a Slush Fund for Gen. Dr. Leonard Wood was, almost, a Military Necessity.

American Democracy laying down rules of so far and no farther to German Socialism, and Russian Bolshevism, is like the Hen who hatched out Ducks and thought they would drown if she let them get to the water.

P. H. F.

OBEYING THE LAW OF GRAVITY.

Ambulance Surgeon: What made you tumble down here, Patrick?
Pat: Tumblin' down here was the only sinsible thing I could do, doctor, when the scaffold collapsed.

BILGRAM'S JOKE

"I MADE that joke," said Bilgram, with a little thrill of pride. He could not resist the temptation to let it be known. One of the boarders was reading aloud from the current issue of the Joker and had dwelt on this particular joke as something really worth while. It was Bilgrim's very own joke, the first joke he had ever made—or rather been paid for, for, of course, we all make jokes at times.

The incipient laughter died away at once. What might have been humour in the Joker was felt to be the merest presumption coming from Bilgram. Bindoff laid the paper down and stared. Miss Crispin sniffed. Mr. Senior Years, who was sceptical about everything, looked over the top of his spectacles and said bluntly: "You what?"

"I made the joke and sent it to the Joker," said Bilgram, uneasily conscious that he was failing to impress.

Senior Years went on reading his newspaper again. Sometimes "Liar" can be expressed with more emphasis by silence than by the spoken word. Besides he didn't care for Bilgram anyway.

"There is a picture with it," said Bindoff, slowly. "Did you draw that, too? I didn't know you could draw—or make jokes even."

"I didn't know there was a picture," said Bilgram in some confusion. "No, I didn't draw the picture. They must have done that themselves."

"But there's a name on the picture," said Bindoff suspiciously.. "And it isn't yours. Yours doesn't appear anywhere." The paper was passed 'round for scrutiny.

"I suppose you don't get your name put in for a joke." said Bilgram.

"There are names on some," said Bindoff, unconvinced.

"I shouldn't think," said Miss Crispin severely, "they would use one man's joke and another man's picture." Knowing nothing about it Miss Crispin was inclined to be positive.

"They don't," said Mr. Senior Years brusquely, thinking it high time the impostor was exposed.

Bilgram crimsoned to his ears. He was paying the penalty that frequently follows the desire for applause. He dreaded one question now above all others. It came.

"When did you send them the joke?" asked Larkin the student, who fancied himself as a bit of a wag and was inclined to be piqued.

"Some time last summer," said the wretched Bilgram. He had cashed the cheque and spent the money long since and was left without documentary evidence of any kind. His situation was horrible in the extreme.

A general laugh followed. "They couldn't find room for it till now," said Larkin gleefully. "There are two whole lines to it."

"Of course they had to get the picture ready—perhaps had to hire a special artist," said Bindoff, whose girl sometimes referred to him as a "sarcastic wretch."

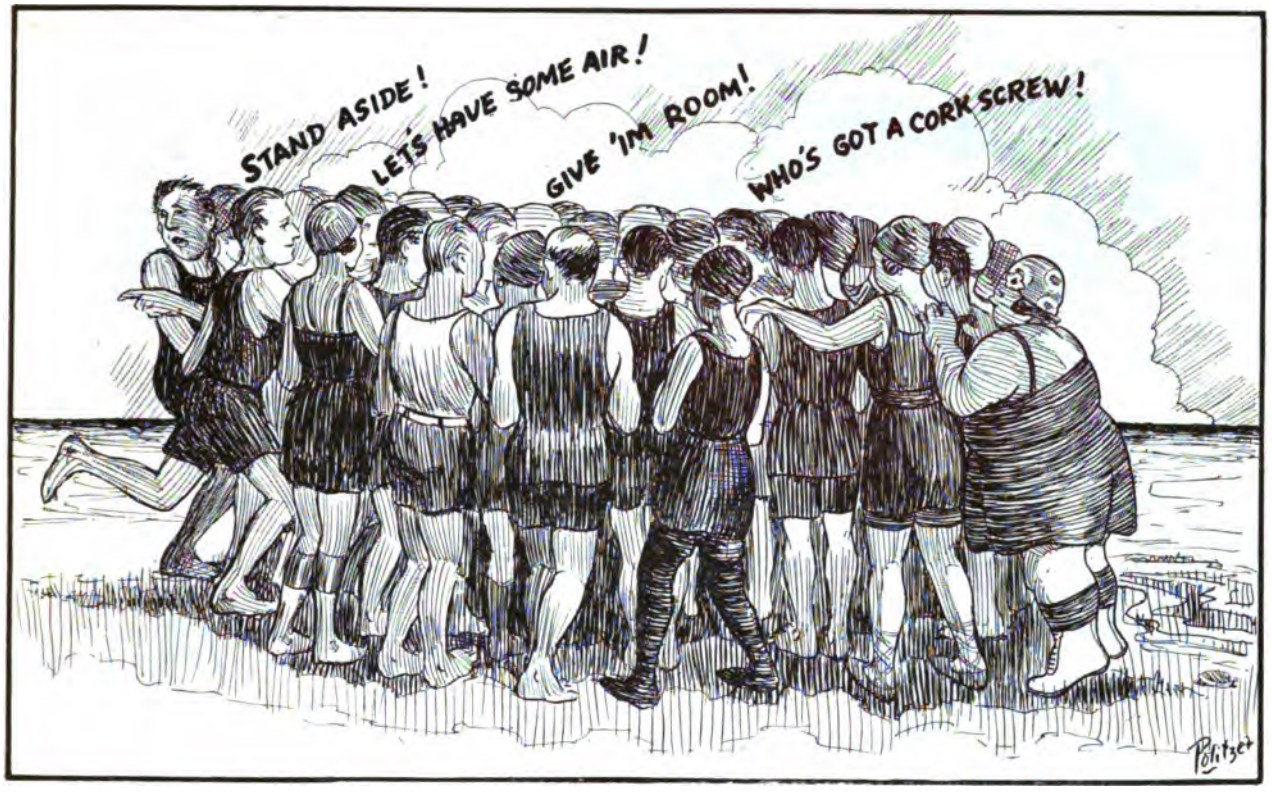
"You can write to the editor if you like, and ask him," said Bilgram wildly.

"What Bilgram means," said Mr. Senior Years soothingly, "is that he thought of that particular joke before he saw it in print. I have had that experience myself."

"So have I," came in a chorus from the others. .

So there the matter ended.. Bilgram saw no possibility of setting it straight, and to this day he is suspected of false pretenses. He sometimes wonders if making jokes is worth while.

GEORGE W. E. DANIELS.



THE PULMOTOPUMP REVIVER.

Beats pulmotors, stomach pumps, and other beach apparatus by a mile. Above picture shows the pulmotopump in use.

ONLY A DREAM

JOHN D. COGHLAN, M. D.

At a medical meeting one night in May,
I sat there listening to what they would say,
And as I viewed these men of various types,
Some of whom proudly displayed their service stripes,
My attention was drawn to one Major there,
Whose gauge was betokened by arrogant air.

As I gazed a dead'ning feeling crept o'er me,
And suddenly all sensation seemed to flee;
Then I thought myself within this Major's frame,
Seeing all from his mind and with views the same;
And as if with each turn of a switch I saw
Various scenes that held me with fear and awe.

The switch clicked and I was on the battlefield,
Where murd'rous work all about me stood revealed.
I heard roaring guns mingled with screams of men,
Making a scene of horror beyond my pen.
I also heard the yelling of orders giv'n,
And rattling artillery by demons driv'n.

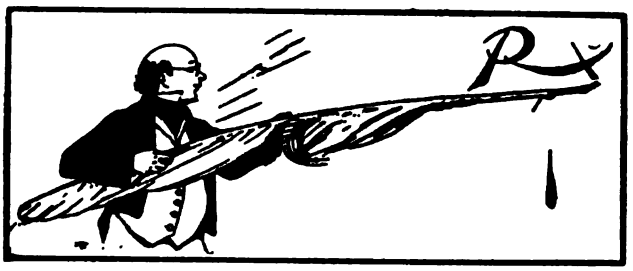
Another turn of the switch and I could view
The hosts of wounded, but none it seemed I knew.
I moved amongst them all with unsteady tread,
Most of them shattered badly and many dead;
And then after making this gruesome review,
I stood beside a boy who was wounded, too.

Then I gently rubbed his face and stroked his hair,
And while looking at this youth who was so fair,
He recognized me and with a note of joy,
Faintly whispered, "Father, don't you know your boy?"
While raising himself upon his lowly bed
Only for a moment and then fell back dead.

What would I not have given this scene to change,
For it left me feeling very cold and strange,
But then a friend of mine who was sitting by
Touched my hand and shook me as he heard me sigh.

* * * * * * * *

I awakened in time for the cake and cream,
And was grateful to find 'twas only a dream.



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JULY, 1921.

INTERDEPENDENCE DAY.

INDEPENDENCE DAY is a holy day and not a mere holiday. It commemorates an event of spiritual importance—the birth of a political nation with ideals higher than politics. Its conception was in the womb of Liberty and its father was Interdependence. No birthday is fraught with greater significance for the world today.

In every land, from the equator to the poles, there is a yearning for Liberty and Interdependence, with Peace and Plenty as house guests. The revolutionary phases of independence are being eclipsed by the evolutionary appreciation that too much independence results in arrogant individualism and reactionary isolation.

The early colonists achieved independence through the recognition of their interdependence. Their common ideas, ideals, hopes, ambitions and aspirations could be achieved only through union, mutual self help, and co-operating self subordination. After months of stormy pregnancy a new nation was born with much travail. Its growth and development to its present adolescence evidence the sterling qualities of its wise and far-seeing parents.

The tremendous transformation in our methods of celebrating the Fourth of July bears witness to a revised evaluation of human life. There is little acquiescence in independence to maim or destroy one's self or others. The community assets must be conserved and fostered. The New Spirit of the occasion is one of interdependence and conscious interest in our fellow-men. And a bruised and bleeding world, tearfully but hopefully, looks to the United States and pleads for a fuller opportunity to share in celebrating its inspiring holy day of Independence, born of Liberty and Interdependence.

NOW IS THE TIME OF CHILDHOOD.

JULY, Jumbo, Juniper and Joy are all on deck as the dry citizens now take to the inviting waters.

Little did Julius Caesar realize that by giving his name to the old Roman Quinctilis he would forever be hailed as a symbol of pleasure for masses of humanity. The ancient conqueror rode triumphantly with captives at his feet, while the sweaty multitude gave him homage.

Today the dusty, weary workers of the world seek to overcome fatigue, the heat of the city, the troubles incident to living, and hold all nature captive. To the woods—to the mountains—to the seashore—to the canyons—to the parks—to the playgrounds—to the wide, open fields—Away!

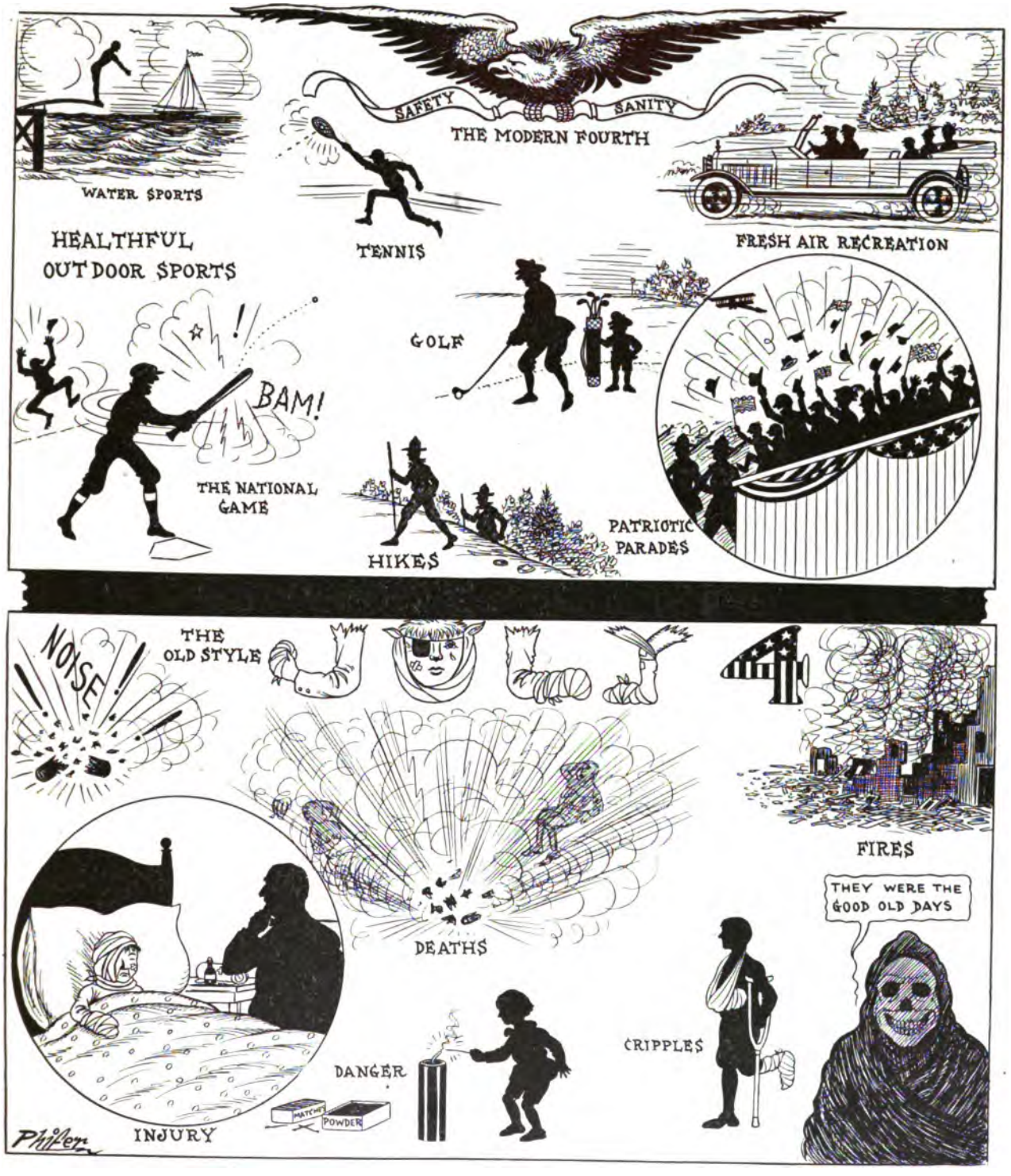
Away from the pressure of daily toil into the laughter of sunshine, fresh air, and invigorating scenery. Man wants and needs a change. He calls his modified career a vacation, but he works at it harder than he works at his desk, his lathe, his press, or his plough.

Life becomes real, then, because his interest is pleasure; his motive is exhilaration; his desire is freedom! For the time being the money goal is forsaken and the toil and trouble of machine-like living pass from consciousness. He wills to gratify his earliest instincts as modified by civilization's magic. He fights in baseball, tennis, croquet, or pitching quoits. He struggles for food in hunting and in fishing. He dares the beasts with campfire and songs. He boats, climbs, swims, runs, leaps, hikes, reads, dances, and plays.

In pantheistic adoration he revels and reveres the primal forces of the universe. In short—man lives more pleasantly, if not more bountifully, in the wealth of Summertime.

For youth there is health and enthusiasm. For adults there is respite and inspiration. For humanity there is rebirth and rededication. In the great now of relaxation there is forgotten the worries of the months gone by, nor is there overcontemplation of the future's holdings. The psychology of childhood is dominant and the vacationist rejoices to be a child again. And who requires the glorious sensation of childhood renewed more than the conscientious, ever-working Doctor?

INDEPENDENCE DAY.



DEPENDENCE DAY.

HEALTH-O-GRAMS

BY SPECIAL CONSENT OF SLAP-O-GRAMS.

IN a former issue of Slap-o-grams was published an excerpt from a letter received from one of my (our) professionally altruistic friends, suggesting that ye scribe follow the example of the Health Columns of the Jayville Wheeze and contribute something of real value to the profession. With joy I (we) hailed the hunch; (isn't the alliteration beautiful?) and asked my (our) readers to fire away with questions. I (we) am (are) deeply grieved to be compelled to announce that of the hatful of questions received none of those fathered, signed, sponsored, written or indicted by medical men were worthy either of my (our) attention, or of the high ambition I (we) entertain, to make my (our) Health-o-grams compare favorably with the stuff so ably written by my (our) "confrére," the distinguished Health Editor of the Jayville Wheeze.* The question asked by lay friends of M-P., on the contrary, were substantial evidence, not only of the intelligence of the authors, but also of the fact that the health columns of the public press are rapidly raising the standard of medical education among the laymen of this country.

I (we) trust that they will not be disappointed by my (our) omission of prescriptions. Following the example of my (our) distinguished confrére** of the Wheeze, I (we) never prescribe. We are nothing if not ethical—indeed, ethics is our middle name.

Health Editor, MEDICAL PICKWICK:

Q. Dear Sir: My grandfather has a queer looking lump on his lower lip, about the size of a baseball. Please advise me what to do for it.

A.: Try and coax the old gentleman away from the tumor (be very gentle in doing this). If you succeed, place them in separate rooms and under no consideration let them get together again.

Q.: H. E. M. P., My father is showing evidences of mental disturbance. He imagines he owns the earth, and can lick anybody in the world. He parades around all day with a chip on his shoulder and is getting to be a nuisance to the entire village. What shall I do about it?

A.: Consult Doctors Sam Yank, John Bull, Johnny Grapaud, and Dago Vic. These gentlemen have just had a very similar case and considering the fact that they are "internists" and interned the case instead of amputating in the cervical region they achieved a most remarkable cure.

Q.: H. E. M. P., I am a young lady, forty-seven years of age and unmarried. All my life I have been troubled with freckles and blackheads. Kindly tell me what to do for this condition and earn my everlasting gratitude. (I enclose my photograph.)

A.: After careful study of the photograph I (we) perfectly understand your "single-ar" case. Mix ten pounds of chloride of zinc with just enough water to make a thick paste. Apply a layer of this about two inches thick to your entire face at bed-time. Remove first thing in the morning and also remove by thorough rubbing any features that have not already disappeared. Sandpaper the surface vigorously and allow to cool. At the end of six months have some good surgeon do a plastic and build you a new face.

Q.: H. E. M. P.: My great grandmother, 87 years of age, shows signs of failing health. She has been very active socially and is very fond of dancing. For the last six weeks, however, she seems apathetic and has declined all social invitations. She seems to have lost all interest in life. What should be done for her?

A.: Give the young woman the 3x trituration of ovarian substance from the yellow butterfly—one-tenth of a grain at bedtime. Be sure and get the yellow butterfly preparation—it has more luteum in it than has any other kind. (Let me know how she gets along.)

Q.: H. E. M. P.: My daughter, twenty-five years old, is suffering with tapeworm. Will you kindly tell me what to do?

A.: The treatment of tapeworm is very simple. Here is an infallible method which I (we) imported from India a few years ago: Seat the patient on a low stool. Have her close her eyes tightly, open her mouth widely and hold her breath during the entire course of treatment, which occupies only thirty or forty minutes. Sit cross-legged on the floor immediately in front of and facing the patient. Play "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" on a piccolo, while an assistant recites "Come hither, pretty crea-

*Some of the Class A stuff was awful.
**"Con" brother.

ture" at intervals of one minute. As soon as the head of the worm appears at the patient's mouth, hit it at the junction of the head and the first cervical link with a sling shot and break its neck. The patient must keep the eyes tightly closed to avoid the danger of the worm suddenly striking and driving its venomous fangs into her eyeballs.

This treatment never has been known to fail, and its success proves conclusively that music as a therapeutic recourse is not recognized as it should be by the medical profession.

Q.: H. E. M. P.: Ever since I was sixty-five years old I have been troubled with falling of the hair. I have tried every hair restorer and mange cure on the market without benefit. I fear that within four or five years I will be entirely bald. Won't you please suggest something?

A.: Surely I (we) will. Such pathetic cases as yours especially appeal to me (us). Take one ounce of chloride of lime, one ounce of Le Sage's glue, one ounce of Doane's Liniment for Man and Beast and mix with two drops of the best rye whiskey. Mix thoroughly into a paste of the consistency of cream. Apply this every fifteen minutes for six weeks. If this does not bring your hair out within that time write me again.

Q.: H. E. M. P.: What do you do for thread worms?

A.: I (we) haven't had 'em for many, many years, but as I (we) recall them, I (we) scratched some and wriggled more. Would advise sending for a seamstress—"a stitch in time saves nine." Meanwhile console yourself by reading Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," and the reflection that your case might be worse.

Q.: H. E. M. P.: My brother is troubled with piles, and at times suffers greatly. The piles being what they are, he is ashamed to go to a doctor. Can you help him?

A.: "Help" is one of my (our) family names. As President of the "Society of Big Brothers of Poor Little Doctors," I am pleased to be able to say that it is not necessary for your brother to consult a physician. Tell him to save his money and buy Liberty Bonds. (Nothing will make a pile shrink faster.) I wish to say in passing that your brother has the wrong attitude towards the piles—they are nothing to be ashamed of, even though they ought not to be paraded in public.

'An he blush at mention of a pile, and would perchance the theme avoid,
I would suggest a better style—pray call it then a hemorrhoid.

What would the noble art of architecture do without those popular bromides, the "stately pile," the "magnificent pile," etc., etc.? And what of the lucky dog who has "made his pile" and of the speculator who "stakes his pile"? Remember, my dear sir, that without its fluidity, language would lose half its charm.

Tell your brother to quit eating, drinking, and smoking and to take a ten-weeks course of "Dr. Pyle's Patent Pile Pushers for Prudent People."

Q.: H. E. M. P.: I fear I have a cancer involving all my abdominal organs. I am very much worried, and cannot either eat or rest. I have lost three pounds, and do not get more than eleven hours sleep a night.

A.: Have your surgeon draw off from one of the large veins at the bend of your elbow, four quarts of blood. The blood should immediately be replaced by three gallons of air, superheated (for sterilization) and injected while still fluid. (No fear need be entertained of fatal results.) While a number of cases of nausea and vomiting and of gluteal fatigue have resulted from hot air pumped into patients, no deaths have resulted. (Incidentally, the "bubble" theory has been exploded.)

The percentage of cures by the above method is very high—100 per cent. No patient thus treated ever died of cancer.

Q.: E. H. C. M. P.: My little daughter, one year old, is troubled with what my family doc. calls nocternal enneresis. I don't quite get him, and he uses so many o' them big words that perhaps the kid ain't so very sick after all, but I'd like your opinion. What do you think about it?

A.: You are wrong to treat the case so lightly. The poor child evidently has a severe case of focal infection. Take her blood pressure immediately. Have her teeth and tonsils removed at once. Send for some specialist in surgical plumbing and have a careful cystoscopy, renal skiagraph, and urine segregation made. I (we) suspect that a differential blood count will show a marked hyperleucocytosis. Have some good gynecologist explore the pelvis—there may be some uterine or ovarian complication (carcinoma of the cervix or ovarian cyst, of course, is possible). Lastly, have the feces examined and a careful study made of the stomach content. Note the peristaltic action of the stomach and bowel. A barium meal and the X-ray will decide this. Be on your guard here lest appendicitis be overlooked. Of course, the diagnosis will be expensive but just think what it will mean to your child's future—and besides, your family doctor will gladly

wait for his money. And by the way, never address or speak of a physician as "Doc." "Doc" bears the same relation to doctor that "gent" does to gentleman.

Q.: H. E. M. P.: My father is having trouble in locomotion. He always has been a very active man, but now he can hardly drag one foot after the other. When he walks he slaps his feet down in a queer sort of way. He also complains of shooting pains in his legs and can't walk in a dark room at all, stumbles all over the furniture, etc., etc., and what do you think we had better do for him. He always has led a very regular and temperate life and we are at a loss to explain this condition.

A.: Quite so. It always is the regular fellow who has the bad luck. If it ever ataxia, you'll know how father suffered. Pater should have 20 c.c. of horse serum injected into his veins daily.

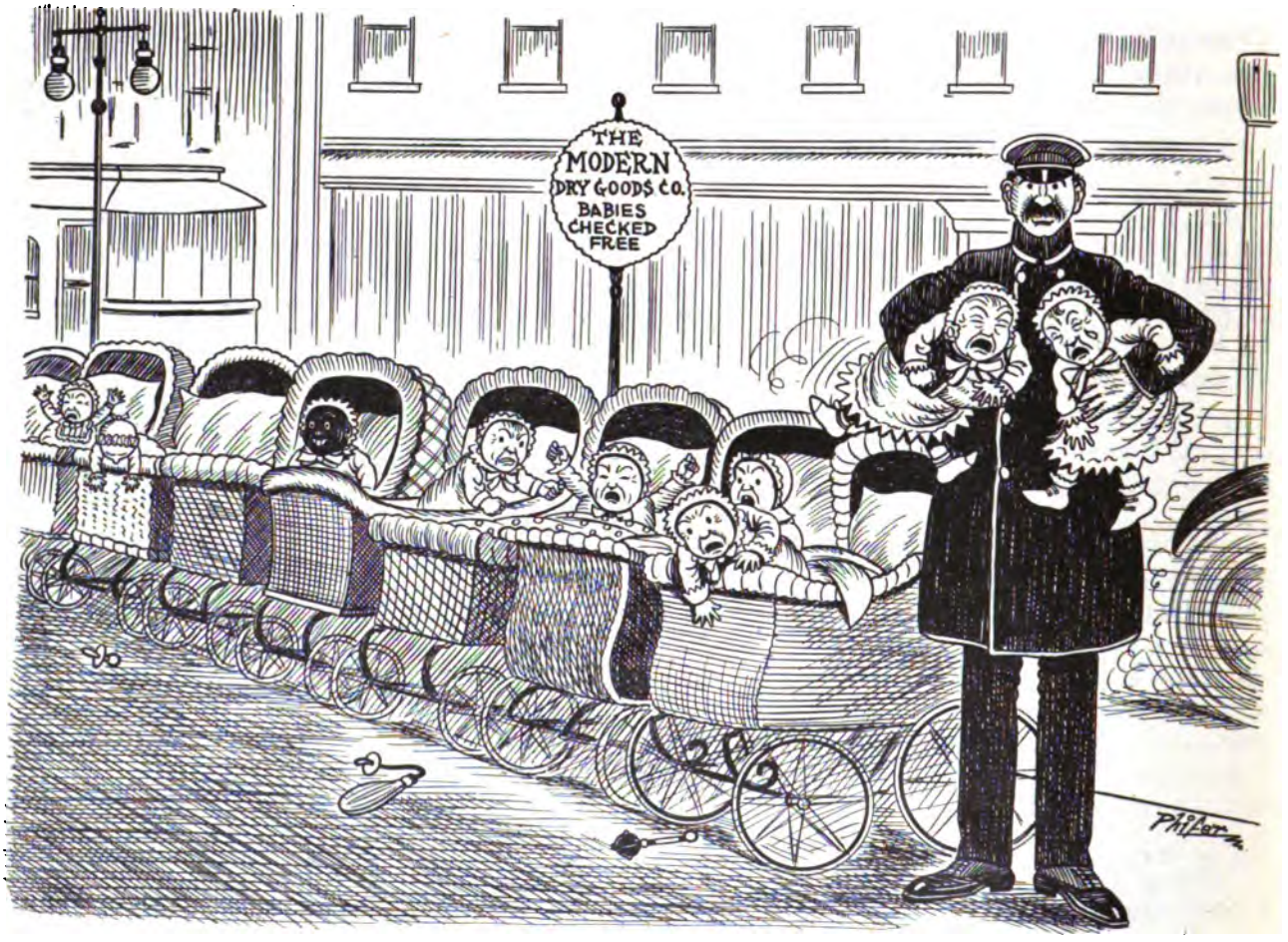
If your doctor selects the horse carefully the patient's gait will be greatly improved. (Would suggest a thoroughbred rather than a trotter. Be sure he is standard bred.) Avoid mule serum—the patient always kicks when this is used—and personally I (we) think he has a kick coming. As a tonic and alterative, I would suggest small doses of hydrargyrum and large doses of kalium iodide. (Be sure that no mercury or potash is given.) If these means fail, the patient should have a course of intraspinous injections of Diamondodiatcetoarsenobenzol.

The last named treatment has done more to give rest and quiet to the patient, and to permanently relieve the anxiety of the patient's family than any remedy I (we) know of.

Q.: H. E. M. P.: Is there anything in Christian Science?

A.: I (we) have reason to believe that there is a great deal in it. The C. S. seem to live and dress well, and their temples must have cost a lot of money. Incidentally, they get quick results in many cases—this makes them very popular with the "mortician," and with the census takers in the well-known city with the golden streets. They can practice anywhere without a license, don't have to study medicine, and cannot be sued for mal-practice.

G. FRANK LYDSTON, M. D.



The Bravest Man in the World.

HIS FIRST CASE

CHAPTER 14.—Justina Overcomes Her False Pride.

CHRISTMAS morning dawned bright and clear. The trees were covered with a thick coat of ice and the ground was white with snow. The brilliancy of the universe was magnificent to behold, as the sun reflected from the bushes and trees, and the flashing, dazzling, dancing, multi-colored lights sparkled in all directions, impressing one with the wonders and beauties of nature, and it seemed as if the world had ended and the inhabitants had been transferred to the land of fairies. At least, Justina, glancing from her window up the river road, past the village, through the endless archway of Lover's Lane, so felt. The sight was so wonderful and splendid that she stood as if *en statue*, her hands clasped tightly, her black eyes intently fixed on the myriads of glittering twigs, and the only movement was that of her heaving bosom.

The Darl mansion was filled with guests, for a house party was in progress, and relatives and friends had come from long distances to spend Christmas day, and now, as the girl gazed out of her window, she could hear the children romping and dancing with glee, wildly excited over the presents that Santa Claus had hung on the big tree during the night, and the merry laughter of the elders floated up, as they shared the children's fun. Instinctively, she thought of the last Christmas, and a touch of sadness filled her heart.

She caught her breath quickly, as she stepped into the hall, for, standing there smiling, was the blonde young man who had arrived in the night.

"You here?" she asked, stopping short and stepping back against the door.

"I am, sweetheart, and waiting for you, as you see. I would have speech with thee."

She stiffened. "I do not care to talk to you."

"Yes, you do," he insisted. "I have the most important thing to say to you. Lend me your ears, listen, Hark! I will orate."

"You will please say what you have to say without preliminaries," she demanded, glaring at him.

"All right. Do you remember my last visit, how you sicked the dog on me?"

"I do."

"And you remember I said I'd see you again and make you pay for that most discourteous act?"

"I do."

"And do you also remember that I asked you to marry me—that being the reason for which I came and knelt at the feet of your royal highness?"

Justina clenched her fists. "Yes, I remember it. Why did you come near me after what you did? Do you think I will ever let you humiliate me again like you did last summer, when you telegraphed me to meet you at the train, after I had planned on our marriage, like a silly fool I was, thinking I loved you because you were so nice to me when I was in school? Then you jumped off the smoking-car with your suitcase and I—Oh, I won't tell you how I felt. And then you whispered in my ear that you were already married and stepped on the train again. I suppose you thought it was a joke—leaving me standing there so mad I cried. Then, because your wife wasn't what you thought she was, you return to me for mercy and ask me to marry a—a—a villain. You knew I was alone, and when I refused you, like the brute you are, you attached me, thinking I had no protection. I wish he'd killed you." She referred to Napoleon.

The blonde young man folded his arms and waited until a belated guest hurriedly passed by, nodding pleasantly and wishing him A Merry Christmas.

"So you are still antagonistic," he said. "Well, I'm going to give you another chance. I said you'd pay for that dog business, although I had no particular plan in mind then. But fate has played into my hand. I'm not afraid of your blamed old dog, because my valet has got him shut up where he and I will not meet. I want you to marry me. I love you and I can give you everything you wish. If you'll do that I'll forgive you and your dog. How about it?"

"How dare you ask me such a question?" she cried. "No; I will not! Never!"

"Sh—don't be so rampant," hushed the blonde young man, holding up a warning hand. "Think it over until after breakfast and we'll talk about it again. If you still feel that you cannot favor me by carrying my name, I shall have to divulge the information that I possess—namely, to-wit: That your mother was never married and that you are an illegitimate child. Ta, Ta, until later."

He walked briskly away, leaving her standing against the door.

Needless to say she ate very little breakfast. Her heart was beating wildly throughout the meal and she thought the minutes would never drag by, and it was with considerable difficulty that she concentrated her attention on what a prim old lady from Boston was saying to her, and the prim old lady insisted on conversing constantly.

Therefore, as soon after breakfast as the opportunity presented itself, she hunted up the blonde young man, who was sitting on a divan in a far corner of the library, alone, reading.

"Oh, I knew you would come," he said, sliding over to make room for her on the divan. "Shall I announce our engagement now?"

"I've come to ask you what right you have for making such an insulting remark as you made to me," she replied firmly. "I'm going to ask you to prove it or apologize."

He looked at her with a contemptuous smile. "I can prove it all right when the time comes. Do you remember that picture of your mother and your baby self that you gave me when you were in school? Yes? Well, I have an aunt in Vermont that recognized it at once. She knew your mother very well before her so-called marriage, and your mother's maiden name was Everett. My aunt knew that she married some young lawyer—though she's forgotten his name—and lived with him a year or two, and then they separated, your mother taking her maiden name without procuring a divorce—and it was generally known throughout the town that there had never been a marriage. So you see there's proof enough, and there will be more as soon as I find out the man's name."

Justina jumped to her feet and stood before him, pale with anger. "You lie!" she cried. "Every word is a lie!"

"Is that so?" asked the charming Mr. Dowlee of Omaha, reaching into his inside coat pocket and taking an envelope from it. He opened the envelope with cool deliberation and extracted the letter it contained. He folded it carefully, so as to expose the last paragraph. Then he arose and held it for her to read:

If you want to make certain that what I say is true, find out the first name of the woman, which, you say, you do not know; although you told me the girl's name was Justina. The mother's name was Labena. I will learn the name of the father in a few days and forward it to you. It was a queer, foreign name if I remember correctly.

Yours lovingly,

AUNT CARRIE.

The blonde young man, still wearing that contemptuous smile, turned to her and an expression of alarm instantly came over his face, for the girl was white as the snow-covered ground and her lips were bloodless. Before he could catch her she collapsed and fell to the floor in a heap.

Instantly the big house was thrown into confusion—other guests came running up and they lifted her to the big divan. The silent Dawkins appeared on the scene and immediately summoned the Colonel.

"Have you called a physician?" asked the master of the house.

"No; not yet. Whom shall I call?"

"Anybody you can get," ordered the excited Colonel.

Some of the lady guests loosened the clothing from the neck of the unconscious girl, while others rubbed her arms and hands, and still others wrung their own hands and cried. Several of the men rushed after water, getting in each other's way and stumbling over rugs and toys and small furniture and children, while others stood about and looked on helplessly. Anna, the maid, rushed to the scene with her mistress's smelling salts. In the meantime Justina opened her eyes in a dazed way and endeavored to struggle instinctively to her feet, and was frightened by the numerous sharp cries telling her to lie down.

"Doctor Forson will be here at once, sir," informed Dawkins.

"Forson! Forson!" yelled the Colonel. "Why did you call him?"

"The wire to Oliva is down, sir, and I thought Doctor Forson was close, and the call was so urgent——"

"That will do!" silenced the Colonel. "We do not care to have Doctor Forson in the house. You will meet him at the door and tell him so. Besides, Justina seems to have recovered sufficiently to not need medical attention. We don't want any young whip-starts attempting to do experimental surgery on her. Go and do as you are told. Why do you stand there and stare at me?"

"Yes, sir," bowed Dawkins, leaving to execute the duty ordered.

Justina was assisted to her room and for an hour she cried most vigorously, refusing to be comforted by Mrs. Darl or to explain the cause of her nervous manifestations. Then she became more quiet and felt quite aggravated with herself for showing such hysterical tendencies, but she refused to go among the guests, pleading a headache—an excuse that has passed without question since Eve was originated.

The blonde young man was so frightened at the outcome of his threat that he thought no more about exposing

the secret to the other guests. He inquired for her several times, and toward evening, sent a note to her which apologized, not for the thing he had done but for the way he had done it, and announced that he was departing at once and would return again within a month.

In the evening she appeared at the table, but was notably nervous—a strange condition for her—and when one of the young lady visitors received a messenger from Oliva with a message calling her away at once, and it was arranged that Charles should take her to the county seat in the big, black limousine, in order that she might catch a train, Justina expressed a wish to accompany them, as she wanted to consult Doctor Lants and obtain a remedy to combat this new affliction. At first the Colonel refused, but when she pointed out the fact that she was not particularly sick, and the car was closed as tightly as a house and heated with a heater, he assented to the plan, taking precautions to personally warn Charles to put on the chains and to be careful in driving, for the roads were icy.

Doctor Lants was at home when she called and was surprised to see her and his greeting was most cordial. She told him at once the reason for her visit.

"What, you nervous?" he laughed in his low, bass voice. "Why, I never thought you would get that way—you always seemed to take after your mother, and her nerves were like iron. How long has it been coming?"

"For several months I've noticed it at times," she explained, "though, so far, I've succeeded in hiding it, but today it became worse, suddenly. I feel like I—oh, I don't know how to say it—but I can't sit still. I want to—to fly."

The old physician nodded his head. "I understand," he said. "You've been worried over your mother's death. It was quite a shock, I agree; but you should be forgetting it a little now, so why this sudden outburst today?"

"I'm—sure—I—don't—know."

"Yes, you do—something's happened, hasn't it? Oh, I see lots of nervous people. What unusual thing has happened? Come, tell me; so that I may prescribe intelligently."

She opened her heart and told it all to him, as many people have similarly done; for, sometimes, it seems that we are so full of trouble that we *must* tell somebody, and who is a more patient and sympathetic listener than the physician in whom we have confidence. We tell him secrets that dare not be told to other ears. And, somehow, after the telling, we feel better for it. So, now, did Justina feel relieved, simply for having shared her burden with this lifelong friend.

"Don't let that worry you," he encouraged her, referring to the threat of the blonde young man. "Do you suppose he could tell such a tale as that and get away with it? Do you think the people who knew your mother so well for years would swallow any such wild yarns? If you don't want to marry him—and I don't see how you could—tell him so, and tell him to do his worst."

"But, doctor, how could I face the people?"

"Huh! How could he face them after he mentioned such slander? If he tries to pull off a dirty trick like that, you face the music and let the world and a few of the rest of us take care of him. Now, young lady, I want to tell you something. I've kept track of you, even though I haven't seen you lately, and you've been isolating yourself too much. No wonder you're nervous, housed up in jail. You're not used to it. Get out and mingle with the people like you used to—that's part of your prescription—it will go a long way in curing your nervousness which is unnatural and due to unnatural living."

She raised her hand in protest. "But——"

"No argument is necessary," said he. "What I say is true and you know it. You're too young to have your wings clipped and stay in a cage. Probably nobody else would dare tell it to you, but I do. Such a life will age you before your time."

"But the Colonel would not like for me to do that," she said.

Doctor Lants hit the table with his fist. "Hang the Colonel!" he growled. "Of course he wouldn't like it; but he's not human. He never was young, I guess. That big house, with all its shell mockery of what he thinks refinement is, is no place for you to live, anyway. Get out and get among your old friends—have a good time as you did a year ago. I mean what I say!"

He automatically bit the end from a cigar. "Do you mind if I smoke?"

"No."

"Well;" he paused to light the cigar. "I'm going to say a few more things to you that you probably won't like, but I'm going to say them just the same. I knew your mother pretty well, and, while she had pride and lots of it, it wasn't false pride. She'd want me to talk to you as I mean to do. That young doctor down in Astuna has been ruined by you."

"Stop!" cried Justina, rising to her feet. "You have no right to discuss that. I don't care to hear his name."

The old physician motioned for her to sit down. She did, as if overpowered by his cool, gray stare.

"I told you I was going to say something you wouldn't like, and I intend to say it, and you sit right there and listen until I get through. Doctor Forson is a skillful

man, in spite of what you think, for he handled that operation as well as anybody. Hollot said so and he knows; and so does Miss Lacy. If I had done the work the result would have been the same. But you, in an hour of trouble, conjured up an idea that he was to blame—then you listened to a lot of trouble-makers who always do lay death to the act of the doctor and recovery to the act of God. After that you've lived in solitude and brooded over it until you're convinced it's so.

"What has happened? Other people have seen your actions and have unconsciously copied them. They, too, turn against him, and he finds himself shunned on every side, and hears slurs from many lips, and sees other physicians, no more skillful and some of them less so, take his practice. Why does he hang on? Because he's like you; he's got too much damnable false pride. He wants to face it down, and he remains in your dinky little village, doing nothing; while he could go to a new locality and make good. I offered him an assistant's place here, before I took in Bonnes, and he foolishly turned it down—said he was going to stick right there."

Justina was looking at the speaker with wide-open eyes, which for the time being had lost their penetrating power, and her lips were parted slightly as she drank in the seemingly cruel words. "But I've never said a word against him to anyone," she said in defense.

"No, of course you haven't," rumbled the Oliva physician. "And you've never said a word for him either. If you, who were the chief sufferer from the events, had remained friendly to him, others would not have thought so much about it. I know, for I went through what he's going through."

"What, here in Oliva?"

"No, not here in Oliva, but in another town in the northern part of the state. That's the reason I came to Oliva, because I lost my first case of surgery."

She glanced at her wrist watch, it was eight o'clock. Then she spoke in a tone somewhat haughty, as she arose and gathered her furs snugly around her neck. "If that's all of your prescription I will be going."

Doctor Lants scowled at her. "False pride," he mumbled, shaking his head. "I can see it in you, so full that it's oozing out—false pride, false pride, false pride." He reached for a prescription blank and wrote hastily. "There, stop as you go past the drug store and get it filled."

Justina's ears rang as the big car sped over the white road toward home. The old physician's words had stung her deeply, for she knew that he had spoken truthfully concerning her pride, although she had been firmly convinced that Fred was guilty of gross negligence or non-intelligence, which was just as bad. But Doctor Lants had disillusioned her about that, for he would never take in an assistant of whom he held the least doubts concerning his capability—that she knew.

And this knowledge made it all the harder for her. Her conscience troubled her, for never would she knowingly do harm to anyone, and she had felt comforted over her action because of the grounded belief that the blame was rightly placed. Now, she must apologize or suffer agony and remorse of conscience. But the simple act of apologizing worried her. Could she humble herself sufficiently to utter the dreaded words to Fred Forson? When would she do it? How would she do it?

She pondered over the problem during the entire journey, forgetting it only when her tense nerves caused her to rise and shriek as the car coasted down the hill, under the railroad, and veered into the ditch in front of Henry Bean's house, just as the little Henry, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, holding a new violin in one hand and a bow in the other, darted out of the door, followed by the bulky form of his wife.

Only one hind wheel was in the shallow ditch at the side of the road and Charles soon had the car started again, and the distance through Lover's Lane was soon passed, under the glittering archway of ice that was even more beautiful in the moonlight because the tints of the reflected lights were more delicate and fantastic.

When they were passing the Ganey house the girl could see Fred's car standing in front of his office and a light shown from the window, spreading itself over the glittering ice-coveerd snow. A strong impulse suddenly seized her and she reached for the speaking tube which connected with the driver's compartment.

"Stop at Doctor Forson's office," she called to Charles.

The brakes squeaked and the car came to a quick but even stop, and before the chauffeur could open the door for her she was out of the limousine and inside the little building.

Fred Forson, hearing the outside door open, stepped from his private office and confronted her. At first sight he stopped short on the threshold, then, noticing her pallor, which constant isolation had given to her, instead of the full bloom of health that had tinged her cheeks in the summer, he rushed forward, saying: "Why, Miss Everett! What's the matter, are you sick?"

Her eyes met his searching brown ones for a moment, and dropped to the floor. She had come on an impulse, and now, standing in front of this broad-shouldered young

physician, she felt that her task was more than she could bear and she wished that she had not come, but gathering all the force within her, she again raised her eyes and said: "No, I'm not sick. I was passing and it occurred to me to stop and—well—I thought I would tell you that I'm sorry for what I said to you about—in regard to mamma's death, you know. I didn't mean to harm you."

Fred was so surprised that he was speechless. He simply stood and looked at her—it was hard to believe, the girl whom he loved, and the one person in the world he had yearned for, was apologizing to him after four months of haughty grandeur. He, too, acted upon impulse. He stepped close to her and suddenly clasped her in his arms, as he had longed to do many times before, and kissed the beautiful red lips before she had time to offer resistance.

"Oh, you mustn't do that!" she screamed, struggling to free herself, and quickly darting to the door, passed out. She was into the limousine before Charles could untangle himself from his robes, much to his wonderment, for previously, she had always sat demurely inside until he opened the door, or stood patiently outside while he performed the same function.

"Drive home," she called through the speaking tube.

* * * * * * * *

Fred Forson staggered into his private office and sat down limply at his desk and thought awhile in silence. Then he sat upright, folded his arms, placed them on the desk, and leaned forward, his shoulder relaxed, his eyes fixed on the polished surface but seeing nothing. The little desk clock ticked away the minutes.

"By the ghost of Hippocrates!" he finally exclaimed, running his fingers through the thick brown hair. "She came across and conducted herself like a lady, and I made a fool of myself. Now, I suppose, it's up to *me* to apologize."

He was whistling as he closed the office door, and still at it when he opened the door of the Ganey house.

"Holy smokes!" shouted Tom Ganey. "What's the matter with you, whistling and grinning at the same time? Did somebody leave you a fortune?"

"Better than that," laughed Fred. "I'll tell you about it some day."

* * * * * * * *

Two hours later, while the clock told the occupants of the little house that Christmas day had passed, Justina stood in the darkened corner of Henry Bean's house and bowed her pretty head reverently, and offered up a silent prayer to the Deity: "I thank thee, dear Lord, for making me do what I did before this happened, for now it would have been too late."

(To be continued.)

WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D.

Ottumwa, Ia.

One of the First Sufferers from "Sleeping Sickness."

MOMENTS OF ANGUISH.

When you miss your spectacles just after a laparatomy.

THE MARCHING YEARS, by NORMAN BRIDGE, M. D., A. M., LL.D. Duffield & Company, New York.

The author has given in delightful conversational style, an interesting record of his widely varied activities. Some of these covered a wide range, from country school teaching and insurance collecting, those not infrequent occupations of early youth, all the way through instructing medical college students, attendant at various hospitals, with weekly clinics on general medicine, conducting a constantly growing private practice, medical journalism, in connection with which he relates many amusing stories of Eugene Field and other associates; at one time the presidency of the Los Angeles Symphony; very active participation in a Mexican Oil Company with visits to the field of operations, and finally service on many war time committees, and as chairman of the National Alien Enemy Relief Committee.

Dr. Bridge's closing chapter on "Friendship" contains some extremely reasonable and simple rules, which in these days of tense nerves and a tendency to misunderstandings between friends, could well be followed as one of the aids to perfect health, and the prevention of "madness in the brain."

EVELYN CUSHING CAMPBELL.

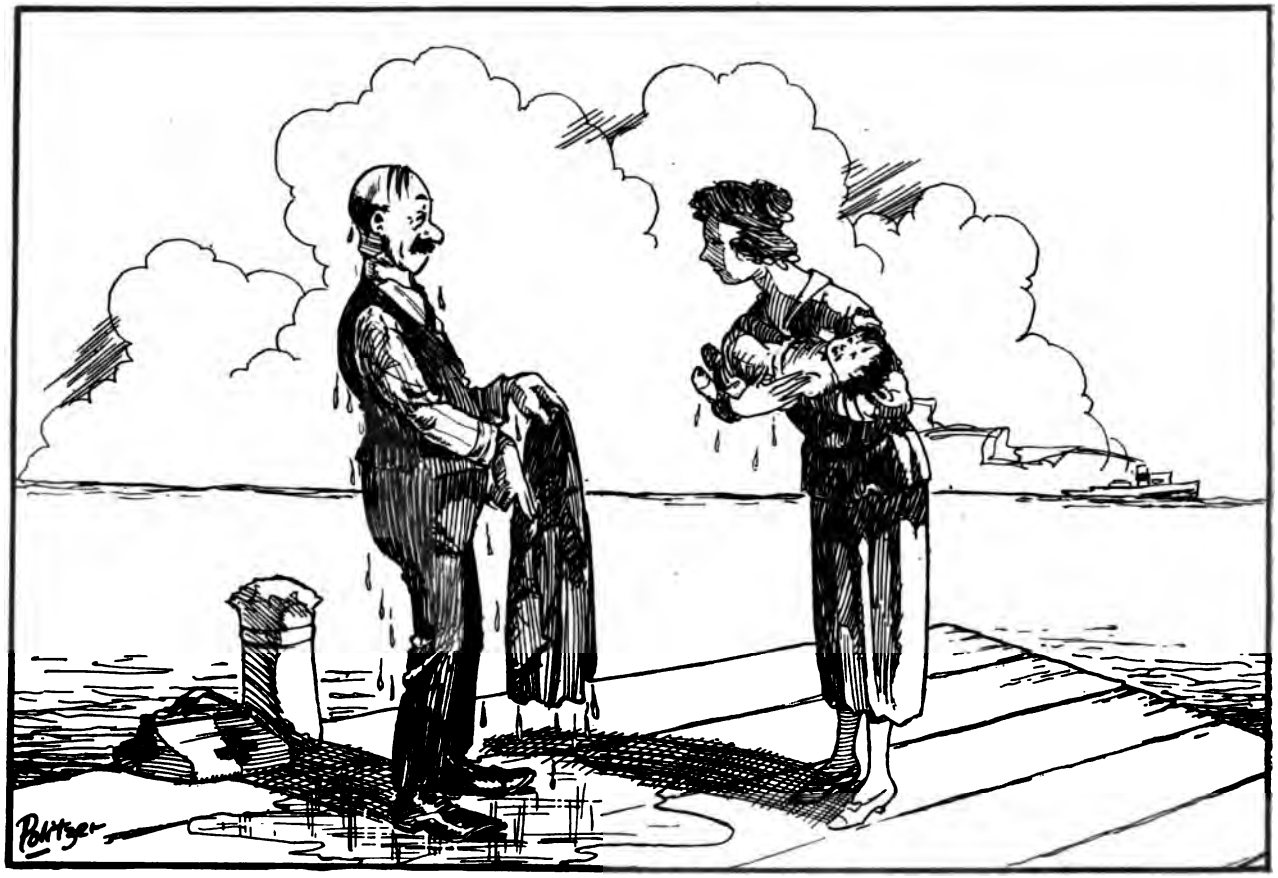
THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY. An Appreciation in Verse. H. G. Wells.

In buckram suit and snowy vest
Two volumes of McMillan's best,
  In type and ink and artistry
  Stands Wells' Outline of History,
And makes to all a courtly bow
As if to say, come buy me now.
  Ten-fifty is the price today,
  To wait is money thrown away.
Ten-fifty for a whole library
Of thoughts and deeds extr'ordinary.
  The records of our cosmic state,
  From primal chaos down to date,
Of Heaven and Hell of Man's creation,
Of love and hate and aspiration,
  Of races born to evolute,
  Of nations still irresolute;
How Science groped its way to light,
How art excelled. How right and might
  Are still confused, and battles fought
  Upon the fields of want and aught,
How governmental systems grew,
Then died to fertilize the new,
  How cultures serving but a day
  Left blazing torches by the way.
This wealth, and volumes more beside
Wells hunted, found, and stored inside
  Two books of some twelve hundred pages,
  A monument to daily wages.
Hard work, a driving will, a heart
And genius of a subtle art.
  The reason that he gives for this
  Is good enough for emphasis,
"The common venture of mankind
Is history," says he, and mind
  You, it is not a string of beads
  Or lot of jumbled thoughts and deeds
Of unrelated men and times,
It is a harmony that chimes
  In every age in every land,—
  And Adam gives to Wells his hand.
So, close to him we climb and stop
Awhile upon the mountain top,
  The sordid foreground of the years
  In mighty vistas disappears
As petty details of a cause,
Dissolve in more generic laws;
  For five and twenty thousand miles
  On every side, the distance smiles
In measured curves, the world's a sphere,
Mere mountain peaks do not appear
  Of such consummate size and worth
  On wide horizons of the Earth.
This is the view of history
Wells takes us up and bids us see,
  And as we look, a vast procession
  Majestic movements in succession
Dramatic program of the ages
Strides in and out across his pages.
  To read those books, so rich in meat
  So full of mental starch and sweet,
So charged with calories of fact
Conserved with spice of style and tact;—
  To bolt, I mean, at one fell swoop
  As 'twere a bowl of oyster soup
And crackers, at a counter bought

And run to catch a train of thought,—
I have a rather strong suggestion
'Twould give one mental indigestion
For 'tis a store of ample rations
To feed the minds of all the nations,
And gather up by calculation
Twelve basketfuls of education.
I've said enough, but here's the rest
'Tis Captain W. at his best
His ship is staunch, full-rigged, and trim
Her cargo very dear to him.
Each sailor picked to fill his station
In literary navigation.
They man the wheel, their watches turning
And box the compass of all learning.
But last and best of all this crew
Who sail the seven seas to you,
As Captain Wells himself admits
In some few introductory fits
Of frank expression in his log
At embarkation, the prologue,—
Successes wait this voyage, he tells
Because his mate is Mrs. Wells.

ARTHUR M. CORWIN, M. D.

Chicago, Ill.



Lady: How can I ever thank you for your prompt action in jumping in and rescuing my boy—and you've spoilt all your clothes, too.

Doctor: That's all right, Madam. It's the first life I know that I've saved in twenty-five years.

The Medical Pickwick

VOL. VII AUGUST, 1921 No. 8.

PHASES OF SURGICAL PRACTICE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

I. SURGICAL CHARLATANS.

A rich man has the beginning of an inflammation. He calls in an upright surgeon, who says after examining him: "Seigneur, there is no need for any operation here, because nature will relieve herself, etc., but if the inflammation gets worse, send for me." It then happens that the patient calls in another man who is a quack, and he is told: "Seigneur, you have a great deal of inflammation, I can feel it inside, and if you are not treated at once you will certainly regret it." This surgeon then sets to work and makes an inflammation, which he afterwards cures, so that the whole proceeding redounds to his credit and profit, for he discovered an inflammation which did not exist, whilst the first surgeon is damaged both in his reputation and his pocket because he did not find out what was not there.

Then, again, one of these second-rate surgeons will come to a sick man who is wealthy, and will say to him, with the voice of an archangel—taking care that no witnesses are present—"Seigneur, you must remember that you are the one who is ill and in pain. It is not your son or your nephew. It is you who are kept awake by the pain whilst your friends and servants sleep. Others won't take care of you if you don't take care of yourself. You are rich enough to get advice and to buy health and whatever else you want if you choose to do so. Riches are not more than health, nor is poverty worse than sickness. Have you not made the greater part of your money yourself and for yourself, so that if you are not a miser you can apply it to relieve your wants? Would to God that those who look after you so badly had your complaint. But all this is between ourselves, and what I tell you is only out of pity for you and for your good." Then, in the absence of the patient, he speaks to the relatives and says, "Seigneurs, this man has the greatest confidence in you, and truly, if you lose him, you will lose an excellent friend. It is not to your credit either to let him go without advice, for if he died without advice you would be blamed everlastingly, even if it made him as poor as Job. He is really in great danger, and it is a serious case, but nature sometimes does better than we have any right to expect. He is sure to die if no one treats him, but if he is properly treated it is just possible that he will escape and not die. If he dies it won't be the result of the treatment, because he is nearly dead already, his only chance is to have a consultation, etc. I am speaking to you as a friend and not as a doctor."

But it is quite another matter when this same surgeon has to treat a poor man, for he says: "I am really sorry for you, and I would gladly help you for the love of God only. But I am very busy just now with a lot of difficult cases, and besides, the season is not a very favorable one for an operation. You cannot afford to buy what is necessary for your case, such as drugs and dressings, so I would put it off until the summer. You will then be able to get the herbs and whatever else is wanted and so save expense. The summer, too, is the best time for the poor." When the same pauper comes back in the summer the surgeon says to him: "I am very sorry that I put you off in the winter and told you to wait until the summer, because the winter is really the best time. Summer is too hot and there is a fear of stirring up the disease. I should advise you to wait until the hot weather is over." And this goes on everlastingly, for this kind of surgeon never finds time to operate upon a pauper.

HENRI DE MONDEVILLE.

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MEDIUM: Your husband has a message for you; he has written it on this slate.
DOCTOR'S WIDOW (reading that familiar announcement): "Back in two hours."

THE WHEREFORE OF THE WHICH

SOME SOLID DISCUSSION OF A SERIES OF ADMIRABLE PAPERS UPON A SCIENTIFIC QUESTION OF THE HOUR.*

Matters Which Appeal to All—An Atmosphere of Intellectuality.

MEDICAL THINKERS IN SESSION.

THIS is an age of progress—an age when men think for themselves. We doctors who are carried along by the tide of thought may not realize its import, but to the unbiased onlooker this age of ours—essentially one of ideas—cannot but be gratifying. There was a time, in the long ago of absolutism, when one doctor or so did all the real thinking. Happily, it is not so now. "Doctors think for themselves."**

No better exemplification of this could be given than the proceedings of the Chicago Solidivory Medical Club last evening. A number of papers were read by men who are absolute masters of the subject under discussion—"THE WHEREFORE OF THE WHICH." Throughout the meeting there was an air of wholesome intellectuality that meant much. To the optimist, the outlook now is indeed a happy one.

It certainly is a pleasant thing to view a company of eminent minds nobly grappling with questions of the hour and of the century. Dr. Edward Bellamy, F. A. C. S., and Dr. Sir Thomas Moore, his forerunner, builded wiser than they knew.

Dr. Micajah Fibble† was chosen Chairman, and Dr. A. Bulle-Conne, Secretary *pro tem.* Among the guests of the club were many interested in the search after truth.

Dr. Charles Bunkoman read the paper of the evening. He said: "In dealing with the subject of the 'WHEREFORE OF THE WHICH,' I have deemed it advisable to use the Harvard accent. In further explanation of my paper I would say that I take very advanced ground, and expect—nay invite—criticism, and have not a shadow of doubt that my invitation will be accepted. Here is my gauge of defiance—pick it up who lists. (Applause.)

"From careful study of the ancient Hindood Scriptures, the Psalma Veda, the Rig Veda, and even the Jag Veda,†† we perceive that the old Theosophists believed in and taught a cognate cosmogony differentiated by various calculi, but still all tending and, as I may say, even trending, toward their later doctrine of metempsychosis.

"The fallacy of this latter flim-flam, however, was ably demonstrated by the celebrated 'Fifth Floor' or, to be more explicit, 'Attic Philosopher,' Dr. Mike Leary, F. A. C. S., the worthy head of the once famous school of Theosophists in New York known as the 'Whyo Gang.' This old time school of savants, I may say in passing, did more to bring unwary and belated pedestrians face to face with their Maker, and thus make Theosophists of them, than any other body of men on this continent.

"My very frequent use of the word 'Theosophist,' may be adversely criticized by some of the irreverent superheated air receptacles who are seated around me, but I wish to say that my reason for employing it so frequently is, that I think it sounds well, and is quite easy to spell. I don't know what it means and, in that regard, I am on a par with the other members of this club.

"To return to my muttons:

" 'THE WHEREFORE OF THE WHICH' from the earliest dawn of history has been the favorite subject of research for all truly great minds. The old Chaldeean standing in the mystic midnight on his dim, hexagonal tower, with his eyes bent heavenward, sought for it. The copper-colored Copt, looking forth from the summit of the pyramid of Amucon Ra or Bent Anat Set, or crouching awe-stricken in the auricularis orbis of the great Sphinx, felt the existence of 'THE WHEREFORE OF THE WHICH,' but knew not what it was.

"Coming down by slow degrees through the eons, the peons, the squeums, the scoriac inguns and the onions of Time, we get by easy stages to the eighteenth century. There we find the same longing so well expressed by the poet and essayist, Prof. Addison:

" 'It must be so, Dr. Pill. Thou reasonest well;* else whence this lingering hope, this fond desire, this yearning after the "WHEREFORE OF THE WHICH?" '

"But these gropers after the True, the Verity, and

*Abstract.

**Vide that celebrated thesis, "Likell," or "How an Old Woman Kept Tavern in Texas."

†No relation of Micajah's Wafers.

††The term "Jag" Veda now obsolete. "Dry" Veda recently adopted.

*Platto? Whence the term "Plattotude?"

the Thingness of Things, in some instances have been very nearly rewarded. At least, some of them have expressed this ideal in words so fitting that we are enabled to infer just what would satisfy them. Take the Rubaiyat of Dr. Omar Khayyam, F. A. C. S., the Persian poet, which has been so ably translated by Dr. Fitzgerald, F. A. C. S., and there we find what Dr. Omar considered would be 'just the cheese.'

> "'A book of verses underneath the bough,
> A loaf of bread, a jug of wine,* and thou
> Beside me singing in the wilderness—
> Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!'

"In conclusion let me say that, although my paper may be adversely criticized as to form, yet the scientific and other matters therein set forth are absolute verity and can be demonstrated.

> "'The simple truth is my detective,
> With me sensation can't abide;
> The likely beats the mere effective,
> And nature is my only guide.'"

Dr. F. P. Drooler, a well-known speaker upon matters of this kind, followed. He contradicted Dr. Bunkoman in nearly all of his assertions. The audience listened with profound attention.

"'A friendly advice is like a charm, like mandrake wine, *curas sopit;* and as a bull tied to a fig tree becomes gentle on a sudden, so is a savage and obdurate heart mollified by fair speeches.' *Adversa*, as Dr. Isidore Wiseheimer holds, '*Fortuna rabet in quaerilis levamentum.*'** (Prolonged applause.)

"This from Dr. Dick Burton's well-known novelette: 'The Anatomy of Melancholy'—which I hope every gentleman here has read—is ample encouragement for what I purpose shall be a mild-tempered and erudite discussion of the subject, with absolutely no comment upon the spavined ratiocination of the leaky intellect that recently has dared to wheel out its sophistries and amorphous platitudes for your illy-concealed contempt.

"To wring some wondrous good from heaven and earth for them; to perish—winning eternal weal in the act—as who should dare pluck out the angry thunder from the cloud, Paraelisus-like, I stand before you, caparisoned for a knightly assault upon the encircled fortress of conceited ignorance, heedless bookmanship, and false logic.

"With Dr. Giordano Bruno† I hold it to be a self-evident truth that Democritus and Epicurus, who asserted 'The infinity of Things' with their perpetual variableness and mobiliousness, were far more in the right than he who endeavors to account for the eternally same appearance of the universe by making 'Homogeneous particles of matter ever and numerically to succeed one another.' (Applause.)

"You may burn at the stake the man who ventures upon the assertion, but you cannot alter the unalterable truth of its entity any more than you can vary the unspeakably, superlatively, immutable order of the final turn. As Dr. Ed. Burke asks:

> "'If red and black blend, soften and unite
> In double naught, are there no black and white?'

"(I now quote Dr. Ruskin):

"'It enters like an evil spirit into the buttercup and turns it into a larkspur with a black-spotted grotesque center and a strange, broken blue, gorgeous and intense, yet impure, glittering on the surface, as if it were strewn with broken glass stained or darkening irregularly into red. And there, alas! the serpent-charm changes the ranunculus into monk's-hood and makes it poisonous. It enters into the forget-me-not, and the star of heavenly turquoise is corrupted into the viper beegloss darkened with the same strange red as the larkspur.'

"It is true that Dr. Fibble in his opening address, alluded to Dr. Ruskin as a two-spot, but I, who know him well, know that massive mind, like some great peak hung with the velvet ivy and honeysuckle of love and charity—I hurl the base slander—but I forbear. (Applause.)

"It is related of General J. I. Caius Kaiser* that one day on the bank of the Rubicon, Dr. Marcus Lone Ace Nascicus offered to throw dice with him, and that he consented—the prize not being mentioned in any accurate contemporary history. It was horse-and-horse on the third throw, when Dr. Nascicus cast forth five aces, whereupon Dr. Caesar made his justly celebrated aphorism, 'The dice is cast!' A country in which a man can get five sixes beaten is too strong for me, whereupon he precipitately took his leave, carrying with him an overcoat belonging to the stud dealer.**

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*An extinct variety of tonic exterminated by the Tumble Bugs.

**Dr. Wiseheimer is reputed to be some "holder." He recently has bought a pair of asbestos gloves and now is "specializing" in red hot stoves.

†Some "roast" *n'est pas?*

*More familiarly known as His "Royal Joblots" and "His Imperial Nibs."

**Your reporter takes the liberty of observing here that the accuracy of much of the history of General J. I. C. K. is open to impeachment. Take, for example, his oft quoted alleged remark: "The Rubicon is passed." Dr. Sir Bombasticus Byrdd, F. A. C. S. (Founder) who was Surgeon Extry-ornery to General J. I. C. K., claims that, on account of certain sequelae of youthful Neisserian accidents, the General's aqueous passing ca-

"I mention this as classical evidence of the untruth of the statement which you may hear tonight that the ancients were not addicted to fighting with the gloves. He who asserts this cannot successfully prove his cause by averring the renowned—almost famous—sophistical aphorism, 'In philosophy, equally as in poetry, it is the highest and most useful prerogative of genius to produce the strongest impression of novelty while it rescues admitted truths from the neglect caused by the many circumstances of their universal admission; '(Be it remarked that Dr. Coleridge was a victim of the vice of smoking cheap hop, and was a companion of Dr. De Quincey, author of 'The Confessions of a Pipe Fiend,' lately issued from the press of our townsmen, Messrs. Bummahue & Loganberry.*

"Had Dr. Coleridge witnessed the award of the bays to Dr. Bill Bradburn, because he had been fouled by his opponent, Dr. Lem McGregory, the 'St. Joe Kid,' although McGregory's cestus, or mitt, was literally soaked with the capillary and venous blood of his opponent; or, if he were reasonably familiar with the rules compiled by his worthy countryman, Dr. Queensberry, F. A. C. S., he would know that a philosopher or poet who would attempt to secure an impression of novelty under the head of 'back-heeling'** is absolutely inimical to the 'eternal spirit of the chainless mind.' (Enthusiastic applause, cries of 'Go on! Go on!')

"As Dr. Cordillac said: 'Let us conclude that new ideas should conform in detail to the outlines of the original idea.' As for myself, I agree with this proposition. As Dr. Newton says: 'With the steady and rapid increase in the complexity of hte functions of the body social, it is becoming necessary to evolve a great mind capable of co-ordinating all these varied activities.'" (Vociferous appause.)

Dr. O. B. Damm, F. A. C. S., who was next upon the floor, said:

"It would be almost impossible to over-estimate the importance of the question that now is undergoing discussion. Professor Huxley, who has devoted the better part of his life to the investigation of 'THE WHEREFORE OF THE WHICH,' published in a recent number of the *Westminster Review*, an exceedingly able essay, from which I take the following statement: 'In the doctrine of life, when flint-surfaced Time has almost triturated the brain, we then realize that we have wasted many precious hours on subjects that might well have been shunned for the great theme of "THE WHEREFORE OF THE WHICH," and although I have presented it with much of my mental self, yet I see on its shell-like and unyielding features only the vermiculated tracings of a worm-like mortal, whose soul has been in the work, but whose brain-pan has been a trifle too shallow to hold this great devil-fish of perplexing thought, and, after long and tiresome combat I am almost tempted to agree with Dr. Max Müller, who declares that 'The Thirteenth Sub-stratum, Township ten, North range 14 of the "WHEREFORE OF THE WHICH" is strongly impregnated with the American tariff.'

" 'If Müller's argument sustaining this position were a little clearer of presentation and not so ziblemontironeous, I doubt not that the leading thinkers of the world—including Prof. Woodrow Billson—would take sides with him. (Audience stands up and wildly applauds.)

" 'Prof. Billson's endorsement would be of especial value, for, although his style is so perfectly lucid that the whole world understands him, nobody knows whatthell he's talking about.'

"This admission, coming from Professor Huxley, is indeed remarkable."

Dr. Charles G. Lues was next. He attacked with wonderful eloquence the position of Dr. Bunkem:

"The final cause of anything," he said, "resides in those things of which the one is in existence and the other is not. Essential perception is the perception of that which is essentially the most excellent and that which is most excellently essential. Perception is the perception of that which is most essential. Therefore, I combat the argument of the helminthic leader of this debate as being illogical, fallacious, and consequently dangerous to the preservation of rational argument.

" 'Confutatis maledictis
Flammes acribus addictis,
Voca me eum benedictis.'*

(Numerous hisses and cries of "No! No! Not on your life.")

"The fact that the bat must be made wholly of wood," continued Dr. Lues, "except that the handle may be wound with twine, or a granulated substance applied, not to exceed eighteen inches from the end, has nothing

pacity was limited to streams of capillary dimensions and consequently the passage of the Rubicon was beyond him. (Yes, we know all about that *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* stuff, but Truth must and shall prevail.)

*Hybridization by Dr. Lute Burdock.

**Declared a "fowl" by the Moderator, although there was not a "chicken" in the house.

*At this point Dr. Amelia Short-Haire was heard to remark to Dr. Maude Long-Nosee: "What a *wonderful* Eyetalian accent! Ain't it just grand that we have so much culchaw in our club?"

in common with the learned argument of Charles Robert Darwin; for monkeying is entirely out of place at this time, or, as Professor Huxley would say, 'altogether too *paso del norte.*'

(A voice: "That's the stuff! Oh, you Judge Landis!")

"We shall stand in a true relation to the present and the future by standing in the right relation to the past. For only he who has been back into the past comes down again into the present and is prepared to travel on into the future.

"For him who does not adopt this opinion, social order, like everything which belongs—I will not say to man only, but to the universe—is merely one of a thousand fortuitous combinations—one of a thousand forms, more or less transitory, which must perpetually destroy and replace each other without leaving any permanent ameliorations as the result. I cite so blasé an authority as Dr. John Esten Cooke upon this point. 'Whence,' says John, 'the sense of a unity of consciousness, if we are made up according to Dr. Spencer's or Dr. Huxley's ideas of infinitely multiplex molecular mechanisms?'

"As Prof. Henri Fordier has well said: 'The distinction of theocratic slavery, of civil slavery, of feudalism, and of a privileged nobility, are just so many steps toward the re-establishment of natural equality. The perfectability of the human race is nothing but the tendency toward equality.' "

Others* followed with equally erudite and terse elucidations of the theme, and derisions of the position taken by the first speaker.

Dr. Sam O. Gosh contributed to the debate a clever poem. Its spirit is indicated by the following extracts:

"From the vast, mysterious sky,
Comes a searching, soulful sigh,
Pregnant with a thrilling cry—
Whence the Wherefore of the Why?

"Can it be each subtle sense,
With its hopes and joys intense,
Is but traveling to the Hence—
To the Whichness of the Whence?

L'Envoi.

"Be thou poor or be thou rich
Fat, or thin as modern beer,
Heed the Wherefore of the Which
And the Whyness of the Here."

The chairman, Dr. Fibble:

"We have with us tonight, one of America's most distinguished scientists, who has done more to put the stamp of improbability on the remotely possible in science and to crystallize incredulity into damliability than any of his contemporaries. I am sure we all will be delighted to hear from our distinguished guest, who has come all the way from that wonderful seat of promulgation of the incomprehensible, Baltimore,* to have us put him on the map. Gentlemen, I take pleasure in introducing Dr. H. E. Kidshimselluff.

Dr. Kidshimselluff's remarks were as follows:

"Mr. Chairman, and members of the Solidivory Club:

"I am almost overcome by your cordial reception." (Business of swallowing his cud and endeavoring to control his Adam's apple.**)

"Regarding the wonderfully learned arguments pro and con, regarding the 'WHEREFORE OF THE WHICH,' I have this to say, viz.: Having specialized on the 'con' factor of the subject, I feel that I am in an authoritative position regarding it. (Cries of "Hear! Hear.")

"It seems to me that, while the 'Wherefore' has been eruditely discussed, the 'of the' and the 'Which' have been rather overlooked. I think, therefore, that it would be well to consider the subject somewhat more ponderously. (Applause.) This, it seems to me, is the true status of the subject. I, therefore, neither endorse nor oppose either the *status praesens or the status quo ante.*†

"Because of this fact I conclude that tonight the question of the 'WHEREFORE OF THE WHICH' has been settled for all time. Gentlemen, I thank you—and again I thank you. (Audience applauds hysterically amid wild flourishing of neckties and handkerchiefs.)

The Chairman:

"If there are no further remarks, I will ask Dr. Bunkoman to close the discussion."

Dr. Bunkoman:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: Dr. Kidshimselluff has made my speech for me. When one of our distinguished brethren from the East has discussed a subject, everything†† is exhausted. Why should I try to 'paint the lily?' The Kaiser was ambitious—I am not. Gentlemen, I thank you." (Frenzied applause.)

(Adjournment.‡)

G. FRANK LYDSTON, M. D.

*"Also Rans," not belonging to the F. A. C. S.

*Baltimo-e, Maryland, otherwise and affectionately kpown as "Molly-Land" whence come so many scientific "ain't soes."

**Pomum Adami—The laryngo-cervico=thyroido-cartilaginous protuberance.

†Vide Schenck's Rules of Draw Poker.

††And everybody.

‡N. B. A good time was had by all.

IMPORTANT BECAUSE TRUE

JOHN T. ACKERSON.

COURTED.

At one time a beautiful picture of the "Court of Death" was exhibited in Boston, and the painter sent a celebrated surgeon there a ticket, on which was written, "Admit the bearer to the Court of Death." The old gentleman, having never heard of the picture, was utterly confounded. "I expected to go before long," said he, "but I was not prepared for so *abrupt* a summons."

SUPPLEMENTING VACCINES.

There are various ways of preventing colds. Mrs. Sourby uses a rawhide. For keeping boys "out of the wet" she says there is nothing like it. People who believe in gumdrops will please notice.

A MENTAL CONFLICT.

Dr. Jones fell down the other slippery morning. As he lay on the ground, he muttered: "I have no desire to see this town burned down, but devoutly wish the streets were *laid in ashes!*"

AN INDUCEMENT.

A medical man advertising his practice for sale winds up, after stating all its advantages, with the following additional recommendation: "N. B.—Not five minutes' distance from a large railway station."

OFF COLOR.

Little Mary was sent to the store to purchase some dye stuff, and forgetting the name of the article, she said to the clerk, "Harry, what do folks dye with?"

"Die with? Why, cholera sometimes," replied Harry.

"Well, I guess that's the name," said Mary; "I want ten cents' worth."

RECOMMENDED BY LEADING PHYSICIANS.

Safety device designed for persons addicted to rocking the boat.

THE PERFECT NURSE*

H. L. SMITH, M. D., Nashua, N. H.

The Perfect Nurse!
Behold her picture! Not in stately prose,
Whose well-dressed vocables, with easy stride,
In careless disarray
Pursue their journey on the King's highway;
Nor yet in Poesy's well balanced rows;
But in Free Verse,
That modern, red-flagged Bolshevic which goes
Limping along on most unequal legs;
Whose feet are flat,
But which, despite of that,
Disdaining crutches, toddles on its pegs,
Knowing full well
That if its purpose is obscure enough
Someone will praise
The stuff
And then 'twill sell
As something hidden from the common gaze,
And only known
To those rare spirits whose subliminal surge
Of quick coordinating currents, has been thrown
Into a sweet accord
Of all the motley units of that mighty horde,
Sweet and soul-charming as a writhing dirge—
Though why a dirge should *writhe* I cannot say,
Except—but stay!
Perhaps it is because it makes you creepy,
Or weep-y,
Or something worse,
For any sort of high-falutin nonsense with neither rhyme nor reason
Which makes you sleepy,
(I'll say it though 'twere treason!)
Is called Free Verse!

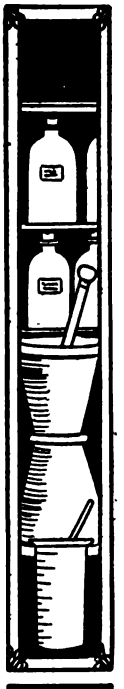
*Read at a social meeting of the nurses of the Memorial Hospital, Nashua, N. H., November, 1920.

Well, with that quite lucid but somewhat mystical introduction
off my mind
I may as well
Begin to tell
About that perfect nurse, with *perfect* underlined.
It's like the rabbit stew—first catch your girl.
She must be perfect, sound in wind and limb,
Neither too fat,
Nor yet too slim,
With body muscles strong, heart muscles firm,
But with all that,
If you would choose a pearl,
See that the muscles of the tongue are soft
And under sure control!

Mark well the epiderm!
The *heart* should tender be, but not the *skin*,
Else will she suffer to her very soul
When well meant criticism comes full oft.
Her eyes shall be wide-spaced, of any hue,
Save that of green; no hint of jealousy
Can be permitted in our model nurse.
There's nothing worse!
For like a weed it grows though fought most zealously.
She must be meek as Moses, and as wise
As Solomon with all his scores of wives.
And while I would not for a moment criticize
That grand old patriarch, why should we wonder,
When one wife teaches us so much,
That he, with hundreds at his beck and call
Should know it all!

She must be willing to accept the blame
For every error that the doctor makes.
To rich and poor her smile must be the same,
With sympathy for every heart that aches.

To sum it up,
She must have all the virtues, all the charms,
Of body, mind and soul;—
In short, a perfect woman!



When you have caught your hare—no easy task!
Just fill her up with all the books can tell,
And all the things outside the books as well.
Then when you ask:—
"Where is the perfect nurse?" I say, "Behold,
She stands before you—a priceless gem—Pure gold!"

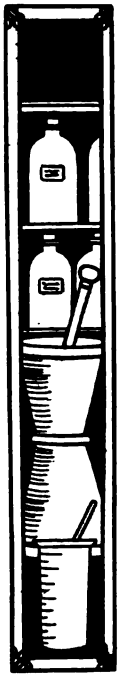
Watch her and you will see
How true the picture that I draw can be.

When Doctor S——, with firm, majestic pace
Walks down the corridor, behold her face!
Though scared to death she doesn't turn a hair,
But does his bidding ere the word is uttered.
Which goes to show
She's learned to know
On which side of the slice *her* bread is buttered.

When Doctor W—— now glides with soothing tread
She charts the movements of his mighty head.
Now up, now down,
A smile, a frown,
Now hot, now cold,
She knows the symptoms ere she's told—
Her super-renals working overtime to make her bold!

When Doctor R—— emits with lurid breath
Some half-digested polysyllabic fragments of the dictionary,
She stands her ground,
Knowing it has been found
They must be harmless, since no living germs
Can long exist on super-heated air.

When Doctor K—keen chases to their dens
The wild-eyed tonsil and the adenoid,
She waits beside the entrance of the cave,
And crowns him victor as he sallies forth,
Like Israel Putnam from the wolf's retreat.
Waving aloft his trophies of the chase.

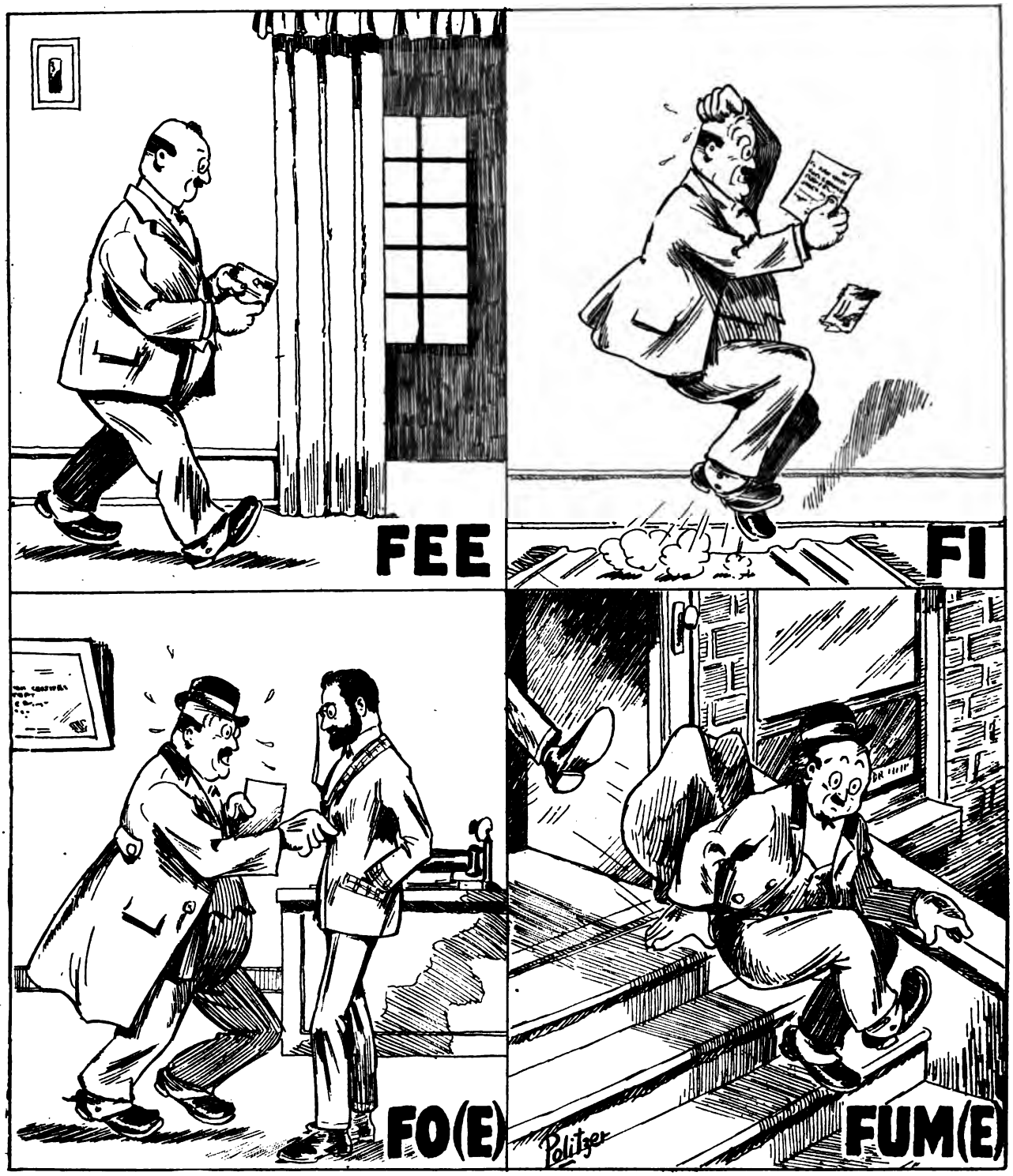


When Doctor S—— trips on his stuttering tongue,
And gets all tangled up,
She does not smile—
Not then!
But waits until he's gone at least a mile
Away,
And then sits down to rest her weary brain
And wonder what it was he tried to say.

And so I might go on. She knows us all,
This perfect nurse of ours, from A to Z.
She knows us all, our weak points and our strong.
With charity she covers our mistakes;
She does our bidding morning, noon and night.
Though oft rebuked she answers not a word,
Fulfills her task, performs her duty well,
Heedless of danger, risks her health and life,
As faithful to the tramp as to the rich,
And when, her task complete, she seeks repose,
Who can gainsay that she deserves our praise?

This is the perfect nurse—this and much more
Which I would fain relate would time permit.
You see how little we expect of you!
How simple is the model we set up!
We take the credit while *you* do the work.
But don't forget, when all is going wrong,
And you are blamed for things you cannot hedp
That after all the doctors recognize
How much they owe to you.

Be not discouraged if we ask too much.
Seek to be perfect, even though you know
That we physicians fall a little short.
(Of course, you are aware
That such an instance must be very rare.)
But if you try
By aiming high
To make yourself as perfect as you can,
Then you will come to be
Un-quest-i-on-a-bly,
The model of my Free
Verse,
The Perfect Nurse!



I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ANGRY MAN.

HOW TO PREPARE A MEDICAL ARTICLE

By WALTER M. BRICKNER, M. D., New York, N. Y.

IN the programme of a medical society in New York we find the printed title: "Paper—The Acute Pelvis." This is not surprising. If we can accustom ourselves to "acute abdomen" and "chronic appendix," why not also this delightfully descriptive expression! If another abortion of English is to be born into medical terminology, wherefrom better than the pelvis!

One of America's most renowned surgeons recently delivered an address describing certain experimental investigations that he had conducted, and their bearing on abdominal surgery. In the first two paragraphs of that address, just printed in a medical journal, this distinguished and brilliant surgeon speaks of "an interval appendix" ...."an acute appendix,"...."acute and chronic suppurating gallbladder."

Where is this to end? Otologists, emulating the noble example, talk of "chronic ears," and now gynecologists, not to be outdone in picturesqueness, have invented "the acute pelvis." May we not expect dentists to swing into line with "chronic teeth" and chiropodists with "acute toe-nails"?

A much revised medical dictionary will soon be needed, and we may expect to find in it definitions such as these:

Eye, Chronic. One that has lost its acuteness of vision.

Exploratory. Exploratory operation. (*Operation* is omitted for brevity only—never otherwise). Noun. May be singular (often very) or pleural.

Intestine, Chronic. That portion of the digestive pathology that extends from the duodenitis to the fistula in ano, and produces cramps, temperature, diarrhea, catgut, and exploratories.

Lung, Acute. A pulmonary disease formerly called *pneumonia* (obsolete).

Operation, Acute. One performed upon an acute abdomen (*q.v.*), usually after midnight.

Pathology. The disease removed from an organ at operation and located elsewhere at post-mortem. Formerly used to mean: The doctrine or consideration of diseases and of deviations from normal structure.

Post-mortem. Formerly an adjective, now a noun. See *autopsy.*

Temperature. Synonymous with *fever, pyrexia.*

Tongue, Chronic. One that talks loosely; the antonym of *native tongue.*

Urethra, Chronic. That portion of disease which forms a communication between the vesiculitis and the outer world, and gives passage to shreds, sounds and semen.

Wasserman (occasionally spelled *Wassermann*), *Babinski, von Graefe, Romberg.* One distinguished physicians and investigators, now reactions and signs that indicate various pathologies.

X-Ray. Once used to designate the peculiar light rays discovered by Roentgen. Modern medical writers use the term to mean an *x-ray picture* or an *x-ray examination, e. g.,* "an x-ray of the stomach showed marked pathology."

Shades of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Weir Mitchell, be not distressed! This new tribe of medical writers is not assaulting the language of "Elsie Venner," of "Hugh Wynne." They are inventing a new language of their own.

Even with such a dictionary as we have above referred to, we fear the novice may feel that he is insufficiently equipped to write an article in this modern and popular style; and so we are publishing here a complete form that he may follow with entire confidence. It will be necessary to change only the dates, figures and a few other facts, to suit the author's needs or taste; but if he choose to vary it still more, the introductory instructions and explanatory notes will guide him in the right path.

If you feel the urge—or the need—to write a medical article, *don't—don't restrain yourself* merely because you have nothing new to say and hardly know how to say it! Facts and theories in medicine must be repeated again and again to drive them home. Remember that not all your colleagues read the same text-books that you do, and therefore it is your duty to disseminate their information. If, at the eleventh hour, you have hastily scratched off a "pot-boiler" as your contribution to a "symposium," don't waste it on the limited audience of a medical society—publish it!

If your contribution needs no illustrations, send some anyhow. If two or three are necessary send six. Be liberal. It's a good idea to have these pictures very large—so large that the editor will print your article promptly to get them out of his way. Playfully enclose

with these handsome wash drawings showing the skin incision about to be made, the skin incision half made and the skin incision completed, two or three very small, loose vest-pocket-camera photos. This is to test the editor's care of valuable property. Of course, he will not have any illustrations on hand but yours, therefore don't bother to write your name on them. If a weak *x*-ray print of the intestines battling with barium looks like an eruption of Vesuvius, held one way, and a military map, held another way, don't indicate which pleases you the more. Let the editor choose between top and bottom and then you may kick because he guessed wrong. You will recognize, if you stop to think about it (which you don't), that the legends for your illustrations must go to the printer to be set in type, while the pictures themselves go to the cut-maker to be reproduced. Therefore, *don't write these legends at the end of your article, where they belong, but paste each one tightly on the picture to which it refers.* This is to exercise the editor's ingenuity in removing them or his secretary's patience in copying them; and it is sure to make him think more of you. If you want the illustrations returned to you, don't say so, with your name and address on the back of each; let the publisher guess it by omitting to enclose return postage. If you make a sketch to illustrate what you are talking about, draw it right on your manuscript just where you want it to appear. The printer would not know what to do with it, but the editor can cut it out—in one way or another.

If possible, make up some charts or statistical tables on a dozen large sheets pasted edge to edge. To print them across a single page or even two pages, will be an interesting puzzle for which both editor and printer will be grateful; the tables are desirable to show the thoroughness of your research (into the literature), and their reproduction is no worry of yours. In these charts try to avoid any uniformity in typography, titles, abbreviations, capitalizations; write "minus" in one column and (—) in another, "per cent." in one and (%) in another; and then make the spaces so small that the editor will not be able to take any liberties with them. Put in your manuscript "Insert Table I here." How can you foresee that the "here" will be an inch and a quarter from the bottom of the printed page?

Be sure to have your article written on a typewriter with broken characters and a much-worn ribbon. If the letters are clear and even, the editor will think that the machine is fairly new and he will jump to the conclusion that you are only a beginner. It will please him if the ink is a very pale blue or a vivid purple; the compositors also have a curious fondness for those tints. If your typewriter has a two-colored ribbon, you will not need to underscore headings and emphasized words; just write them in red ink. The printer, seeing red, will know exactly what is to appear in that color.

If you make copies of the article, keep the clearest one to read at the society meeting and send a blurred carbon copy to the journal. The purpose of that is to oblige the editor to read it slowly, which will the better impress him with its worth. Don't waste time reading over this carbon copy to supply omitted words or correct misspellings; let George editor do that. Use very thin, transparent sheets. This is not to save yourself postage but because, when the editor finds that the paper tears under his pencil, it will discourage him from making any unnecessary changes in your composition. For the same reason, never double-space your manuscript or leave a margin on either side. It is unimportant whether or not your pages are numbered after the sixtieth.

Avoid short sentences. Copy the style of the fourteen-line introductory sentences in newspaper articles, which begin with "The man whom the police suspect" and end near the middle of the column with "sailed yesterday on the Aquitania." In learning to write impressively involved sentences, forget the old rules that require subject, predicate and object. Indeed, it is best to ignore most of the rules of grammar, rhetoric and composition. Don't fetter your style. Get your thoughts across. Write, as you talk, free and easy, and thus convey to your readers the impression of spontaneity and sincerity. Don't waste thought on punctuation or paragraphing; at any rate, carefully avoid the appearance of having bothered with any uniformity in such trifling matters. Abbreviate words frequently, especially those in common medical usage; this gives the needed stamp of easy familiarity with the subjects and, too, abbreviations always look well in print. Do not, however, abbreviate the same word all the time or always in the same way; you must do nothing that would appear to be by system. Capitalize words here and there indifferently; this will make an ornamental relief to typographic monotony and attract the eye of the casual reader.

If you use headings and sub-headings underscore them for CAPITALS and for *italics* indiscriminately. This may annoy a too precise editor but, if it gets by him, it will show your readers that you have individuality. Similarly, if you use letters and numbers to indicate divisions and subdivisions, mix them up freely; make it evident that you are above trifles.

Spelling is entirely a matter of individual preference; let the editor see that you have ideas of your own. Spell

proper names as they sound to you; the way their owners' spell them is their affair, not yours.

Don't refer to yourself as "I"—at least, not systematically; it fastens your responsibility too clearly. Call yourself "the writer" and "the author"; that makes one wonder whether you mean yourself or someone else you have just quoted, and it is important that you give your readers something to think about. "We" and "our" are also good substitutes for the immodest "I" and "my"; thus, when you say "at the hospital it is our routine. . . ." you artfully suggest, without asserting, that the rest of the staff is as guilty as you are. The rules have not yet been sharply defined in the new system, however, and the best practice at present is to say "the writer" and "the author" most of the time, sprinkling in here and there a few "I"s and editorial "We"s.

There are certain words and expressions that belong in every medical article. Be sure to use them. These are: "cito, tuto et jucunde," "fons et origo," "pari passu," "marked," "throws light," "presented," "examination revealed," "symptom-complex," "interesting and instructive," "significant observation," "points out," "unexplored fields." (There is room in almost every article to scatter a few small "fields"). When reporting a case refer frequently to "patient," but never write "the patient died"; say "ceased" or "exitus lethalis." On the other hand, don't be pedantic—if you want to come into this school of modernized medical English. You must not write "fenestra" (plural, "fenestrae"), but "fenestrum" (plural, "fenestra"); you are not in Rome so you don't have to say what the Romans would have said. Therefore also say "this data," instead of "these data." Say: "nauseous" when you mean "nauseated"; "looked like he was going" instead of "looked as though he were going"; and "since two years" rather than "since two years ago." If you are describing a case seen in 1910 nevertheless say "for the past two years" instead of "for the two years preceding." Use "that" and "which" alternately, "will" and "shall" indiscriminately. Say "same," when you mean "it"; the effect is more pleasing.

Embellish your article with references. If you wish, you may add to it a bibliography taken from a recent paper on the same subject. If that is not convenient you may, on the other hand, simply append the names of a few text-books without indicating what parts of them are concerned. Either way is acceptable, under the rules. If you quote or refer to a few publications, gather these titles at the end of the manuscript and label them sententiously "bibliography," not merely "references." Don't bother to read these publications in the original, nor to verify the accuracy of the references themselves, or of their dates, or of the authors' names. Especially avoid any uniformity in arranging these titles. Abbreviate the names of journals in as many different ways as you can. Give only the volume number, not the date; the reader can discover in a library what year the article was published. References to articles in weekly journals, however, should be simply by the year and the page number; anyone that wants to, can find out for himself whether it was in the first or second volume of that year. Don't spend ten cents to buy the little pamphlet on *The Bibliographic Style of the Journal of the A. M. A.;* you might be tempted to follow its scheme of abbreviations of journal titles. Establish your own style, or, better yet, avoid all style.

Select the title of your paper with great care. You might head it *Diptheria* (one *h* is quite enough for this word and for *opthalmoscope*) or *The Chronic Abdomen*, but such titles are too precise. Don't let your audience know too soon what you are talking about; exercise reserve, keep 'em in suspense. It is better, therefore, to decide on such a title as *An Interesting Case;* that will defy classication in the *Index Medicus* and give you security in the feeling that you will not be quoted too widely. If, in the course of your paper, you mean to describe a new sign, reaction or apparatus, don't mention it in the title or as a sub-title, for then, too, it would be indexed, and you might be embarrassed soon to find it referred to by others —a liberty which, of course, you resent.

Your name should be followed by your collegiate degrees, also by your various hospital titles and medical society affiliations. It is a good idea to omit the least important of each of these and write in its place: *etc.* Since your name belongs under the title on the first page of your manuscript, write it modestly on the last page. When the editor discovers who it was that favored him with so interesting and instructive a contribution, he will not mind the slight effort of transposing your name and identifying labels. Don't, however, leave a space as though you expected him to do this; it will be just as easy for him to paste an extension on your first sheet. You will wish to tell, in a foot-note, where your paper first saw the light of night, for example, **Read at the first Annual meeting of the Alumni Association of the Montgomery Worthington Sniffem Memorial Hospital for Umbilical Deformities and Diseases of the Sternum, Sniffemtown, Pennsylkota, Apr. 1-'20.* This, too, belongs on your first page, but you may put it on the last as though it were a trifling after-thought.

Having mastered all these new, but simple, rules you

are now ready to put the subjoined *model* and two text-books on the desk before you and proceed with your composition. But here we must detain you for a final word of advice. Don't make the mistake of merely saying what you have to say, stripped of all inconsequential details and unnecessary verbiage. Don't write tersely, concisely, and strictly to the point; that would be crude and brusque, and your article would be scorned as too brief to be worth reading. Your facts should not be thus nakedly exposed; they must be protected, surrounded, embellished, buttressed and supported. Don't start off abruptly, and don't stop when you have said all that you need to say. Lead up to your subject very gradually, insidiously. A very good and quite original introduction is the historical retrospect, with just a suggestion (here be cautious) of prophecy. This supplies an approach from a broad background, and incidentally displays your acquaintance with the history of your art. Thus:

In the proud Annals of Medical history—or, *Among Medicina's great accomplishments in the alleviation of suffering, the triumphs of Abdominal Surgery stand forth* [or you may say *stand first*] *as a brilliant page of human endeavor. The introduction of Antisepsis and then of Asepsis revolutionized surgery and made it possible for the eager surgeon boldly to go into the abdomen and searching its depths, and feel confident of early discharge from the hospital. In those early days. . . .* [here give a pen picture of Ephraim MacDowell operating upon Mrs. Crawford in the wilderness of Kentucky or, if you do not wish to go back quite so far, say] *when Willard Parker drained the appendix abscess by simple incision, appendicitis as such was not recognized.* Then refer to Reginald Fitz and McBurney, Murphy, Fowler, etc., leading your hearers step by step to the climax: *and today the pathology and treatment of acute appendix is a finished chapter—a field of purely surgical activity which even our medical confraires no longer dispute. But the Surgeon did not stop with the conquest of the right lower quadrant, intestinal pathology has also yielded to his technical research and today the more difficult field of the upper abdomen is no longer a noli me tangere to the expert surgeon, the pancreas, the stomach, duodenum, spleen and gallbladder are also yielding to his knife. Pari passu with the development of abdominal technique the laboratory and the x-ray have advanced so that with their aid the surgeon now approaches cases with a large % of positive diagnosis. Look back thirty years to the beginnings of modern appendix work and when you think of all that is being accomplished it will not be long before the surgeon will be able to recognize and classify the fons et origo of all abdominal pathologies and promptly to remove them cito, tuto et jucunde. But we are still some distance from that distant goal. In spite of the wonderful advances in this field of medicine there remains several unexplored fields in which we have only made a beginning. It is not possible for me to consider them all within the limits of this paper and I will only call your attention to one field upon which much light is needed to be thrown. I refer to those obscure and baffling cases of right-sided pathology in which pains persist even after the removal of a chronic appendix. Here is a field that invites the combined and earnest study of the Internist, the Surgeon, the Pathologist, the serologist and the X-Ray man.* ["X-ray man," "eye man," "ear man"—like "old-clothes man"—give a pleasing touch of friendly familiarity.]

It is now time for a couple of references: *Gehlsteiner, as quoted by Boedleston and Woerz (Ganzgebluet fur Augenheilkunde und Margenkrankheiten, CXLI,* 606) *says* [don't bother to verify what Gehlsteiner said, nor even what Boedleston and Woerz said he said; you can get facts enough for your purpose from a garbled abstract that says Boedleston and Woerz said Gehlsteiner said:] *he observed in four fatal cases of right-sided pathology that no symptoms returned after removing gallbladders which were apparently normal grossly upon exploratory. Smith (Journal of Experimental Mortality,* 5-'19) *reports a brilliant series of experimental observations upon the variations in the respiratory rates of guinea-pigs deprived of cabbage leaves, and he points out that an increase in the metabolism rate above* 6.3% *reduces the H-ion concentration in the tissues, which causes a reduction in the* CO_2 *tension in the blood, followed by a measurable increase in its cholesterin content. He also made the significant observation that in such guinea-pigs the bile can be made to precipitate by the passage through it of a weak galvanic current, after boiling for five minutes. The writer believes that this may have a bearing on gallbladder pathogolies.*

Now you are ready for your case:

The following case is presented, not because it is of any significance but because it was my first operation in private practice. Cross that out and begin over again: *The following case is presented not because it is conclusive in itself but in the hope that it will arouse discussion which will throw further light on this obscure field. On Feb.* 9-1920 *the writer was called in consultation* [not necessary to underscore "in consultation"] *to see. . . .* or *On Feby* 9" '20 *this case presented himself at my office.* [Formerly a case was a condition, not an individual; but this is changed in the new medical distionary. Remember, patients do not come to a doctor's office, they

"present themselves"—often that is all they do present] *with the following history—*

Mr. A. J., male, a young man of 21. *Occupation:—plumber.* [In this line you drive home the sex of the individual so clearly that very little doubt remains. If you merely said the patient was "a man of 21" instead of "a young man of 21" there might linger in the minds of some of your audience the suspicion that his symptoms may have been due to senile changes; and if you had written simply "plumber," instead of "occupation, plumber" it might be thought that plumbing was merely his week-end diversion and not a life passion.]

FAM. HISTORY—Father died in infancy, mother died in Ireland, 1 b. and 1 s. a. and w. Paternal aunt has epilepsy, hemiplegia, incontinence of urine and club-feet but is otherwise well. Maternal Grandmother living and well. She began to menstruate at 14, *always regular, etc. etc.*

Previous Hist.: Had mumps, measles and malaria. Habits,—good, never drank before July, 1919. *Being a plumber he got very little muscular exercise. Denies G., S., and several other letters.*

Now you know that the above details have no bearing on your case, but your readers don't know it—yet, so give it all to them "for discussion."

PRESENT HISTY; *Since three years patient has had pains on right side of his abdomen coming at intervals of few days to several weeks and lasting a few minutes up to several hours. No relation to meals.* [The patient and his grandmother dine together alone.] *No vomiting but often is nauseous and feels like he is going to vomit. Pains sometimes in rt. illiac region, sometimes they run around to right kidney, sometimes they come around his naval or are refered to the R.U.Q. Two and a half yrs. ago he was operated upon for an interval appendix and felt well after that for a few weeks. Then the pains recurred again. Never jaundiced. Appetite good; always very constipated. Takes physics a good deal. No urinary or pulmonary sympts.*

Status Praesens—He had no temperature, pulse 78 *r.* 24. *Physical Examination revealed:*—Here set down in great detail the report of your complete examination from scalp to toes, with proper phraseology, such as "percussion elicited" and "rectal showed," including

Abdomen—On inspection the abdomen was not distended. A four-inch scar is revealed over the McBurney. On palpation there was no rigidity but there is tenderness on pressure in the R.L.Q. In the R.U.Q. deep pressure under the costal arch elicited marked tenderness. Liver edge not felt.

The urine showed: clear, ac., amber, sp. gr, 1020, *no alb., no sugar, micr. negative. Blood examinations shows—*4,560,000 *r. b. c.*

7,200 *w. b. c.*
polys 68%,
etc.

I diagnosed a right-sided pathology, nature to be determined, and advised patient's removal to the Montgomery Worthington Sniffem Memorial for further observation and study.

On Admission 2-10-20 *patient had no temperature and no pain, but his expression was anxious, pulse* 96. Here repeat a complete physical examination, including mention of such reflexes, etc., as were not tested "when the case presented himself," e. g.,

He had no Stelwag or Brudjinsky,
No Kernig, Gordon or Bebinsky

Culture from the tonsils showed pure culture ["culture showed culture" and "functional tests of kidney function" may sound a bit awkward to you, but that is the way to write according to the new rules] *of strept. Virodans. Vaccines were made to treat this focal infection. Wasserman negative. Spinal Wasserman-neg. Globulin, cell content and Colloidal gold normal.*

Test Meal showed....put these figures in company front, the blood count figures having been tabulated in column formation.

Ewald showed .....
Rehfuss .....

G. I. X-Rays—Here describe the shape and outline of the stomach, its peristalsis, the picture after one hour, after six hours, after twenty-four hours; and send a full set of these roentgenograms to the journal publisher, to prove to your readers that they "revealed no definite abnormality" in the "G. I. tract"

G-U. X-Rays: Negative.

Insert here another urinary report, and another blood examination record, adding

blood cholesterin.....0.2%

No further signs were elicited on repeated thorough physicals but patient complained of feeling sore all over his abdomen. I decided to do an exploratory and remove whatever pathology presented. [Use that last sentence without any change; it's a gem.]

Operation, 2-13-20, *G-O and ether. I made a long right rectus incision*.....Describe in detail: your audi-

ence will be as much interested in how you got into the belly as in how you escaped from it. *On opening the peritoneum there was revealed adhesion of the omentum to the abdominal wall and to the caput colli. This pathology was dealt with by separating the omentum. Intestines looked normal and in their proper place. Spleen normal to palpation. Stomach pyloris and duodenum found in the upper abdomen, and negative to inspection and palpation. Liver of normal size and color. The gallbladder presented from beneath edge of liver. Its surface was glistening and of normal color. No stones felt in g.b. or ducts. Gallbladder partly filled with fluid. The appendix having been already removed and no ulcer found in stomach or duodenum I decided the pathology was in the gallbladder and that the proper proceedure* [improved spelling, to be noted also in several other common and medical words used in this model] *was to do an ectomy.* Here describe in detail the removal of the gallbladder. *A tube drain with two fenestra was inserted. Abdominal wall closed with layer sutures of chrom. gut, Silk-wormgut in skin Sterile dressing applied. Pat. put to bed.* [You want no misgiving in the mind of any critic that after a laparotomy at the Montgomery W. S.M. Hospital you allow a patient to walk to bed and with wound uncovered.] *Time of operation 2 hours, fifty minutes.* [Let no one think you sacrifice thoroughness to heedless speed.] *Patient was in some shock, for which we gave him strych. sulph one-thirtieth and Adrenalene M.X. After two hours I had to open him up again to tie the cystic which the ligature on it had slipped off. Blood Transfusion was also done, 500 C.C. Patient vomited persistently for three days and developed Pneumonia at the right base. There was also some troublesome supuration of the wound for the first two weeks, and a paralysis of the right arm from hanging over the edge of the table which did not last long. On the eighth day there was noted a phlebitis in the left saphenus but same is now subsiding. Otherwise patient's convalescence was entirely uneventful.*

Patient's post-operative bloods and urines showed:

[Three pages of these will be enough.]

The temperature curve is shown on this chart: Paste it to the manuscript here.

Path. Report of the gallbladder revealed submucous hemorrhages. Since the hospital pathologist is present at the meeting he can describe the findings to you better than we can.

Disch. from Hosp. March 10, 1920.

Since operation patient has had much pain in region of the wound but he is sure same is not the same as his old pains which have not returned again since the gallbladder was taken out. [As you read your report at the meeting the patient, fully clothed, sits beside you in speechless admiration. At this juncture you turn to him with an air that disarms any suspicion of coaching and ask: *Is that right, Mr. Jay?* He slowly nods his head obliquely. Then you say: *Since the case shows only the usual scar I shall not trouble him to undress.* You shake hands with him, express your thanks that he came out on such a stormy night, and dismiss him, without, however, making the fatal mistake of giving him his carfare in the presence of the society. The chairman will not have the temerity to tell you that since you did not show anything on your patient your contribution to the programme belonged, not at the beginning, under "Demonstration of Patients," but at the end, under "Reports of Cases"]

SUMMARY.

To summerize—A young man of 21 *with negative Wasserman and good general health has right-side pains for* 3 *years, continuing even after removal of an interval appendix. All signs and tests negative except a positive Murphy could be elicited and increase of cholesterinemia* 0.02%. *On Exploratory no pathology except adherent omentum to caput colli. Cholecistectomy* 6 *weeks ago and no return of symptoms.*

You are wrong if you think that this summary suitably terminates your interesting and instructive contribution. It should be finished off gracefully with "Conclusions"; this will sound very good, indeed, when you read your paper, and it will attract somebody's attention when you publish it. So you continue thus:

Conclusions:—In conclusion would say that

A. Right-sided pains in the abdomen persisting after removal of a chronic appendix is a broad field for further study.

b—That there are probably several pathologies that will have to be considered and worked out.

C, I believe that if we study our cases carefully that Chronic gall-bladders account for some of these cases.

D: Gross normal findings on inspection of gallbladders at exploratories is not sufficient evidence that they are not the cause.

e in the absence of other pathologies such gallbladders should be removed.

I wish to thank Dr. Littlefellow for kindly refering this interesting case to me, Dr. Crookstoob, our X-ray man, for his excellent G.I. X-rays, and Dr. O'Topsie, the hospital pathologist for his pain-staking and thorough laboratory work in this case.

Below this write your address (office hours may be omitted), and return the typewriter to its owner; the job is finished, and in a manner that leaves nothing (more) to be desired!

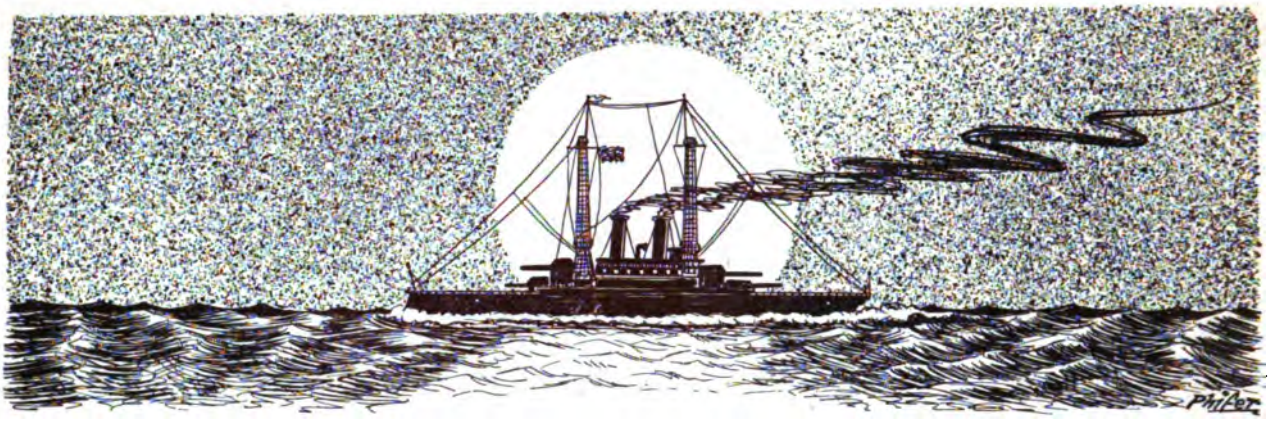
Again we warn you not to re-read your composition; alterations will spoil its freshness. Enclose it at once with a note to the editor of The Medical Speculum suggesting the importance to his readers of publishing it in the next issue. Don't give him a chance to reject it; write a second note a week later asking him when it will appear and expressing your surprise that you have not yet received proofs. If he should return it with thanks for the privilege of having read so interesting and instructive an article and regret that because he has so much material on hand, etc., you can see that he thinks it will make a big hit. Therefore send it to another editor, and another, until you find one who is willing to displace other acceptances to give yours the early publication its importance deserves.

When you receive the proof-sheets, do not read and return them promptly, but put them in your desk for a week; let it be evident that you are a busy man. Meanwhile don't bother to learn the rudiments of proof-reading; that is not at all necessary; just cross out the words you don't recognize as yours and write others over them. The chief purpose in sending proofs to you is to afford you the opportunity to insert in your article a lot of things you learned at the medical meeting. Your paper was probably too short in the first place, so add to it freely; the publisher don't mind large bills for "author's changes" and the editor will have only the warmest feelings towards you for having upset his space calculations.

Order a thousand reprints with covers. When these arrive keep a small pile of them on your office table where no patient can possibly see them, and mail the rest to your friends and enemies in the profession. Let them know you are up and doing even if it is not quite clear what you are up to or doing. It will cost you several dollars, but you'll have the satisfaction of accumulating some handsomely engraved cards of thanks for "your interesting and instructive article on....." (space usually left blank).

When mother wore this bathing suit in 1895 she was considered very daring.

Daughter's 1921 costume is considered quite modest and healthful, giving the skin a chance to breathe, as they say.



A NIGHT MESSAGE

(From the Fleet.)

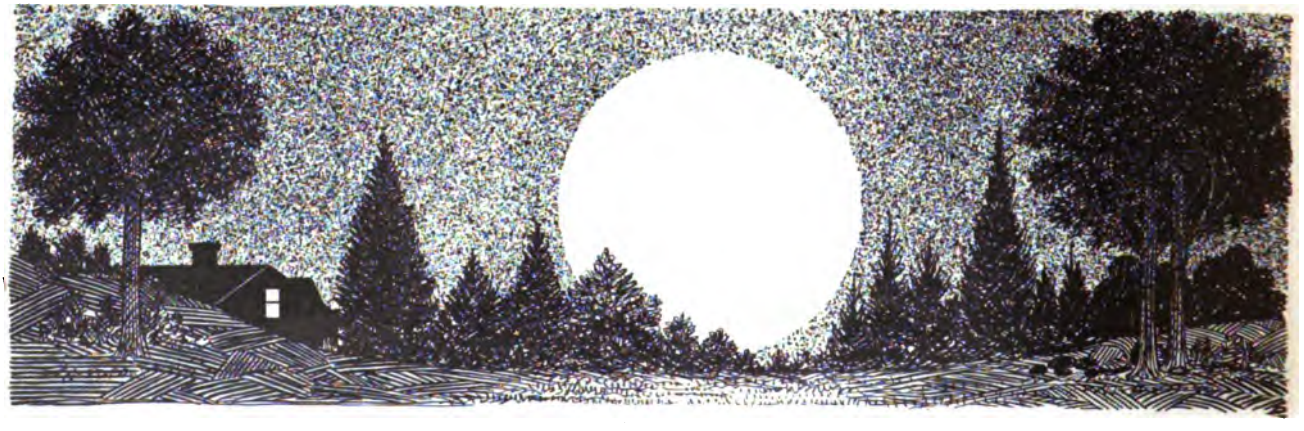
H. E. BATES, M. D., New York City.

Though many weary miles between us lie,
And make it seem well nigh a hopeless task
To reach thine ear, yet will I try,
To send the message that you ask—

See where the moon in yonder sky,
Seems just as near to you as me,
The night wind croons a lullaby,
And stars keep watch o'er me and thee.

O Moon, who from thine place on high
Look'st down upon my sweetheart's bower,
O Wind, who greets with gentle sigh
Each trusting bud and full blown flower;
O Stars, who from thine lofty posts
Stand guard o'er all Earth's sleeping hosts—

Bear ye this message to her ear,
"Dear heart, I love thee. Never fear
That I forget. Far out at sea
Thine lover sleeps and dreams of thee!"



VENUS VICTRIX

F. ROBBINS.

I.

He strayed in fragrant forests dim,
The mazing moonbeams tempted him
To wild pomegranate bowers,
Where in a pale moon's misty light
A marble image rises white
From crimson clustering flowers.

II.

'Tis Venus, wreathed in rue and rose,
The rippling moonlight round her flows,
Immortal youth revealing.
He bends his knee, his breath agasp,
He holds her in a lover's clasp,
He pleads in wild appealing:

III.

"O Venus, list! Enchantress fair!
My soul is thine—I reck nor care
If sinning mine and wronging.
But hold me to thy marble breast
And on thy mouth my lips let rest,
Oh, still my rapturous longing.

IV.

Thou art so calm, thou art so cold,
But I am strong and I am bold.
Incessant my endeavor.
Oh, listen to thy lover's voice—
Awake, and let his heart rejoice,
For he is thine forever."

V.

His kisses rain upon the stone
With blood-red roses overgrown,
Lit by the moonlight's splendor.
Through the brief sultry summer night
The senseless stone his pleadings fight
Beseeching her surrender.

VI.

Emotionless her marble mien,
The goddess smiles upon the scene,
Serene in beauty's power;
"In agony my daughters writhe;
But men to mow with ruthless scythe
My birthright and my dower."

VII.

He sinks adoring at her feet,
In fever heat his pulses beat,
His life goes out in rapture.
And still her fateful charm beguiles,
Her lips are wreathed in mocking smiles,
The love of man to capture.

THE SURGING SEA

MILTON HAHN, M. D.

Go to the sea, thou Surgeon,
For you are the salt of the earth,
And you will agree
That in the sea
Of salt there is no dearth.

In the sea there are myriad creatures
All striving to keep in the swim
And there are big fishes
Who eat little fishes
To keep their own waist lines trim.

The sea, how it roars, how it surges,
And the surgeon surges, too.
If he doesn't,
He isn't a surgeon.
Did that ever occur to you?

The fettered vessels are beating
Their wings in the winds of the future.
Do you think they will bleed
When they have been freed?
I trust these lines will suture.

OBITER DICTA

PEREAT ILLE—

The most objectionable mutt, pace Donatus, is not the man who had my bright idea or wonderful plan before me, but the one who picked up one I might have had, or dropped, and made something out of it.

THE PRAGMATIST.

In this Emergency I am justified in acting without Due Process of Law. What Emergency? Why, the very Desperate one of being unable to find a valid Answer to your Argument.

I do not believe in Repression, but in Education. However, as some Schools do not teach what I approve of, they ought to be suppressed.

SOCIAL BIOLOGY.

Mayo tells us that the oldest organs are the least susceptible to morbid changes and pathological variation. The assimilative and digestive system is the prototype. So, too, War, Superstition, and Cruelty, are the Oldest Inhabitants of the world, and not so easily expelled. As the nervous system is more recent in heredity, it is marked by comparative instability. Men had emotions before they learned to think, and they are not, even now, quite used to thinking. In matters of life and death, the heart —not the brain—acts, deciding in a flash, instinctively, finally, sometimes catastrophically. Only after it has carried out the impulse, does the cool brain intervene with conscious control. Digestive functions cease under the urge of great emotions. So in Societies, greed, graft, and interest, the Intestinal functions, are overthrown by the racial emotions of common charity and common danger; unfortunately, also, by common hate and common fear.

LIBERAL EDUCATION.

Teach the illiterate to read, but don't stick his nose into the one book you want him to swear by. Help the blind on his way; his way! not, necessarily, yours.

We could stomach them when they lied, because it paid, and was so ordered. When, however, the Kept Press begins to tell the truth because it paid and was so ordered—Excuse me, I feel sick.

OUR SOVIETS.

The Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils were quoted as the acme of revolutionary reversal of representative governmental methods. The idea of classes of men wanting and getting special legislation for themselves was abhorrent to Free-born Americans accustomed to equality before the law and to government of the, etc., etc. We do those things differently, here. We keep a good lawyer with friends at Court, to look after our interests. If we have enough money we keep a few lobbyists. If we have a great deal of money we keep a Senator. If we are very poor, we chip in, form a Teachers' or a Policemen's or a Letter Carriers' Protective Association, and get a lawyer with friends at Court to look out for out interests and defeat hostile legislation. But, Soviets —Perish the Thought.

NEWS ITEM FROM PURITANIA.

"Stork Adds Seven More Sheep to Wilson's Sheep Flock."

Special to The Sun and N. Y. Herald. This Stork must have chartered a Cattle Car.

CROW A L'AMERICAINE.

The United States has never been at war with Russia Soviet or any other part of Russia. So there can be no question of peace. Nor is there any feeling of enmity against the Russian people. . . . Nor is there any disposition to dictate to Russia as to what sort of government she shall have.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ENDOCRINES AND THINGS.

The new Physiognomy deals not at all with bumps and palms, but with fat, hair-growth, the spacing of teeth, the shape of the hand. It finds sure indications of emotional habit, depending on endocrine dominance, and leading to temperament and character, in the color of the eyes, the growth of the brows, and such things as freckles, blushing, and the cracking of joints.

WINE AND BREAD.

In most things we have the choice between mystical interpretation and rational analysis. The one, highly stimulating, leading to rhapsodies, but not nourishing, and apt to be followed, if we think, by headache or at the least, by a moral Katzen-jammer. The other, the staff of reasoning life, plain, tough, and giving no more than

it offers—and no less. Some men instinctively prefer the vision, the symbolic significance, the surface analogy, while others seek and study the single fact, or a definition. The intuition of the Poet reveals like a flash of lightning, fitfully, but does not light the way like the Beacon of the Student.

HERMIONE, M. D.

Wants to know if it is a fact that examination of the stomach contents really throws any light on the H. C. L.

Here, of lately, she has noted that her pupil was delighted, and says her doctor thinks it was due to an ecstatic condition of the iris.

PATRIOTIC TYPOGRAPHY.

The *J. A. M. A.* hates the hyphen to such an extent that it prints the beautiful phrase, "prewar," meaning, when translated, before the late unpleasantness. Why not "prepeace" and posttreaty," as well?

VESTIGIA NULLA RETRORSUM.

I notice, said the Lamb in the Fable when advised to visit the Lion, that all the foot-prints point to the Lair, and there seem to be none on the Way back. They do say that this also applies to the Family Doctor who referred his Patient to a Specialist.

MEDICAL METAPHYSICS.

There is a Theory, that even Disease manifestations are Mechanisms of Defense and Escape. Thus, Syncope from a Fractured Skull is a subconscious urge for the Organism to get Peace and Sleep. Death, in such a case, would, by the same token, we suppose, mean the Success of an Artful Dodge.

SENILITY AND SPIRITISM.

The weird speculations of moribund mystics with logical faculties at a low ebb are no more beautiful or convincing than other death-bed intuitions, confessions, or repentances.

SKEPTICAL OPTIMISM.

My ideal spirit is the Man from Missouri, yet with a cheerful view of Life. Like the ideal friend who knows you through and through, and yet thinks well of you.

DOING THINGS.

The American Spirit of Practicality and Efficiency has unlimited Scorn for pure Knowledge, pure Art, or pure Morality; for anything, in fact, that is not applied for purposes of Success.

MORALE AND MUD.

The Military Virtues seem to be exemplified in the Navy by Admiral Pot and Admiral Kettle. The demoralization of the fleet is trumpeted abroad, as is the lack of confidence of the civilian population in the floating Arm of the Service. Blazing indiscretion, petty jealousy, recrimination, wholesale accusations and denials, and unfortunate publicity given to personal wranglings will certainly not raise morale or restore confidence.

MEDICAL METAPHYSICS.

When a philosophic principle or a theory of physiology becomes familiar and popular, the folk-tongue makes a household word of it. When the tendons, neura, were considered the most basic part of the nerve-muscle apparatus, the Latins spoke of "nervus rerum," the sinews of war. Today, with a different popular view, we say a man's neaves are worn to a frazzle, or all shot to pieces. Tomorrow, the correct phrase will probably be of glands, adrenals, and toxic influences, action patterns, and so on.

Logics, Graphics, Mathematics, all make use of abstract symbols, and abstract processes for the more accurate study and record of concrete things. Animal heat is real, and so is the beat of the heart, but the fever curve and the cardiogram bring them into ordered and continuous relation with those other abstractions, time, space, and thought. I do not know how we could get along very well without those impossible things, minus quantities, logarithms, the zero sign, and infinity.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS OF ZOOPHILOMANIA.

Anti-vivisection is at its best in a country which was famous for bear-baiting, rat-baiting, dog-fights, cock-fights, and the slow starving or poisoning of working children, for prize-fighting and the torturing of foxes and wild birds. How much real pity, either for humans or animals, is a question. It is curious that those they wish to protect are those forming personal property, like horses and dogs, which minister to their selfish wants and are bred only for their selfish pleasures.

Two kinds of humans, those who resent familiarity and too close contacts and those who are unhappy, and annoyed, by a respectful keeping of distance. *P. H. F.*

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE

JACOB S. FASSETT, JR., Woodmere, N. Y.

They had been married nearly a year. One day he was called away on a business trip that was to take him from her for a month or two. He wrote her every day and she reciprocated. After he had been gone for about three weeks she received a letter from him that startled her.

"Dearest," it ran, "I love you. I love you more than ever. But I have a confession to make to you." (Her heart did a loop the loop.) "I scarcely know how to begin, but I know I *must* begin somehow, for I cannot come back to you with this—this *thing* unless I know that you forgive me and are willing to live with me as I now am." (Her heart went into a nose dive.)

"It all began two weeks ago, when I was in Chicago." (He had only been away from her a week then! Oh, those Chicago women. Hussies, all!) "It—it started on a bet, and then it grew and grew on me until I actually began to like it." (Perhaps it wasn't women, but drink! Perhaps it was both! She had heard that the two went together.)

"I meant to tell you long ago, but somehow, dear, I couldn't. It has been on my lip, trembling there for nearly two weeks now—it has cast a shadow upon me—I am a changed man—I even *look* differently than I did when I left you. Oh, my darling, how can I say it—I have—I have——" (she turned the page, a terrible fear in her heart, dreading to see the words describing his guilt) "yes —*I have grown a moustache!*"

Patient: Please put in nothing alcoholic.

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

Chief Kawabo (to Prof. Cureall, Traveling Health Expert): Pleased to meat chew!

THE DOCTOR

The Doctor is a busy soul who steers us to a healthy goal with things he learned at college. When we are smitten down with chills we fly to him for soothing pills, for tonic and for knowledge. When we are getting worse and worse and think of riding in a hearse and pen a long last letter, the Doctor comes with smiling face, with testing tubes and sample case and soon we are much better. Some people don't believe in Docs, they spend their time at hurling knocks at modern ways of treating; but if those mortals should get sick, they'd holler for a Doctor quick and cease their doggone bleating. Folks used to try to cure themselves with remedies long on the shelves that years turned stale and sour. They'd try some home-made "Cure all pain" that looked like sawdust soaked in rain, and get worse by the hour. The Doctor knows just what to do to bring that health glow back to you, be it a pill or lotion. Don't try to tinker up your hide by pouring home-made juice inside—just can that foolish notion. Just call the Doc by telephone if you misplace an ulna bone or break a toe or knuckle. Oh, call the Doctor, he knows best, experience has stood the test, and soon get well and chuckle. The idea that I would convey is let the Doctor have his way, cut out experimenting. To monkey with yourself in pain is all to lose and naught to gain—consider the repenting.

RAY HOPPMAN.

WHY IS IT THAT THE PROMINENT, DARING SURGEON IS SO OFTEN A LITTLE, INSIGNIFICANT LOOKING CHAP?
WHY DOES THE VETERINARIAN WHO CARVES UP DOGS AND CATS LOOK MORE LIKE A MOVIE STAR?
"WHERE DO YOU WANT THIS MAN, MISS WEINCKE?
"SEE! ONLY A SCRATCH OF THE FINGER"
"OOH!"
AND WHO WOULD EVER GUESS THAT A 100 POUND NURSE COULD PICK UP A 200 POUND PATIENT AND CARRY HIM AROUND AS IF HE WERE A BAG OF SALT?
WHY DOES THE BIG HUSKY FELLOW TOPPLE OVER WHEN HE SEES A DROP OF BLOOD?
CLIFFORD KNIGHT
AUG.

WHY IS IT?

WHIZZERINKTUMS

HOW TO TEST YOUR MUMMY.

They have found traces of blood in mummies thousands of years old. In order to detect whether your own mummy is genuine or pseudo test him for blood traces.

WELLS IS WRONG.

We are always excessively irritated by pessimists. Comes now Wells, who thinks civilization is toppling and, to coin an expression he does not use, going to hell with much speed. When a man of culture and literary distinction says that civilization is headed for the ash heap it is merely to note that he who says this has permitted the world to pass him. If a man has a boil on his neck, should you say that the wholeman was rotten because of a rotten boil? Civilization has a few boils, such as Bolshevism, but is sound and whole, in the main.

ON WAVING FLAGS.

We distrust the flag waver. During the war he waved flags in the cabarets in America and sang loudly, "Over There," but he and his type never went "over there." The symbol should be in the heart—any alien can nail a flag over his window.

WHAT *IS* NEW, UNDER THE SUN?

In the record of daily events in that Tower of Babel called the daily newspaper we oft' come upon a gem. The following was found in a letter to the editor:

Roger Bacon has written many things that apply with equal force to our day as to his own, though not with more force. Nothing that he ever wrote can be more appositely applied to this day than that passage taken from the Opus Majus, pars i. "There are," he says, "four chief stumbling blocks to comprehending truth: (1) trust in inadequate authority; (2) the force of custom which leads men to accept too unquestionably what has been accepted before their time; (3) the placing of confidence in the opinion of the inexperienced; (4) the hiding of one's own ignorance with the parade of a superficial wisdom." The old friar wrote those words 600 years ago. How fresh they sound today.

No class of men could better ruminate upon the above four chief stumbling blocks than those of us who have come since Aesculapius.

We only yawned when advised that the Clinics are busily engaged in perfecting an organization to be composed of Clinics.

YE GODS! WHAT A WONDERFUL BALLYHOO MAN!

We chiropractors work with the subtle substance of the soul. We release the prisoned impulse, the tiny rivulet of force, that emanate from the mind and flows over the nerves to the cells and stirs them into life. We deal with the magic power that transforms common food into living, loving, thinking clay; that robes the earth with beauty, and hues and scents the flowers with the glory of the air.

In the dim, dark, distant long ago, when the sun first bowed to the morning star, this power spoke and there was life; it quickened the slime of the sea and the dust of the earth and drove the cell to union with its fellows in countless living forms. Through aeons of time it finned the fish and winged the bird and fanged the beast. Endlessly it worked, evolving its forms until it produced the crowning glory of them all. With tireless energy it blows the bubble of each individual life and then silently, relentlessly dissolves the form, and absorbs the spirit into itself again.

And yet you ask if chiropractic can cure rheumatism and the flu.

DR. FLODQUIST.

[*The Idaho (Blackfoot) Republican.*]

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

If the Island of Yap didn't have such a catchy, trademark kind of name not half as much of the world's interest would be attracted. Its name makes it worth watching as a spark of trouble.

TO A FILE OF CASE RECORDS.

More dangerous than treaties made for peace,
You lie, dust-covered records of frank search;
The clatt'ring tongues of Pollies ne'er would cease,
Once could they scan you—shriek, a-top a perch!

Love your enemies. They stimulate you to better work.

SING LO.

SNEER NOT AT THE LOWLY

"Is that so? Well, beggin' your pardon, mum, I'd just like to tell you that even a washerwoman may have culthure and edication. Maybe it would surprise you to hear that I am a poet—yes, a real, regular poet. Wouldn't it now?"

"What's that? You a poet! A washerwoman a poet! Oh, Mary, Mary! Whoever heard of a washerwoman being a poet! It's too absurd, too ridiculous for anything. I suppose you'll be telling me next that you've already had things published. Of course you will!"

"No, that I won't, mum. Not that I couldn't, though. But I ain't so foolish as to send any of *my* stuff to the editors—guess not, mum. I wasn't born yesterday. Why, most of them fellers don't know a good thing when they see it, and the others—oh no, mum. Some day, though, when I get enough poems together I'm goin' to publish a book, and make a lot of money out of it. No more wash-tub for mine any more then, all right, all right. And won't I live swell! Say! No, I'm not foolin'."

"Well, well, this is certainly interesting. What is the world coming to. Anything that you are working on at present?"

"Sure an' I is, mum. And it's goin' to be a beaut, too!"

"'A beaut!' Oh dear, oh dear, what have I ever done to merit this visitation? And what are you going to call it, if I may ask?"

"'A Ode To A Dirty Shirt,' mum. Some title, eh?"

"That would depend—on the shirt. But please, please, no more of this. I really can't go the pace any further. Who'd ever think, though, there was anything about a wash-tub to furnish inspiration. But one never knows. You'll let me see the work, won't you, when it's ready?"

"I'll be only too glad to, mum, even if you seem to be makin' fun of me. What'll I tackle next—the underwear?"

EMIL G. BOLZ.

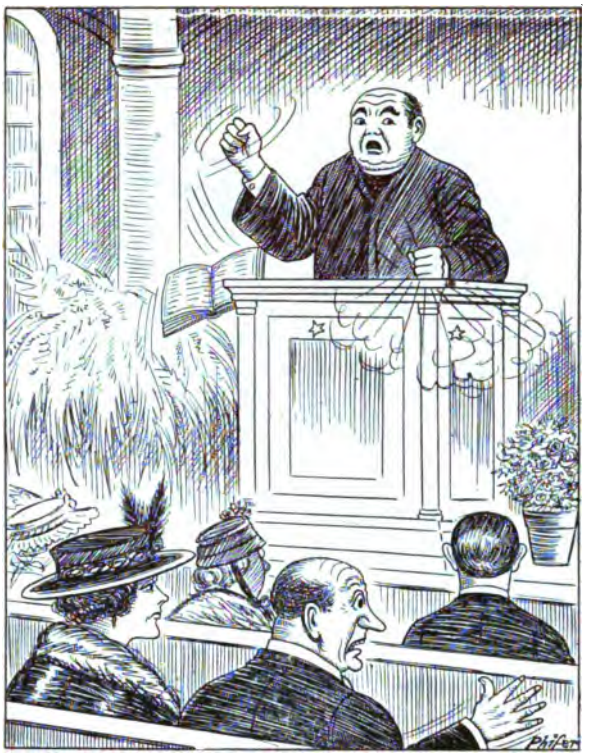
New York City.

A MATTER OF LINEAGE.

"How much she looks like her grandmother!" exclaimed the visitor who had seen the noted scientist's small daughter for the first time.

"Yes, indeed," agreed the baby's mother.

"Why, Maria," protested the scientist, "did either of us have a grandmother?"



Binks, having taken two of the sleeping tablets his doctor gave him, is greatly annoyed by the new minister, who emphasizes his discourse by pounding with his fists just as Binks dozes off.

The new doctor starts out on his first call in Swamptown and is greatly shocked by the reception given him.

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WHAT DO YOU KNOW AND WHY?

TO the unthinking a walking Encyclopedia may pass as a man of intellect, while he is merely the possessor of a capable memory. There is a vast difference between an accumulation of diversified unrelated facts and ability to think or use judgment. Manual dexterity, vocational skill, or logical powers are not revealed by elaborate questionnaires concerning the location of the Island of Yap or the distance, as the crow flies, from New York to Bimini. But nevertheless Edison has set the press of the country agog by a fearful and wonderful series of queries designed to determine the capabilities of employees worthy of receiving the munificent wage reward of $130 per month.

Memory is not the sole factor of intelligence nor is parrot-like recitation of a jumble of interesting facts a test of education.

As an inventor and business man Mr. Edison enjoys a merited high reputation. His success in his particular field does not constitute him an authority upon education, psychological methods, or literary values. His utterances outside of his special capable work are worth no more than those of any other normal intelligent citizen. His views upon the Ebers Papyrus or the books of Rhazes might be interesting but scarcely would constitute the final word upon either subject. His opinions on colleges, and the value of kindergartens bear the stamp of a mediocre appreciation of their aims and purposes.

To test out the value of his questionaires, estimate your capacity to practice medicine scientifically and successfully and then attempt to answer these questions:

Who was Avicenna?

When was the University of Padua founded?

Who wrote the "Chirurgia Magna?"

When was the first medico legal post mortem made?

What treatise on pediatrics was printed in 1472?

What was the "Witches' Codex?"

When was the Royal College of Physicians of Englang founded?

Where and what was "Bedlam?"

Who discovered the lacteal vessels?

When and by whom was beriberi first described?

Who discovered the sweet taste of diabetic urine?

When was parthenogenises of plant lice discovered?

When was thymol isolated?

What bone did Goethe discover?

Who were Bylon, Chabert, Withering, Dalton, Abernethy, Rollo, Haslam, Pinel, De Riemer, Short, J. R. Mayer, Buchanan, Garcia, Winternitz, Saemisch, Soxhlet, Kühne, Gersuny, Sudhoff?

If medical prowess depended upon isolated facts of this kind, Edison would have a case against the college men. Fortunately if you do not know the answers you know where to find them. College training is pre-eminently an effort to teach men how to utilize their inherited powers so as to secure the finest environmental adjustments.

To learn how to use one's brains is worth years of application. To gain power over self and its organic tools, to grasp the points of leverage for greater efficiency, to recognize that to secure knowledge that can function is of perennial advantage is the vital message of our colleges.

Heaven protect the poor disciple of Hippocrates, Galen and Vesalius if a knowledge of their names, places of birth, writings, and theories is to be taken as a suggestive psychologic criterion of his skill in setting a fracture, performing a version, or treating lues.

Knowledge to be power must first of all be useful; to be an evidence of power it must bear some logical relation to human activity. Mr. Edison's "XYZ" test questions have the value of such unknown quantities, but assuredly most of them are without service to anyone, save a compiler of useless facts for time wasters.

IS THERE AN ANSWER?

WHAT is the cost of beauty and comfort? Who knows? Who cares? It appears to be worth it. The luxuries of today are, to many, necessities for daily contentment.

The woman who said she did not believe in wasting money by saving it represents the attitude of a large group of worthy spenders.

There is a reason for pausing to contemplate an annual expenditure of $50,000,000 for chewing gum and $300,000,000, more than the cost of all education in 1918, for cigars and cigarettes.

It is startling news that cosmetics, face powder, and perfumes required an expenditure only $12,000,000 less than the total amount devoted to public elementary and secondary education in 1918.

Compare the parsimony for permanent educational benefits and the extravagance of private outlays for transient pleasure.

A WINNING HAND FOR THE PUBLIC.

PROTEOSES AND PEPTONES

SUPPLEMENTARY LINES TO AN ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Full many a rale is born to click unheard
Or waste its message on unknowing ears:
Full many a cough to cigarettes referred
Takes off the patient ere his meed of years.

Take varicoceles, for instance. "Doc," says the patient (people with varicocele usually address the profession as Doc), "I want you to operate on this varicocele." So the Doc (any man who operates on the ordinary run of varicoceles ought to rate the title of Doc) obliges. I was glad to see Dr. John Douglas' article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for March 12, 1921. "Of a total of 303 operations (at St. Luke's Hospital, New York, between January 1, 1917, and April 1, 1920) . . . . of the total of 106 patients examined or reporting by letter, thirty-seven, or 35 per cent., had hydrocele. Four, or about 4 per cent., had atrophy of the testicle, and there were two recurrences of the varicocele. . . . . The operation should not be performed except in those cases of very large varicocele giving marked symptoms in a non-neurasthenic patient—certainly not in the type of cases previously referred by the various medical examining boards for admission to the army or navy."

Dr. Douglas' work indicates that the hydrocele is a consequence of a properly performed operation, and therefore cannot be charged to faulty surgery. In our humble and youthful opinion, Dr. Douglas has done a piece of work that will leave an impression on American surgery.

Still, it takes more than the mere pointing out that a procedure is wrong, to stop it. Take the curette, for example; just for example, mind you, but not to use it. When Dr. George Gray Ward passed upon a certain graduating class a few years ago as competent to be loosed upon the community, he gave us a reprint of an article by Dr. H. C. Coe that appeared in the *American Journal of Surgery* for November, 1916, and told us never to forget what that article taught.

"It seems to me," says Dr. Coe, "that the intelligent use of the sharp curette (which is the only effective kind) is a true index of modern surgery, or, in fact, of progressive medicine in general. . . . I have been amazed to see how many practitioners resort to the curette in cases of oligo- and amenorrhea (true homoeopathic treatment) without stopping to think that the trouble is not with the endometrium at all, and how uniformly they promise to cure an obstinate leucorrhea with the curette without investigating its bacterial origin. *When in doubt don't curette*, is a safe rule.

Yet for all this and other warning, there is right smart lot of curetting going on, and by the same token, there will probably continue to be operations upon varicoceles, which in most cases would better be left alone even if the chances were not one in three that a hydrocele would follow. It's a great life. *R. S.*

PUSSY PICKENS

TRAMP STARR, Milan, Ind.

Miss Pussy Pickens took no care
Of skin or chin or neck or hair
She washed in axle grease and lye
And insect dope and diamond dye.
Used curry combs to smooth her hair
And went bare headed in the glare.
And turned her face up to the hail
And ate salt pork and kraut and kale,
And no flap-doodles barred her way
When she turned in to hit the hay.
Now Pussy's there with both her feet,
Her dimples light a long dark street;
Men lamp her once as she goes by,
Then lean against the fence and die.
No use to powder, dope and paint—
You've got looks, girls, or else you ain't.

PERKY PERKINS

TRAMP STARR, Milan, Ind.

Miss Perky Perkins bought green soap
And kegs of paint and grease and dope
And wore it round in dabs and smears
And rubbed it in behind her ears.
And poured things on her neck and hair
And kept out of the sun and glare
And cultivated poise and pose
And slept with clothes pins on her nose;
And bought augurs made of tin
To drill a dimple in her chin.
Now Perkey's work was all in vain—
Her nose stayed spavined, warped and lame
Her skin retained its knobs and corns
And curlicues and sprains and horns.
The dimple augur burrowed in
And threw a wart upon her chin.

AUNT SALLY'S BOARDER

"HOW-DE-DO, Miss Mary, you look ez fine ez silk today. My sakes, if it ain't good fer sore eyes to see you, after hevin' to look at thet gal boarder I've hed to put up with fer two weeks. She's went an hour sence, an' I hain't done yit a-throwin' out the truck she's left settin' 'roun' in old cups an' tin-cans. Set down, won't you, an' rest, for I'm jest hankerin' fer a buddy to talk to who's got horse-sense. I s'pose I ain't perlite, but I don't never put no lickspittle fer no-buddy—not even if Towzer Willyum should drop in. What his folks called him Towser fer I dunno—jest a dog's name, ain't it?

"Waal, thet gal beat all. When she fust come she called me 'Miss Kirby.' Don't go a 'Miss Kirbyin' me, sez I, fer I won't even prick up my ears when I hear it. I'm Aunt Sally to this 'ere town an' I guess you kin fall in line with the rest.

"When she come she carried a satchel and hed a paper truck with a pin lock under her arm, so it didn't take 'er long to settle up-steers. It wuz nigh supper-time, so we et; but Lordy! Miss Mary, don't you hate folks who sets a-pickin' at their vittles ez if they spected to find sumpthin' hed got in thet didn't b'long there? Thet's what she allers did the hull time, an' it kep' me riled till she went away.

"After I hed washed the dishes thet night, we sot on the steps an' she sez (here Aunt Sally mimicked her voice): 'Ain't the sunset *beau*-tiful?' 'I dunno ez it's diff'runt from them I seen fer the last sixty-odd years,' sez I. 'If folks 'ud git out uv bed early I calc'late they'd find sunup ez wuth seein' ez sundown, an' they'd hev more time to talk 'bout it.' Then sez she: 'Be them frogs makin' them noises? Don't you love to listen to 'em?' 'No, I don't,' I sez. 'I can't abide their ker-chunkin'; it allers makes me feel like I wuz the last pusson left alive an' the Jedgment Day hed come.'

"We sot still a spell, an' then I riz up an' sez: 'I guess I'll go in an' tend to my kitchen chores an' git to bed. You kin go when you git ready; you'll find the matches by the candle on your wash-stand. Better shet your winder till you blow out your light, or you'll be et up by the skeeters.'

"Next mornin' when I wuz fryin' the sassage, she come down an' sez, 'Mornin' an' went right out in my garden, tromplin' down the vines.

" 'Git off them turnups!' I hollered from the stove. 'Where's turnups?' sez she. 'In the groun' under your feet—d'you s'pose they hang on trees?' sez I.

" 'Ain't them white an' yaller flowers purty?' sez she, p'intin' to the tater blooms an' tearin' off a handul. 'Kin I git sumpthin' to put 'em in?'

"I felt kinder sorry I'd jawed 'er, so I sez: 'You kin put 'em in one uv them nicked jell-tumblers in here on the shelf, but hurry up an' set down fer the vittles is gittin' cold.'

"She made out quite a meal this time, an' then she sez, 'Shall I make up your bed when I make mine?'

" 'Shucks, no,' sez I—'I jest let mine lay airin' till I go up at night so it's ready to git into. What's the sense uv folks wastin' time spreadin' sheets an' kivers out straight an' then mussin' 'em up agin 'fore they kin turn 'roun'?'

" 'I'll jest do mine then,' sez she, a-goin' up. 'I kinder like to hev it look nice.'

"When the house wuz fixed up some, I creaked up-steers, an' fer the lan' sake if thet gal hadn't put her sheet over the patch-work kiver so it 'ud look like a white store kiver, an' she hed thet jell-tumbler uv tater-blooms on the washstand, an' two old bakin'-powder cans a-settin' on the winder-sill, she'd raked up some'ers, full uv them pink weeds thet grows 'tween the chinks in the stun' wall.

"She wuz a shif'less thing, fer she'd stan' an' look at bugs a-crawlin' an' birds a-hoppin', an' set on the back-steps an' watch the chickens gobblin' an' fightin'. 'Don't you love to look at chickens?' she sez. 'Yes,' sez I. 'When they's cooked an' their bones is unj'inted, an' they's piled on the platter, or when they's squawkin' on their way to market.'

" 'Who's coat's thet?' she sez, p'intin' to one hangin' on a nail outside the back door. I felt kinder foolish then.

" 'Waal, thet's jest an old one uv Hank Perkinses I keep there so's tramps 'll think there's men-folks 'bout the patch.'

"M'randy (thet's her name) jest tired me out with her fool questions an' ways. She wouldn't gó to meetin' the two Sundays, but went out in the grove back uv the meetin' house, an' sot on a tree stump, an' there she wuz when we all come out, a-settin' with her long chin in her two hands. Her face wuz jest like a flat-iron, with her chin fer the p'int.

"I'll jest tell you one thing more 'bout M'randy, then I'll quit. Day 'fore yist'day it wuz drizzlin' an' rainin' by spells, you 'member, an' mighty hot; I hed bread to mix, so I et my vittles an' sot the hash on the back uv the store to keep warm fer her. I can't abide folks dawdlin' over eatin', an' she allers tuk her time a-moonin' at the clouds, or the bushes, or sumpthin', 'tween mouthfuls, so I gener'ly et my vittles an' lit out.

"Purty soon M'randy come an' drawed up to the table an' I dished out 'er hash an' told 'er to go ahead an' wait on herself. She tasted the hash, an' kinder sniffed at it, an' sez she, 'I guess I won't eat no hash.' 'What's the matter uv thet hash?' sez I. 'Waal,' sez she, 'it's sorter sp'iled—p'r'aps 'cause the weather's so muggy an' hot.'

"I told 'er thet if thet hash wuz sour I'd hev smelt it when it wuz sizzlin' in the spider, an' thet it wuz corn-beef an' taters left from yist'day, an' nuthin' the matter uv 'em nuther. She et a doughnut an' swallered 'er coffee, an' picked up 'er old po'try book thet somebuddy give 'er to the village an' poked back up-steers. My dander wuz up—her sayin' thet hash wuz sp'iled, so ez soon ez I got my loaves a-raisin' I put my old shawl on an' got my umbrell' an' tuk a sauce-dish uv it over fer Mis' Perkins to taste. I wanted to git a lulibi fer thet hash."

" 'What do you mean by a lulibi, Aunt Sally?' I managed to interrupt her tirade to ask, though I suspected what she meant."

"Why, you know when somebuddy sez a thing's so, an' them law-sharks gits somebuddy else to say 'tain't so—thet's called gittin' a lulibi, an' I wuz bound to git one from Mis' Perkins fer thet hash.

"Mis' Perkins looked dreadful s'prised to see me come a-traipsin' through the mud an' rain, but when I sez, 'Jest taste this hash—be thet sp'iled?' she tuk some on the p'int uv a knife an' smacked 'er lips two or three times, an' sez, 'Waal, it's a leetle bit pepp'ry, but I dunno ez it's sp'iled.'

"Then I marched down the road to Miss' Doolittle's an' asked *her* to taste it. She looked at it kinder s'picious-like, so I sez: 'You needn't be skeert—'tain't pizen. I jest want to know if thet hash's sp'iled or not.'

"She tuk some 'tween 'er thumb an' fingers, an' clapt it in 'er mouth. 'It's sorter hard to tell how it *does* taste, now it's got cold, but I won't say it's sp'iled; it's a mite salty, though.'

"Waal, I hed my two lulibies, an' I sploshed hum, fer by thet time 'twuz a-pourin' cats 'n' dogs. There sot M'randy a-peekin' out the up-steers winder.

" 'Where you been in all this rain?' sez she, lookin' hard at the sauce-dish in my hand. Then she p'inted down-steers to the kitchen jest ez I sot my drippin' umbrell' in the wood-shed, an' tuk off my soaked skirt thet wuz makin' a puddle on the ile-cloth. I scraped the hash into the spider 'fore I 'ud open my mouth:

" 'I've got two lulibies fer this hash, thet 'tain't sp'iled no more'n you be, an' not half ez much ez you, with your pernickety, pickin' ways.' She kinder puckered up her face, but didn't say nuthin', an' mogged up-steers.

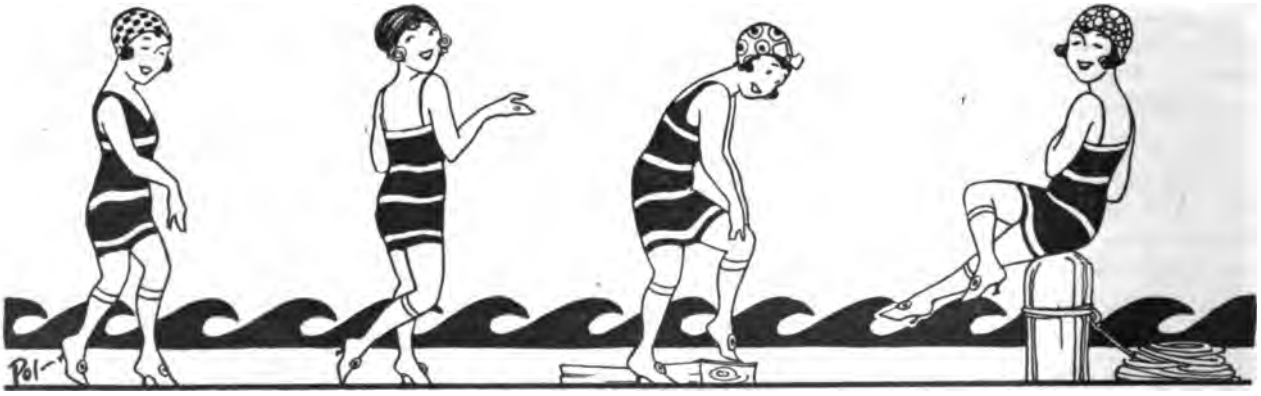
"Waal, ez I sez, she's went today, an' I don't take no more folks to board while I kin git nussin' jobs when garden-sass gives out.

"Why, you got to go a'ready? You're allers Hurrah Boys fer hurryin' off jest ez we git started. Seein' you *air* goin' (here Aunt Sally gave a chuckle) I don't mind tellin' *you*, thet hash *wuz* a mite sp'iled 'cause I forgot to put it down suller the night before, but law, I waant a-goin' to let on it wuz to thet loony, wall-eyed M'randy.

"Good-bye, Miss Mary, take keer uv yourself."

GEORGIANA CHEESMAN.

New York City.



"MEDICAL PICKWICK'S" ANATOMICAL CHART. (See side views.)

VESALIUS.

(An undiscovered cartoon.)

It is said that a poor but honest chap upon viewing this portrait promptly invented the whisk broom.

RELIEF

It's not because the day is bright,
For it is chill, and very drear;
And not because my coal's paid for,
That I am feeling full of cheer.

'Tis not for any honors great
That may, perchance, have come to me;
Nor yet because my new suit fits,
That I am running o'er with glee.

It's not because stocks have gone up,
Indeed, I find I'm in all wrong;
'Tis not because I have no debts,
That I can sing this happy song.

'Tis not because my friends are true,
Or that my children never annoy,
Or that the spring house cleaning's done,
That I am bubbling o'er with joy.

The thing that makes me glad may seem
To you but trivial and small—
"Doc" says he thinks I haven't got
Appendicitis, after all.

REBA MAHAN STEVENS.

THE SORROWS OF SANITY

I have no neuroses,
Nor even psychoses,
I'm happy as can be.

I'm generally formal,
Disgustingly normal,
My life is full of glee.

I feel no repressions,
Nor mental depressions,
My days go cheerily.

My dreams are quite quiet
They end in no riot,
There's nothing the matter with me.

I have no hysteria,
Thought wounds or deliria,
In fact, you must agree—

Though Freud is a great man,
And Jung a first rate man,
They can't do harm to me.

Dawson (who has a toothache, telephoning his dentist): My tooth is bothering me, doctor—I would like an appointment with you as soon as possible.

Dentist: All right, I'll give you my very first open date, which is three weeks from tomorrow at 10 a. m.

HIS FIRST CASE

CHAPTER 15.—Another Operation in the Night.

"TURN around, Charles, and come back again," instructed Dawkins, after Justina had stepped from the big, black limousine. "The master wishes to use the car."

"The deuce he does," grunted Charles. "What's he want to go joy-riding for at this time of night and on a night like this? The road's slick as greased lightning."

"His brother telegraphed that he was coming on the midnight train and the master wishes to meet him at Oliva. They haven't seen each other for twenty years."

"All right," sighed the chauffeur, "but if it's been that long since they got a brotherly glimpse of each other I can't see what difference another day would make—the old boy could sleep all night in Oliva and come down on the morning train, without having me run all over the country on roads like these."

Dawkins froze him with a glance—he had a way of doing that with the under-servants. "It seems to me, Charles, that you have been a part of this household long enough to know that hospitality is always considered before taking under advisement the matter of inconvenience to the servants and——."

"I'll give you to understand that I'm not a servant," came the information from Charles.

"Well, employees then; and as I was about to say——."

"You've said enough," said Charles, slamming the door in his face and starting the car abruptly. He swung it around the drive and came back again. The Colonel was waiting on the step.

"It is quite icy," he said to the chauffeur, "so take care—we have plenty of time. Dawkins, you will have Mary prepare a lunch and have it ready for us when we return."

"Yes, sir," acknowledged Dawkins, while Charles maintained silence. The car moved forward, stealthily through the huge open gate, and it's glittering red light was soon a speck in the distance up the road.

* * * * * * * *

Fred Forson had hardly more than sat down in his favorite chair in the living room of the Ganey house when the call came. The telephone rang vigorously—three longs and a short—three longs and a short—whang—whang—whang—and ended once more with a sharp jingle.

"Better answer it," said the storekeeper, peering over his magaizne at Fred, "I expect it's for you—at this time of night."

Fred complied.

"Hello! Hello! Hello!" came a voice, excited. "I want Doctor Forson, quick."

"This is Doctor Forson," said Fred.

"We want you to come out here right away. Colonel Darl's hurt bad. Hurry! Can you come right now?"

"Who's speaking?" asked Fred. "Is the Colonel at home?"

"No; this is Henry Bean. He's at my house. I think he'll die before you get here."

Such a message did not excite Fred in the least, for a physician soon learns that calls of such nature are frequently hurled at him, and, usually, when he arrives, the injury is a minor one, or, if severe, not necessarily dangerous. People are apt to get over-excited when an accident happens, and it must be remembered that a small quantity of blood exuding rapidly from a small cut can cover a good portion of the body with deep crimson, and the appearance presented is shocking until washed and cleaned. Therefore, he coolly made preparation to make the call. One can hurry without going through the customary gymnastics commonly associated with such action, and this he did, for the physician never can tell which case will be the one in a few where the accident is serious and perhaps a life hinges upon his prompt arrival.

In a surprisingly short time he arrived at his destination, yet the people who were waiting thought him awfully slow. The little house was brightly lighted and two small cars stood in front of it, while a short distance beyond, where the hill became steeper. Fred's lights focused on the big, black limousine, overturned in the ditch at the side of the road, at the point where the railroad crossed overhead—the car had skidded and collided headlong with one of the sturdy supports that held the track.

In the house he found Charles lying on the lounge. "Don't bother with me," said the plucky chauffeur, as Fred stopped to make an examination of the bone that was penetrating his clothing at the thigh. "Go look after the Colonel—I've only got a broken leg."

The little Henry led him into the bedroom, while the ponderous Julia waddled on behind, and the three neigh-

bors who had been quickly summoned to carry the injured men into the house stood around the stove in breathless silence, waiting for the verdict.

The Colonel was lying on the bed, half unconscious and presenting the appearance of extreme shock. Blood was profuse on his clothing, which had not been removed.

"What's this?" asked Fred, placing his hand on a piece of plate glass an inch wide that looked as if it was lying edgewise, slightly to the left of the center of the abdomen.

"We were afraid to pull it out," volunteered Henry. "It seems to be stuck in."

The young physician took hold of it and pulled, causing the Colonel to moan with pain. The glass came out with difficulty, being held tightly by the flesh, and when removed was found to be pointed as a dagger. It was five inches long and had been buried to the extent of four inches, which, in a person of the Colonel's thin build, was an affair of serious consequence.

"Call Doctor Lants and tell him what's happened," said Fred, hastily. "Tell him to bring plenty of help and to hurry."

"We did call him," said Henry, "after we called you, but we can't get him. The wires are down."

"Then send for him. Tell whoever goes to drive like the wind, for I'm going to start the operation alone; there's no time to wait. Have somebody else get Miss Everett, quick!"

The neighbors, always willing to lend a helpful hand, started out on their missions, two of them for Doctor Lants and one for Justina. Fred instructed Henry to build a roaring fire in the kitchen stove and he was soon boiling the few instruments which he always carried with him. Then he quickly prepared the dining-room table and moved it to the kitchen. He carried the patient to it and was opening a can of ether when Justina arrived.

"I may be foolish for attempting such an operation alone," he explained to her without preliminary greeting, "but the case is very serious. I think there is internal hemorrhage, and, if so, no time can be lost in waiting. Can you help me?"

"Yes, I think I can," she said, beginning to remove her wraps. "What do you want me to do?"

"I'll put him to sleep," said Fred, "and then I want you to give the ether while I work. It won't take much, and I'll tell you how to give it."

He placed the ether mask over the Colonel's face and began the anesthetic, pushing it as fast as he dared. Not a thought flashed through his mind as to the outcome should unfavorable results ensue, for he had become hardened to that. His one big thought was to save life, and speed was necessary to do that.

When the patient was sufficiently somnolent to permit of surgery he instructed Justina how to drop the ether so that an even condition of unconsciousness would be maintained, although he fully realized that now, if ever, was the time to have a skilled anesthetist to administer the liquid—but what else could he do? Justina bravely went at the task, following his instructions to the letter, but her hand shook so badly that the drops of ether frequently did not fall upon the mask. However, after the first stages of excitement had passed, she greatly overcame her nervousness, and, after Fred began his work, her nervous system became more steady and she found herself more calm than she had been for months. It seemed that this work was natural for her.

Fred worked as fast as he could and still do good surgery. He had no assistant to hold the tissues for him, nor a nurse to thread his needles and hand him sponges; consequently he had to do the work alone, besides keeping an eye on Justina and telling her when to give more of the ether, or else not so much.

His suspicions were confirmed when an opening was made in the Colonel's side, for a fairly large blood vessel had been severed and was pouring its jerky stream into the free abdomen, and the amount of blood was so profuse that he had extreme difficulty in finding the exact spot from whence it came, but persistence rewarded him and a smile on his grim face told the watching girl that he had succeeded.

"Now, I'll mend the holes in the intestine," he told her, "and everything ought to be all right if there isn't too much shock. Look out! Stop your ether—give him air."

The Colonel had suddenly become blue and breathing was not to be observed. Fred quickly plunged his hypodermic needle into the arm and injected the stimulant that he had prepared against any such emergency. Then he grabbed the end of the patient's tongue with a pair of self-locking forceps and told Justina to pull it out and keep it out, after which he took both of the Colonel's arms and gave artificial respiration for several minutes, until the natural color was restored and the patient was again breathing by his own efforts.

"What was the matter?" asked the frightened girl, after the crisis had passed. "Did I give him too much?"

"No; but you must take care not to give very much now. He's fearfully weak—too much shock. I'll work fast."

He did work fast, and he worked well. In a few minutes he had finished and had placed the Colonel in bed again, apparently none the worse for the operation, but bad enough anyway.

At this moment, Mrs. Darl and Anna and the silent Dawkins arrived. The neighbor had returned for them after bringing Justina. The haughty lady listened to a brief explanation from the girl and entered the room to gaze upon her lord and master who was, of course, motionless from the anesthesia. "Oh, you've killed him!" she screamed, turning to Fred.

"Hush, Aunt Rena," said Justina. "He's only sleeping."

"Oh, he's dead—he's dead—he's dead! I might have known it when I heard he was in the hands of this—butcher."

The little Henry came in front of her, bristling with anger, ready to argue the case in question, but no word did he utter. The first syllable was choked back by a heavy hand placed on his collar and he felt himself lifted up and away. When he turned around he saw Julia standing before the grand lady of the stone mansion. Her forefinger was pointing at the elegant Mrs. Darl and was jabbing at her, emphasizing the words that flowed rapidly.

"I tell you, you're a fool," she was saying. "Doctor Forson's saved your husband's life and then you come in here and show yourself a heathen. Isn't that so? Answer me that?"

"But the madam's excited," said the calm Dawkins. "You must excuse her."

"Take her in the front room then," growled Mrs. Bean, "and let her cool off. I ain't going to have her jumpin' on the doctor in my house, after what he's done for her this night." Then she spoke directly to Mrs. Darl, who was staring at her with amazement: "Now, don't you talk back to me, either. You can bully the folks in your own house all you want to, but you can't do it here. Do you understand?"

Justina and Dawkins took charge of Mrs. Darl and led her away to the front room, and the two of them managed after a time to cool the ardent anger that possessed her. Meanwhile, Mrs. Bean remained in the bedroom to care for the Colonel; and Henry devoted his attention to Anna, who had fainted; while Fred turned his thoughts to the chauffeur.

"It's a bad break," he said. "Compared fracture—comminuted—I mean splintered. It's going to make you lame. However, you're in no immediate danger, so I'll wait for Doctor Lants, as he ought to be here any minute."

"All right, Doc, but I wish you'd give me something to ease the pain a little—it hurts like blazes—and can I smoke?"

"Yes, you can smoke. I'll give you a hypodermic to stop your pain."

He prepared the sedative while Henry followed Charles' instructions and extricated a package of cigarettes from the chauffeur's overcoat pocket. The hypodermic was given and the cigarette was half consumed when the neighbors who had gone for Doctor Lants arrived.

"I didn't get him," said one. "We broke down about two miles out and tinkered with the car quite a spell, but it won't go. I walked back for an another car. Jim says he'll take me."

"Is that the gentleman who brought us?" queried Mrs. Darl, her nose in the air.

"Yes'm."

"Well, we want him to take us home again. Dawkins and Justina will remain with the Colonel and watch over him."

"He can't do it, ma'am," answered the neighbor. "We've got to take his car and hurry for Doc Lants. You'll just have to wait."

"Charles can wait," she declared. "It would probably have been just as well and saved future accidents if he had managed to kill himself anyway."

"Yes, take them home first," said Fred, before the irate neighbor could reply. "There's no big hurry about getting Doctor Lants now, although I want him for consultation. Miss Everett and I can attend to the chauffeur."

"Yes, for the love of Mike take her home before I lose my temper," said Charles.

"Yes, take them home," echoed Henry. "We don't want such trash——."

Again he was lifted up by the collar, turned around and set down on his feet with considerable force. "Shut up!" was the harsh sound. "Ain't you got no manners?"

"But, Julia, my love, I'm only——"

"Don't you say another word!"

"I won't."

So Mrs. Darl and the revived but hysterical Anna were taken home at once. Dawkins took his place, silently, by the side of his master, and Mrs. Bean followed the women to the car. "Don't you mind what Henry says," she admonished. "You come and see your husband as often as you want to—he'll have to stay here quite a spell, I guess. That is, if he gets well, which I doubt. But if he don't I ain't going to have you blamin' the

doctor, for he ain't got no blame coming to him. Just make yourself free to come any time."

After they had gone, Fred made certain that the Colonel was in as good condition as possible, and he and Justina carried the injured chauffeur to the spare bed in the parlor and gave him some ether. The wound was an ugly one, but Fred soon had it cleansed, the bones straightened, splints applied and held in place by a weight, which was suspended through a pulley in a home-made apparatus at the foot of the bed.

When they had finished with the work Justina went to see about the Colonel, and it was there, in a darkened corner of the room, made him by the low-burning oil lamp, where she stood at the foot of the bed and reviewed the swift events of the night and realized that if the Colonel lived Fred had made a big start in regaining his reputation. Apology at this time would seem out of place and that was why she had offered the silent prayer of thankfulness for having done her duty before it was too late.

She stood quietly, listening to the striking clock proclaim the end of the dreadful Christmas day, and was startled from her reverie by screams from the nervous little Henry, who was delving in the closet for some extra bedding to make a bed for himself on the lounge. The screams were accompanied by a clanking of chains.

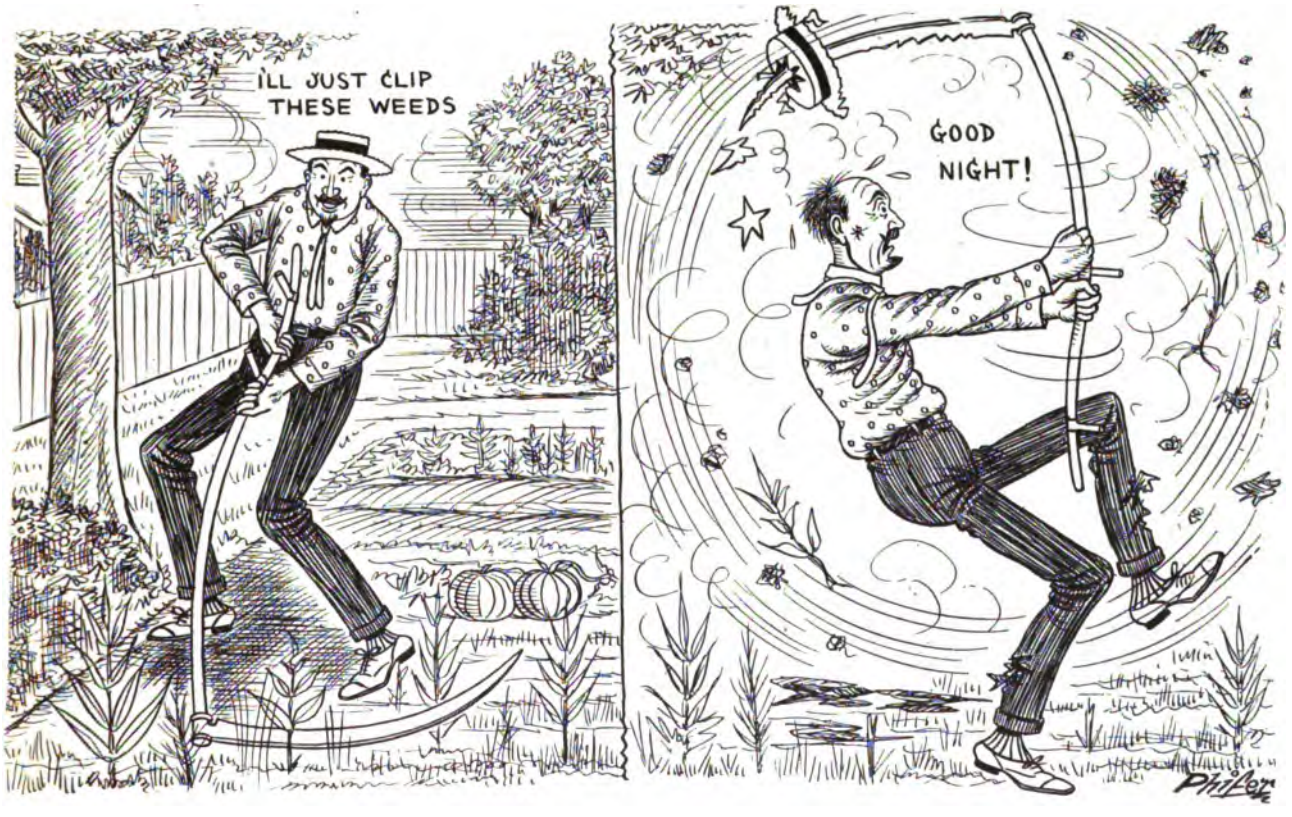
"What's the matter with you?" roared Julia.

"Take it off—take it off!" he cried. "I've got my hand fastened to that darn rat-trap."

(To be continued.)

WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D.

Ottumwa, Iowa.



Dr. Cuttem, the surgeon, had never used a scythe. He figured his practice with the knife would make it easy to learn, however.

But a trial convinced him that golf was safer exercise.

MOMENTS OF ANGUISH.

When you are asked by one of your patients if Dr. Whoziss, the celebrated Chiropractor (your former chauffeur) isn't a perfectly wonderful man.

MADISON SQUARE

H. E. BATES, M. D., New York City.

He stands upon a box—sometimes a chair,
With eager face and wildly flying hair,
Harangues the crowd, which sometimes madly cheers,
Or greets the speaker with silence or with jeers.

He spouts out facts and figures by the yard,
Is clever in debate—speaks by the card—
Solves problems that have baffled all wise men,
Makes over this poor blundering World again.

He may make War or Politics his theme,
Talk Socialism, or define the rights of Man.
Damn Ethics, urge Revolt, or madly scream
That nothing's gone right since the world began.

He preaches Liberty—but License takes!
He is protected by the very laws he breaks,
'Tis lucky that his words are soon forgot!
Some call him Prophet—others "just a nut."

Written upon a Blank Leaf in "The Complete Angler"

While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live the name of Walton; Sage benign!
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline,
He found the longest summer day too short,
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook—
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,
The cowslip-bank and shady willow-tree;
And the fresh meads—where flowed, from every nook
Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

NARCOTICS

How like the poppy is unsullied love—
How like that bloom, so rife
With beauty, which majestically grows
In the garden of life!

What potency does it possess to soothe
The heart bowed in distress—
To waft the spirit to a dell of dreams,
And bring forgetfulness!

RALPH M. THOMSON, M. D.

The Treatment of Cacoethes Scribendi

"They" say that everyone is bitten of the scribbling bug sooner or later. At any rate, some of us have said, on reading a famous author, "I wish I could write like that." Or, of he, or she, has read a piece of literary "junk" he (or she) says, "I know I could do as well as that."

(By the way, isn't it awkward not to have a pronoun of the "common" gender? The French language, with its "on," and the German tongue, with "man," "put it all over" the English language in this respect. But this is a digression. Revenons à nos moutons.)

Having made up his mind that he can "do as well as that," the would-be author buys a ream of paper, a bottle of ink, plenty of pens, and an eraser (he is sure, however, that he will have no use for *that*).

He starts off briskly enough with a title, "Ermyntrude's Startling Adventures" or something of that sort. Then he comes to a dead stop. Of course, a good title is the first thing, and the story ought naturally to follow without any effort.

But, of course, to write the story, he must first "catch his plot," and the plot refuses to be caught. He remembers all he has ever seen about the proper way to fix up manuscript, such as writing on one side of the paper, spelling correctly, writing legibly, being careful about paragraph structure, and similar literary assets.

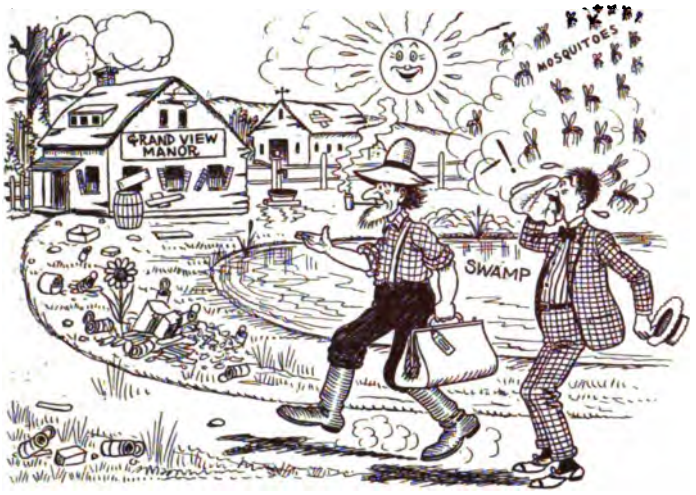
These things, however, do not help him with his plot. It has seemed so simple: Having decided on your plot, heat it gently over the fire of genius until thoroughly done, garnish with suitable words, and let cool. When cool, serve for the delectation of the editor.

Or, as we might put it in prescription form:

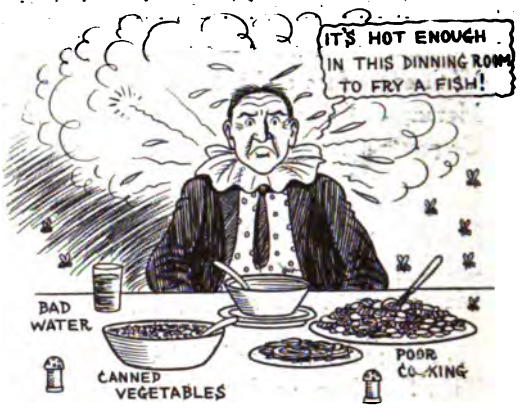
℞ Plot i
Words ..... q. s.
M. Sig.—To be taken by the editor, at one dose.
(Signed) A. WRITER, LITT. D.

Sounds easy, doesn't it? But try it!

SIDNEY HOPE.



THE WONDERFUL SUMMER RESORT ADVERTISEMENT THAT TURNS OUT LIKE THIS



THE COUNTRY BOARDING HOUSE THAT SERVES MEALS OF THIS NATURE

BOAT ROCKING

RECKLESS MOTOR VACATIONISTS

CAMPING OUT IN UNHEALTHFUL LOCATIONS

IT WILL NOT SHORTEN THIS YOUNG MANS LIFE— BUT IT MAY SHORTEN HIS VACATIONS

THINGS THAT SHORTEN LIVES AND SUMMER VACATIONS.

The Medical Pickwick

VOL. VII SEPTEMBER, 1921 No. 9.

HYDROTHERAPY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

I have seen in my travels almost all the famous baths of Christendom, and for some years past have begun to make use of them myself, for I look upon bathing as generally wholesome, and believe that we suffer no little inconvenience in our health by having left off the custom that was generally observed in former times, almost by all nations, and is yet in many, of bathing every day, and I cannot imagine but that we are much the worse by having our limbs crusted and our pores stopped with dirt. And as to the drinking of them, fortune has, in the first place, rendered them all not unacceptable to my taste; and, secondly, they are natural and simple, which at least carry no danger with them, though they do us no good; of which, the infinite crowd of people of all sorts of complexions that repair thither, I take to be a sufficient guarantee; and although I have not there observed any extraordinary effects; but, on the contrary, having more narrowly than ordinary inquired into it, I have found all the reports of such operations that have been spread abroad in those places, ill grounded and false, and those that believe them (as people are willing to be gulled in what they desire) deceived in them; yet I have seldom known any that have been made worse by those waters, and a man cannot honestly deny but that they beget a better appetite, help digestion, and do in some sort revive us, if we do not go to late, and in too weak a condition, which I would dissuade everyone from doing; they have not the virtue to raise men from desperate and inveterate diseases, but they may help some light indisposition or prevent some threatening alteration. He who does not bring along with him so much cheerfulness as to enjoy the pleasure of the company he will there meet, and of the walks and exercises to which the beauty of the places in which baths for the most part are situated invites us, will doubtless lose the best and surest part of their effect For this reason I have hitherto chosen to go to those of the most pleasant situation, where there was the most convenient of lodging, provision, and company; as the baths of Banieres in France; those of Plombieres in the frontiers of Germany and Lorrain; those of Baden in Switzerland; those of Lucca in Tuscany, and especially those of Della Villa, which I have the most, and at several seasons, frequented.

Every nation has particular opinions touching their use, and several rules and methods in using them, and all of them, according to what I have seen, almost of life effect. Drinking them is not at all received in Germany: for all diseases they bathe only, and will lie dabbling in the water almost from sun to sun. In Italy, where they drink nine days, they bathe at least thirty, and commonly drink the water mixed with some other drugs to make it work the better: we are here ordered to walk to digest it; there they are kept in bed after taking it till it be wrought off, their stomachs and feet have continually hot cloths applied to them all the while; and as the Germans have a particular practice, generally to use cupping and scarification in the bath, so the Italians have their doccie, which are certain little streams of this hot water brought through pipes, with which they bathe an hour in the morning and as much in the afternoon, for a month together, either the head, stomach, or any other part where the malady lies. There are infinite other varieties of customs in every country, or rather there is hardly any manner of resemblance to one another. By which you may see that this part of physic, to which alone I have submitted, though the least depending upon art of all others, has yet a great share of the confusion and uncertainty everywhere else manifest in the profession.—*Michael de Montaigne, Essais, Book II, Chp. 27.*

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JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D. (1709-1779)

Portrait by Sir J. Reynolds. Engraved by S. W. Reynolds.

MEDICAL MEN AND THE MUSES

II. JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.

C. W. G. ROHRER, M. A., Ph. D., M. D., Baltimore, U. S. A.

"Every Scottishman has a pedigree. It is a national prerogative, as inalienable as his pride and his poverty."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

JOHN ARMSTRONG, a British poet, physician and essayist, was born at Castleton manse, on the banks of the Liddel,* Roxburghshire, Scotland, about the year 1709; a year remarkable, too, for the birth of the learned and eloquent Dr. Samuel Johnson. It is likewise the year in which William Cowper, a distinguished English anatomist, died. Armstrong's friend, James Thomson (1700-1748), memorable as the author of "The Seasons" and of "The Castle of Indolence," was also born in Roxburgh County. In Great Britain, besides Thomson and Dr. Johnson, Armstrong was contemporary with David Hume, Thomas Gray, William Collins, Mark Akenside, Tobias Smollett and Oliver Goldsmith; his American contemporaries were the Rev. Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin.

Armstrong's father and brother were both ministers at Castleton, his brother at first assisting and, later on, succeeding his father as parish clergyman. They are said to have been much respected for their piety and professional diligence. Castleton (or Castletown) is the old name of the district of Liddesdale, as well as of a parish in Roxburgh County. It is of deep historical interest to record that both Melrose and Abbotsford, famous in connection with the life and works of Sir Walter Scott, are situated in this county.

The Liddel washes the romantic region of Liddesdale, a valley in Counties Roxburgh and Dumfries, Scotland, described so graphically in "Guy Mannering"** and forming a fit birthplace for a poet. Moreover, it has been quite a fashion with poets to apostrophize their native rivers. As familiar examples one might mention Thomson in "The Seasons," Wordsworth in "Yarrow Revisited," Kieffer in "To Missouri River," and Coleridge in his "Lines to the River Otter," beginning:

"Dear native brook, wild streamlet of the west."

Armstrong is no exception to this rule. Indeed, the following, one of the finest passages in Armstrong's poems, is devoted to a panegyric on the Liddel:

Such the stream
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddel; till now, except in Doric lays
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song: though not a purer stream,
Through meads more flowery, more romantic groves,
Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred flood;
May still thy hospitable swains be bless'd
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
Forever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

Unfortunately for posterity, Armstrong left behind surprisingly few data throwing light upon the scenes and incidents of his tender years. Indeed, this same statement is equally applicable to the dearth of available information regarding his ancestry, and even of that appertaining to his immediate family connections. One thing is reasonably certain, however; and that is, his early home life was ideal. Reared within the modest mansion of a village preacher, it is but fair to assume that he was thus early brought under the beneficent influence of a pious father and mother.

Armstrong left his beloved Liddel early, and there is no evidence that he ever saw its beautiful banks and "hospitable swains"—the Dandie Dinmonts of their day—again. Of his school days we know practically nothing, except what he tells us himself in his poem, where, again addressing the Liddel, he says:

Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I laved:
Oft traced with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscured the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

*Liddel, or Liddal: A river of Scotland, rises in a bog in the county of Roxburgh, flows southwest for about 24 miles (for a part of which it divides Scotland from England), and joins the Esk three miles above Longtown, England, the combined waters of the two rivers eventually reaching Solway Firth, an inlet or estuary of the Irish Sea.

**"Guy Mannering; or, The Astrologer," a novel by Sir Walter Scott, published in 1815. It was the second of those masterpieces, the "Waverley Novels," which place Scott in the front rank of the writers of fiction. Scott died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832, twelve years to the day, after the death of Dr. Joseph Rodman Drake.

PROFESSIONAL CAREER.

"Armstrong, another poet and physician and not unworthy of either class, for genius and goodness of heart. * * * He is well known as the author of the most elegant didactic poem in the language—the 'Art of Preserving Health.'"—*Leigh Hunt.*

After going through the usual routine of school education, Armstrong was sent to the University of Edinburgh, taking his M. D. degree February 4th, 1732, with much reputation. The subject of his thesis was *De Tabe Purulentâ.* Soon after his graduation he went to London, and commenced the practice of medicine. He did not, however, rapidly attain to eminence in his chosen profession; and it soon became manifest that it was as an author, and not as a physician, that he was destined to shine. The exact date of his going to London is not known, but it was prior to the year 1735.

Armstrong's indolence, shyness, and literary celebrity united in keeping him down as a physician. Seldom, indeed, has a man been equally successful as a *littérateur* and as a votary of Hygeiá. More frequently those who have worshipped Apollo alike as the god of poetry and of physic, have shared the fate of Benjamin Bolus*—have rhymed themselves into contempt, and been rejected in both their aspirations. The man whom Thomson has thus described in his happiest manner, in the "Castle of Indolence" (Canto I, stanza lx) could never have risen in the medical profession:

> With him was sometimes joined in silent walk
> (Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
> One shyer still, who quite detested talk;
> Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke
> To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak;
> There, inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,
> And on himself his pensive fury wroke;
> Nor ever uttered word, save when first shone
> The glittering star of eve—"Thank Heaven, the day is done!"

Curiously enough, "Every cloud has a silver lining." The fact that Armstrong never enjoyed a large and lucrative practice was advantageous, in a certain sense. It enabled him to pursue, with fewer interruptions, his literary labors. Yet his case-books showed the names of a number of distinguished persons. Among them was that of Thomson the poet, who died August 27th, 1748. It seems that Thomson waited too long for the return of his friend, Dr. Armstrong, and did not choose to employ any other physician. In a letter written to Admiral John Forbes, September 3rd, 1748, Armstrong thus describes Thomson's final illness and death:

> The loss of such an agreeable friend as poor Thomson is so much the more shocking that it was unexpected by everybody. He died of a malignant nervous fever, that came upon the back of a tertian; and I had no notice of his being in any danger till I saw it in the most formidable shapes. It is certain nature was oppressed in him with a great load of materials for a disease, not to be easily thrown off by a constitution so much worn as his was; and if he had struggled through that fever, there are many reasons to believe that it must almost unavoidably have been followed by some lingering disease, much worse than a speedy death. This is the most comfortable light in which I can view this shocking loss.

When the condition of Tobias Smollett, another Scottish physician, poet and author, became critical, Armstrong was called in consultation. Smollett was then residing at Monte Nuovo, near Leghorn, Italy. He died there, October 21st, 1771, and was buried at Leghorn. A monument has been erected to his memory, near Leghorn, with an epitaph written by Armstrong.

By the aid of certain political friends who were then in power, Armstrong was much more successful in obtaining employment as a government official practicing physic in the army, than he was in building up an extensive private practice. Thus, already in 1741, we find him soliciting Dr. Birch's recommendation to Dr. Mead, that he might be appointed physician to the Crown forces then going to the West Indies. In 1746 he was appointed one of the physicians to the London Hospital for Lame, Maimed, and Sick Soldiers, behind Buckingham House. In 1760, largely through the influence of John Wilkes, he had the honor to be appointed physician to the army in Germany, where the Seven Years' War was raging. At the recall of the King's troops from Germany, made possible by the Peace of Paris, in 1763, Armstrong returned to London, receiving half pay for the rest of his life. He resumed his practice, which was confined to a small circle, but he was respected throughout the metropolis as a man of general knowledge and taste, and an agreeable companion.

MEDICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Armstrong's first publication having a medical trend was his thesis—his "*Dissertatio de Tabe Purulentâ,*" published in Edinburgh in 1732, the year of his graduation, as the forms of that university require. It is fit-

*Dr. Bolus, the Newcastle apothecary of Colman the Younger's poem of that name, published in a volume of humorous verse entitled "Broad Grins." It was Dr. Bolus's practice to write his prescriptions in rhyme, one of which—

> "When taken,
> To be well shaken,"

was too literally applied to the patient instead of to the dose.

tingly dedicated to Sir Hans Sloane.* Three days after its publication, Armstrong sent a copy to Sloane, accompanied by a handsome Latin letter. Both the letter and the copy of the thesis are now preserved in the British Museum. The thesis consists of 22 octavo pages. It is an exceedingly rare production, having been included in Smellie's "*Thesaurus Medicus.*"

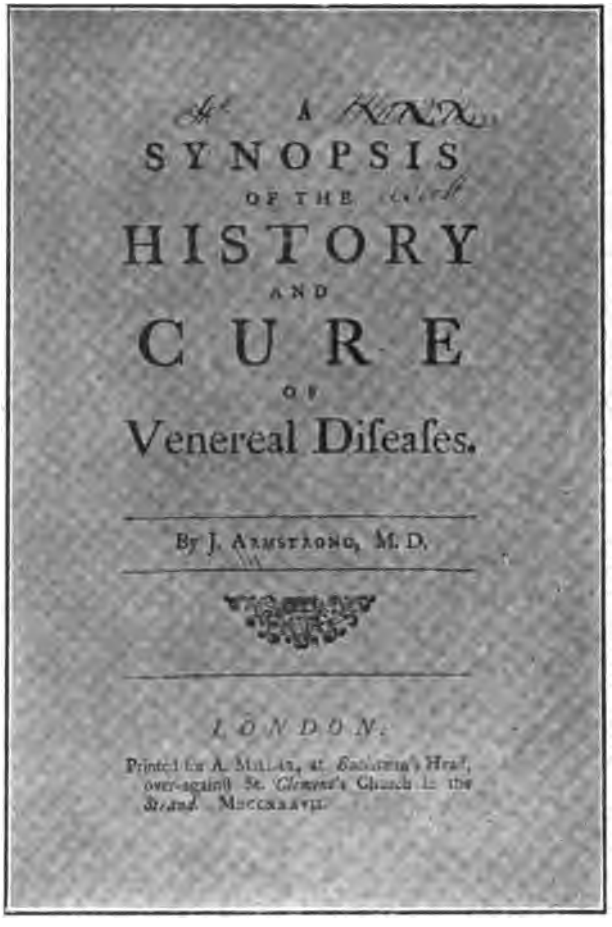
In 1734, Armstrong published, in Vol. II of the "Edinburgh Medical Essays," an essay on "Penetrating Topic Medicines," and in the same year he wrote a paper on the "Alcalescent Disposition of Animal Fluids." The latter, read before the Royal Society on January 30th, 1735, was not published.

In 1735 he published an octavo pamphlet, without his name, entitled, "An Essay for Abridging the Study of Physic." This brochure, clearly a satire upon the ignorance of the apothecaries and medical men of his time, abounds in drollery and quaint humor. In it he lashes the quacks of his day. The essay has been reprinted in Dilly's "Repository."

In 1737, he published "A Synopsis of the History and Cure of Venereal Diseases," probably as an introduction to practice in that lucrative branch. It is an octavo volume containing 519 pages, inscribed, in an ingenious dedication, to Dr. Alexander Stuart, Physician in Ordinary to Her Majesty, as to "a person who had an indisputable right to judge severely of the performance presented to him."

Armstrong's "Synopsis" is an abridged translation of Luisinus's "Aphrodisiacus," with a preface by Boerhaave.** "Aphrodisiacus," by Aloysius Luisinus, although published in 1728, contains a general title-page with prospectus, dated 1726. An abridgment of this volume, consisting of 343 octavo pages, was published in London, by Dr. Daniel Turner, in 1736. Armstrong, in his prefatory note, refers to Turner's summary, as follows:

> The Venetian Collection of the several writers upon venereal diseases is, for its price, beyond the reach of a great many readers; and, for its formidable size, almost useless to all. * * * It was for these reasons that I thought an attempt to abridge that enormous book might be acceptable to the public; and I had gone too far in it to desist, before I knew that Dr. Turner was engaged in the same design.


A
SYNOPSIS
OF THE
HISTORY
AND
CURE
OF
Venereal Diſeaſes.
By J. Armstrong, M. D.
LONDON:

Title-page of Dr. Armstrong's "Synopsis of the History and Cure of Venereal Diseases."

Armstrong left his authors, sixty in number, arranged in the same order in which he found them in the Venetian Collection, as published by Boerhaave. Beginning with Nicolaus Leonicenus and ending with Joannes Astruc, this list contains such familiar names as Fracastorius, Vesalius, and Botallus. The Boerhaave Preface is 39 pages in length; the Index, 21 pages.

In 1773 Armstrong published a quarto pamphlet of "Medical Essays," his last work, in which he coarsely charges his professional brethren with incompetency and servility. Besides quarreling with all previous medical authorities, he complains in bitter terms of the neglect he had met with as a physician, and of the severe criticisms to which his works had been subjected. Towards the

*Sir Hans Sloane, *Bart.*, an eminent British physician and naturalist: born at Killyleagh, County Down, Ireland, April 16, 1660; died at Chelsea, near London, January 11, 1753. He was virtually the founder of the British Museum. He was the first physician to be honored with the presidency of the Royal Society of London, the premier learned and scientific body in the world.

**Herman Boerhaave, M. D., F. R. S., a Dutch physician and philosopher: born near Leyden, Holland, December 31, 1668; died at Leyden, September 23, 1738. He became Professor of Medicine at Leyden, in 1709. He was also an investigator in botany and chemistry. He was so famous that, when a Chinese official addressed a letter "To the Most Famous Physician in Europe," it reached him safely.

conclusion he ascribes his limited success in his profession to the fact that "he could neither tell a heap of lies in his own praise wherever he went; nor intrigue with nurses."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO LITERATURE.

"On the whole, he is likely to be remembered as a poet of judicious thoughts and correct expression; and, as far as the rarely successful application of verse to subjects of science can be admired, an additional merit must be ascribed to the hand which has reared poetical flowers on the dry and difficult ground of philosophy."—*Thomas Campbell.*

At an early age Armstrong began to cultivate poetry. Indeed, he appears to have courted the Muses while yet a student. He tells us that the verses entitled "Winter," in imitation of Shakespeare, first published in 1770, were written in 1725. This descriptive sketch, one of his first attempts, received the cordial approbation of Thomson, Mallet, and Young. Mallet, he informs us, intended to have published it, but altered his mind. His other imitations of Shakespeare were part of an unfinished tragedy, written at a very early age.

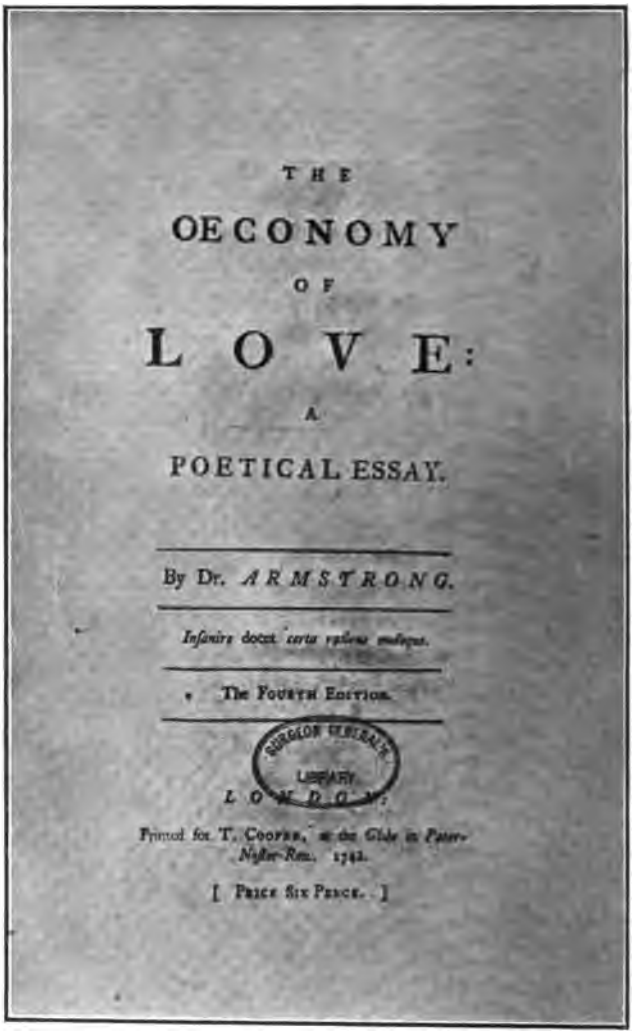
Regarding Armstrong's poem, entitled "Winter," the subjoined is taken from the "Advertisement from the Publisher:"

The following Imitation of Shakespeare was one of our Author's first attempts in poetry, made when he was very young. It helped to amuse the solitude of a winter passed in a wild, romantic country; and, what is rather particular, was just finished when Mr. Thomson's celebrated poem upon the same subject appeared. Mr. Thomson, soon hearing of it, had the curiosity to procure a copy by the means of a common acquaintance. He showed it to his poetical friends, Mr. Mallet, Mr. Aaron Hill, and Dr. Young, who, it seems, did great honour to it.

Although only a juvenile production, Armstrong's poem, "Winter," possesses considerable merit. It is 198 lines in length. The opening stanza, one of the best, reads as follows:

Now Summer with her wanton court is gone
To revel on the south side of the world,
And flaunt and frolic out the livelong day.
While Winter, rising pale from northern seas,
Shakes from his hoary locks the drizzling rheum.
A blast so shrewd makes the tall-bodied pines
Unsinew'd bend, and heavy-paced bears
Sends growling to their savage tenements.

"The Œconomy of Love," the earliest poem written by Armstrong after he had attained his majority, was first published in 1736, in London. It was quarto in size, its full title being, "The Œconomy of Love: A Poetical Essay." It is based on Ovid's "Art of Love," which it emulates in undue freedom of coloring, as well as in elegance of style and luxuriance of description. It appears that Mr. Millar, the bookseller, paid fifty guineas


THE
OECONOMY
OF
LOVE:
A
POETICAL ESSAY.
By Dr. ARMSTRONG.
Infoire docet, certa rationa modique.
The Fourth Edition.
SURGEON GENERAL'S LIBRARY
Printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in Paternoster-Row. 1742.
[Price Six Pence.]

Title-page of Dr. Armstrong's poem, "The Œconomy of Love."

for the copyright of this poem, which was intended as a burlesque on some didactic writers. It passed through many editions, more, it is to be feared, to the advantage of the bookseller than to the reader. Already in 1742, again in London, a fourth edition was issued. This is octavo in size, 32 pages in length, consisting of a total of 614 lines subdivided into fifteen stanzas. A new edition, comprising 43 octavo pages, was published in London in 1758.

The publication of "The Œconomy of Love," although anonymous at first, is said to have obstructed Arm-

strong's success as a physician. It is but justice, however, to add that his maturer judgment expunged much of the voluptuousness of youthful fancy, in an edition "revised and corrected by the author" in 1768.

I do not deem it advisable to append lengthy extracts from this literary paradox, portraying the physiology of sex in a most extraordinary manner. Therefore, the appended four quotations, selected at random, must suffice for our present purpose. The first, sounding a note of warning against a too early awakening of the sexual impulse, is as follows (lines 80-86):

> But if to progeny thy views extend
> Paternal, and the name of Sire invites,
> Wouldst thou behold a thriving Race surround
> Thy spacious Table; shun the soft Embrace
> Emasculant, till twice ten years and more
> Have steel'd thy Nerves, and let the holy Rite
> License the Bliss.

The second quotation, calling attention to the universal love of offspring and also to the evil results of unbridled passions, will follow (lines 285-297):

> For wisest Ends this universal *Power*
> Gave *Appetites*, from whose quick Impulse Life
> Subsists, by which we only live, all life
> Insipid else, unactive, unenjoy'd.
> Hence too this peopled Earth, which, That extinct,
> That Flame for *Propagation*, soon would roll
> A lifeless Mass, and vainly cumber Heaven.
> Then love of Pleasure sways each heart, and we
> From that no more than from our selves can fly.
> Blameless when govern'd well. But where it errs
> Extravagant, and wildly leads to Ill,
> Publick or private, there its curbing Power
> Cool Reason must exert.

Herein is given the third quotation, admonishing the "hoary head" to wisely abstain from the pleasures of love (lines 534-540):

> The hoary Years, design'd
> For Wisdom, for sedate Philosophy,
> And Contemplation, ill agree with Love.
> Cheerful retire: nor grudge in peevish Saws,
> Like envious Monitors, the sprightly Joys
> Of lusty Youth. You had your genial Time
> Of Pleasure; ours is on the rapid Wing.

The fourth and final quotation, so timely, truthful and eloquent, being an apotheosis upon waning feminine modesty, is deserving of a much wider circulation. It is as follows (lines 578-582):

> Hail *Modesty!* fair Female Honour, hail!
> Beauty's chief Ornament, and Beauty's self!
> For Beauty must with Virtue ever dwell,
> And thou art Virtue! and without thy Charm
> Beauty is insolent and Wit profane.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

"Of all the poetical performances on this subject that have come to my hands, Dr. Armstrong's "Art of Preserving Health" is by far the best. To quote every charming description and beautiful passage of this poem, one must transcribe the whole. We cannot, however, expect new rules where the principal design was to raise and warm the heart into a compliance with the solid precepts of the ancients, which he has enforced with great strength and elegance. And, upon the whole, he has convinced us by his own example, that we ought not to blame antiquity for acknowledging 'one power of physic, melody and song.'"—*Dr. James Mackenzie.*

Armstrong's principal work, "The Art of Preserving Health," first published in the year 1744, contributed highly to his fame as a poet. Dr. Joseph Warton, in his "Reflections on Didactic Poetry," annexed to his edition of Virgil, observed that—

"To describe so difficult a thing, gracefully and poetically, as the effects of a distemper on the human body, was reserved for Dr. Armstrong, who accordingly hath nobly executed it at the end of the third book of his 'Art of Preserving Health,' where he hath given us that pathetic account of the sweating sickness. There is a classical correctness and closeness of style in this poem that are truly admirable, and the subject is raised and adorned by numberless poetical images."

In the class of poetry to which it belongs, the "Art of Preserving Health" holds a distinguished place. No writer of the eighteenth century had so masterful a grasp of blank verse as is shown in parts of this poem. The poem, which sprang at once into popularity, consists of 2,053 lines, subdivided into four books:

> Book I.—Air (346 lines).
> Book II.—Diet (557 lines).
> Book III.—Exercise (634 lines).
> Book IV.—The Passions (516 lines).

It has passed through a number of editions, even down to our own day. The original 1744 edition was published in London, and contained 134 quarto pages. A second London edition, consisting of 128 octavo pages, appeared already in 1745. This edition was reprinted in Philadelphia, in the same year, by Benjamin Franklin. Subsequent editions have appeared at various times, published in different places.

Of this poem it has been said that "scarcely any English performance of its class can claim superior merit." Note the beauty and stateliness of the following, the ten opening lines:

> Daughter of Pæon, queen of every joy,
> Hygeia;* whose indulgent smile sustains

*Hygeia: the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

The various race luxuriant Nature pours,
And on the immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, oh descend!
Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffusest life and vigour through the tracts
Of air, through earth, and ocean's deep domain.

One of the finest passages in the poem is the following (Book IV, lines 164-193), descriptive of the effects of over-indulgence in wine:

But most, too passive when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely, by resisting, conquer fate,
Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
Of poisoned nectar sweet oblivion swill.
Struck by the powerful charm the gloom dissolves
In empty air; Elysium opens round,
A pleasing frenzy buoys the lightened soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars.
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last,
But soon your heaven is gone, a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head; and as the thundering stream,
Swollen o'er its bank with sudden mountain rain
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook,
So when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man.
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
For, prodigal of life, in one rash night
You lavished more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage.—An anxious stomach well
May be endured; so may the throbbing head;
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns and double Thebes ascend.

The subjoined extract, however, perhaps exhibits Armstrong at his best. It is the noble close of Book II, delineating the mutations of time. Thomas Campbell read this passage in the Common Hall of Glasgow College, with much enthusiasm, as he proposed it to the students as the subject of a prize translation into Latin verse. It is as follows:

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
The crash of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
And flinty pyramids and walls of brass
Descend. The Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all those worlds that roll around the sun;
The Sun itself shall die, and ancient Night
Again involve the desolate abyss,
Till the great Father, through the lifeless gloom,
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.

Scarcely inferior to the foregoing is the address to the Sun, at the end of Book I, closing with the magnificently strong and simple lines:

We court thy beams, great majesty of day!
If not the soul, the regent of this world,
First-born of heaven, and only less than God.

The poem contains a magnificent description of the famous "sweating sickness,"* which raged in London in September, 1485, after the victorious entry of the troops of Henry VII, who had a week or two before fought at Bosworth field. It is the most energetic passage in the whole poem, and not least characteristic of its medical author. An accurate medical diagnosis was never before so poetically phrased. This lengthy extract, from the close of Book III, is as follows:

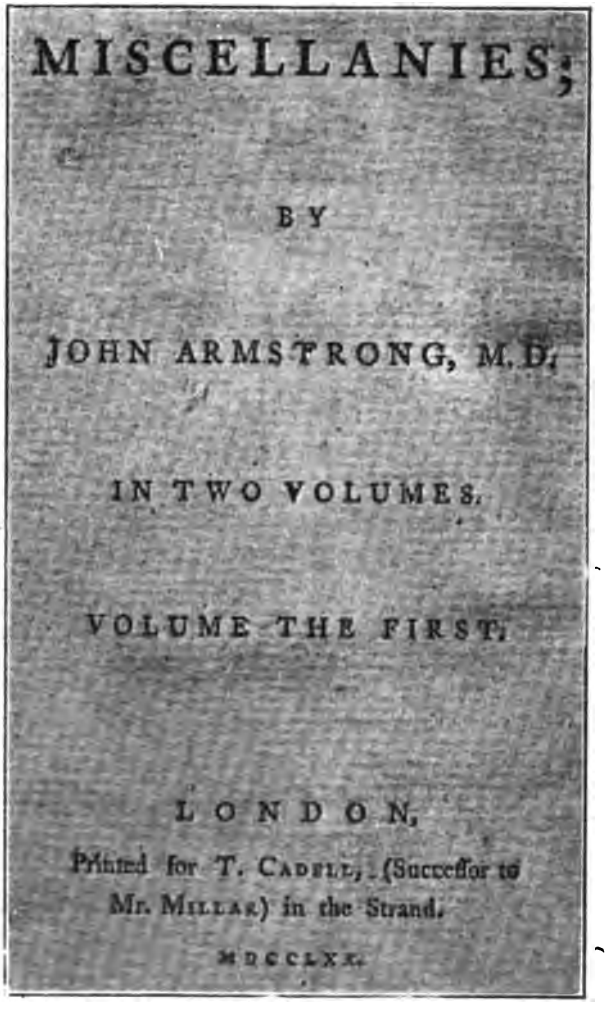
Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mixed
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profused:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before,
Reared from Cocytus its portentous head;
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rushed as a storm o'er half the astonished isle,
And strewed with sudden carcasses the land.
First, through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung;
With rash combustion thence the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Through all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gushed out in smoky sweats; but not assuaged
The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They tossed from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear; they burnt, and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetched, and with huge labourings heaved.

Vide Hecker's "Epidemics of the Middle Ages," Sydenham Society edition, pp. 175-380. Also, Creighton's "History of Epidemics in Britain," Vol. I, Chapter V, pp. 237-281.

At last a heavy pain oppressed the head,
A wild delirium came: their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harassed with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.
In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provoked
The sweats o'erflowed, but in a clammy tide;
Now free and copious, now restrained and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mixed the blood, and rank with fetid streams:
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more full, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (though little hope remained),
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they lingered not in pain.
For, who survived the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeemed;
Some the sixth hour oppressed, and some the third.
Of many thousands, few untainted 'scaped;
Of those infected, fewer 'scaped alive;
Of those who lived, some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spared, a third destroyed.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
The infected city poured her hurrying swarms;
Roused by the flames that fired her seats around,
The infected country rushed into the town.
Some sad at home, and in the desert some
Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind,
In vain; where'er they fled, the fates pursued.
Others, with hopes more specious, crossed the main,
To seek protection in far-distant skies:
But none they found. It seemed the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
Was then at enmity with English blood;
For but the race of England all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contained.
Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involved them still, and every breeze was bane:
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute, and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their prayers;
Heaven heard them not. Of every hope deprived,
Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued
With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear,
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell; and oft one bed, they say,
The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In 1751 Armstrong published his poem on "Benevolence," in folio, which added little to his fame; and in 1753, his "Taste, an Epistle to a Young Critic," readable but acrimonious. The latter is the first production in which he began to view men and matters with a splenetic eye. In 1758 he published "Sketches or Essays on Various Subjects," under the fictitious name of Launcelot Temple, Esq. In 1760, while still serving under the government as an army physician, he wrote a poem called "Day," addressed to Wilkes. It was published in the following year.


MISCELLANIES;

BY

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON,

Printed for T. CADELL, (Succeffor to Mr. MILLAR) in the Strand.

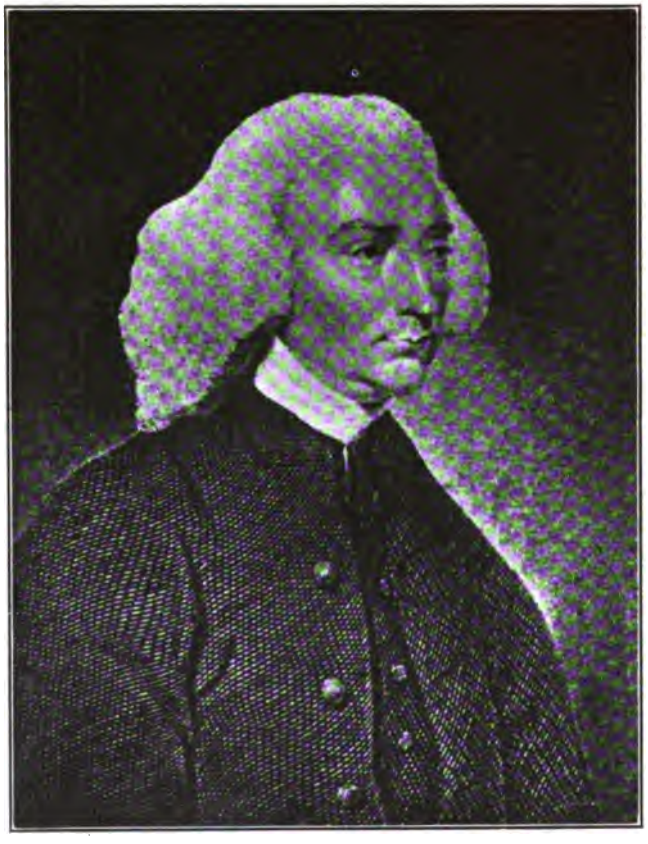
MDCCLXX.

Title-page of Dr. Armstrong's "Miscellanies," Vol. One, published in 1770.

In 1770 he published a collection of "Miscellanies," in two volumes, containing such works in verse and prose as he wished to preserve. These contained the articles

already mentioned, except the "Economy of Love" and the epistle to Wilkes. The new articles were: the "Imitations of Shakespeare and Spenser," the "Universal Almanac," and "The Forced Marriage, a Tragedy." The latter was offered to Garrick, about the year 1754, and rejected. His "Imitation of Spenser" was written at Thomson's desire, to be inserted into the "Castle of Indolence," constituting the four medical stanzas at the end of the first canto.

In 1770-1771, accompanied by Fuseli,* he made a tour of France and Italy. At Leghorn he visited Smollett, who was fast sinking into his grave. Under the title of "A Short Ramble Through France and Italy," he published in 1771 some desultory notes taken on this journey.



JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.

Drawing by J. Thurston. Engraving by F. Engleheart, from Miniature by Shelley.

*John Henry Fuessli, or Füssli, born at Zurich, Switzerland, in 1741. He was a schoolmate and intimate friend of Lavater. In England he was called Henry Fuseli. He first tried a literary career, but was encouraged by Sir Joshua Reynolds to devote himself to painting. He died at Putney Hill, a suburb of London, in 1825.

PRIVATE LIFE.

Armstrong never married. His worldly possessions, although quite modest in extent and amount, were properly bequeathed to his three nieces, the daughters of his brother, Dr. George Armstrong, noted in his day as a prolific writer on the diseases of infants, and also as the founder of a children's dispensary, in London, as early as 1769.

Armstrong died at his house in Russell Street, Covent Garden, London, on the 7th of September, 1779. His death was attributed to an accidental contusion of his thigh, due to a fall. He had been staying in Lincolnshire, and as he was preparing to return home his foot slipped when he was stepping into his carriage. To the surprise of his friends, who thought that poverty was the foundation of his frequent complaints, he left behind him more than £3,000, saved out of a very moderate income arising principally from his half pay.

"Verses on the Death of Dr. Armstrong" appeared in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for October, 1779, dated Gray's Inn, September 10th, and signed "W. R.," beginning:

> Ye swains of *Liddal*, as you drive your sheep
> To verdant pastures, or the russet steep,
> If yet a muse on *Liddal's* banks remain,
> For tuneful Armstrong wake the plaintive strain.
> Though from you long, long from the limpid wave,
> In which he lov'd his infant limbs to lave;
> Long from the pool, where oft with mimic fly
> He patient angled for the silver fry;
> Yet were his manners artless as your own,
> As plain as he the world had never known.
> The world he scorn'd, for well he knew to scan
> The crooked views of narrow-minded man.

SUMMARY OF LIFE-WORK.

Thus lived and thus died Dr. John Armstrong, a British poet, physician, and essayist, the friend of Thomson, of Mallet, Sir John Pringle, and other public and literary characters of that period. For many years he was closely associated with Wilkes, but he quarreled with him in 1763, owing to a disagreement in politics. He also lived on terms of intimacy with Fuseli, and traveled with him.

One who knew Armstrong well, the late worthy Dr. Cuming, of Dorchester, has set down his character briefly as follows:

> He always appeared to me (and I was confirmed in this opinion by that of his most intimate friends) a man of learning and genius, of considerable abilities in his profession, of great benevolence and

goodness of heart, fond of associating with men of parts and genius, but indolent and inactive, and therefore totally unqualified to employ the means that usually lead to medical employment, or elbow his way through a crowd of competitors.

Therefore, Armstrong, who had bad health, seems to have been a reserved, indolent, and splenetic man, "who quite detested talk;" yet kind-hearted withal, and frugal. He was more successful as an author than a physician. In testimony thereof, Dr. Theobald, as early as 1753, addressed to him two elegant, complimentary Latin odes, inscribed as follows:

Ad ingenuum virum, tum medicis, tum poeticis facultatibus præstantem, Johannem Armstrong, M. D.

Much of his time, if we may judge from his writings, was devoted to the study of polite literature. Although he cannot be said to have entered deeply into any particular branch, he was more than a superficial connoisseur in painting, statuary, and music.

As a poet, his compositions have great inequalities, some of them being possessed of every requisite to be sought after in the most perfect composition, while others can hardly be considered as superior to the productions of mediocrity. He was also a master of terse prose.

The "Art of Preserving Health," Armstrong's best performance, will transmit his name to posterity as one of the first English writers. It is the great solid pillar on which his reputation must rest. The powerful passage, descriptive of the "sweating sickness," has been highly praised. Indeed, it ranks favorably with the descriptions of "The Plague" in Thucydides, Boccacio, and Defoe. Taking it as a whole, the "Art of Preserving Health" is, next to Thomson's "Seasons" and Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," the finest didactic poem that has issued from the Scottish genius.

IN THE SUBWAY

H. E. Bates, M. D., New York.

Like cattle in some pen together driven,
Or sheep rough herded in a narrow fold;
With mercy shown to neither weak nor old,
Behold them. Hear the rough guard scold,
"Step lively! Let 'em off!" The air is riven
With shouts of admonition harshly given—
"Watch Your Step!"

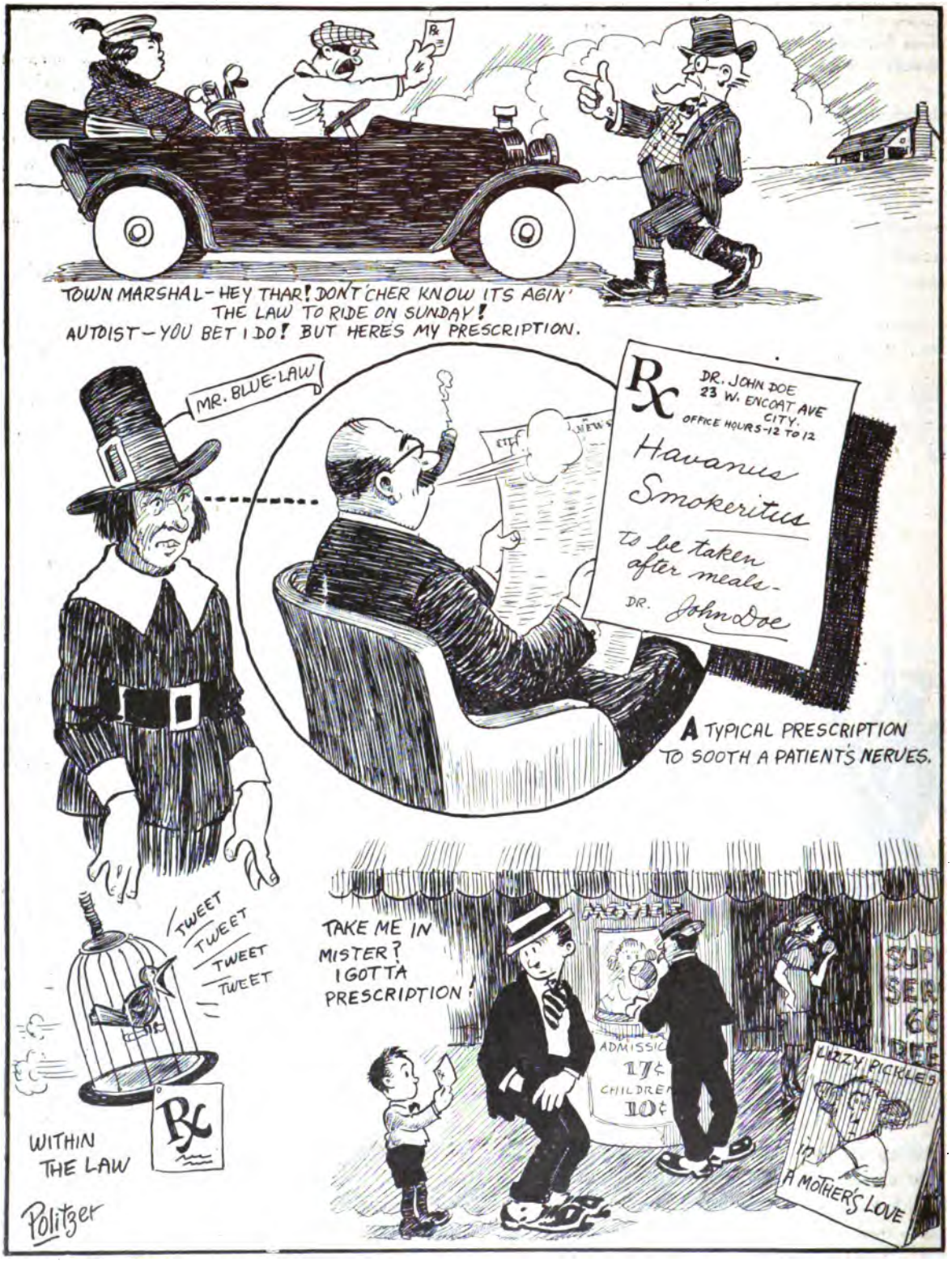
Like victims of some ocean shipwreck clinging
To spar or timber, see them swing and sway,
Fast holding to the rings of metal gray—
Crushed, trod upon, and sometimes torn away.
A stop—the growling doors, and then the ringing
"Watch Your Step!"

Ah, Raleigh, lord of courtesy and breeding,
Or Chesterfield for true politeness famed,
Or Bayard who without reproach was named,
Or Brummel by a world the Beau acclaimed,
Would these have jostled, pushed and jammed unheeding—
"Watch Your Step!"

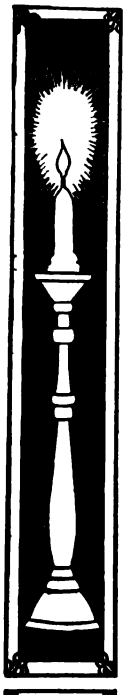
EFFECTIVE TREATMENT.

Cop: "I had to knock that drunk senseless for resisting arrest."

M. D.: "Yet, he told me he would know better the next time."



IF ALL THE ANTI-JOY LEAGUES AND BLUE LAW COMMITTEES HAD THEIR SAY.



ON EFFICIENCY

HARRY F. HALPERN, Nashua, N. H.
(A Doctor's Secretary)

Why is
It some
Doctors think
That doctors
Should be
Doctors, and
That doctoring
Should be
Their only
Call? Let
Them study
Some great
Doctors who
Are really
Star concoctors
And they'll
Find that
They are
Business men—
After all.

Is it
Really so
Disgraceful, or
Is business
So distasteful,
To a
Doctor, that
He cannot
Have a
File, or
Can't he
Even dicker
With a
Patient who
Is slicker
And would
Do the
Doctor out
Of his
Own pile?

The doctor
Is so
Busy he
Forgets his
Own tax
Bills, and
Often doomage
Charges are
The decorative
Frills. Yet
Some tardy
Patient with
A long
Overdue account
Will browbeat
The poor
Doctor 'till
He reduces
The amount.

Altho I'm
Young (not
Handsome) and
Of the
Common lay,
Perhaps there
May be
Profit in
What I
Have to
Say. My
Advice to
Doctors (I
Repeat I'm
Not a
Sage) is
BE EFFICIENT
BUSINESS MEN
In an
Efficient Age.

Of course
A doctor's
Business is
Quite different
From the
Rest for
He who
Uses heart
And head
Will get
Along best.
So when
I say,
"Efficient," I
Don't exactly
Mean to
Be a
Cold business
Man and
Only use
Your bean.

The message
That I
Would convey,
For reasons
Had best
Be known,
Is not
Just seek
Your pay,
But reap
The good
You've sown.

ONE HOOSIER TOWN

(TRAMP STARR.)

A TOOTHPICK.

When I want to tell a lie I dress it up in conventional clothes, so that it may pass without attracting undue attention. I would not say, for instance, that I had stuck a toothpick into a flower pot and that it had taken root and thrown out foliage. Folks would nail that. Yet it is exactly what happened, as half our town can affirm.

JUDGE SAMPLE.

When Judge Sample's wife died, he built a box and buried her in his orchard, as one might bury a dog. No undertaker, no song, no prayer. He dug the grave and he filled it, and he carried the box on a cart he had borrowed for the purpose. She was an old lady and he is an old man and they were childless. During her life they quarreled terribly. He is by theory a lawyer and keeps a sort of office in their front room. During their quarrels she would fly into this room and cut the pages from his law books and he would vent his wrath breaking dishes. Once she varied this program by opening the spigot on a barrel of sorghum and he followed her lead by gashing pillows and shaking feathers into the mess. So far as we know they never offered violence to each other, nor did one ever attempt to stay the other's destructiveness. Both were profane. Her unchristian burial caused much open criticism, which he answered by saying that none of us had ever cared for them and he would not have her touched by unloving hands.

NED WEST.

Ned West boasts that if we could collect what he owes we could build a new Courthouse. He is a stock buyer when he can find backing, is the town wit and has always been more or less of a local celebrity. When we had five saloons they always closed for two hours on Ned's birthdays, though none of them seemed to know why. He was never a paying customer and owed all of them bills which they could not collect. He has ruined, financially, several men who associated with him in various enterprises—one of them committing suicide after writing a note in which he named Ned, as one might say, co-respondent. Criminal charges could be filed against him at any time by at least a dozen of our citizens, but no one seems to care to prosecute him. He never seems to have much money, nor ever to be in need. He has a splendid wife and fine children, and they idolize him.

REV. GOODLY.

Rev. Goodly, who was pastor of the Presbyterian church for five months, left this morning on No. 9. He resigned Sunday morning at the regular preaching hour. He gave us no satisfactory reason for his action, but hinted at "something behind the curtain." At the evening service he failed to show up and the congregation was dismissed. After the morning service he had stopped me to say that he wanted to talk to me, so I went over to the parsonage. There was a light burning in the kitchen and I knocked at that door. He unlocked it and let me in. He was drinking coffee and his wife was rocking the baby. She had been crying and said that "such a thing had never happened to them before." I asked Rev. Goodly to tell me what was wrong. He told me that they had been persecuted and again hinted at "something behind the curtain." We talked until eleven o'clock and he gave me the red tissue paper bells which had hung in their windows since Christmas and an oil painting which he said that he cherished. When I went out I heard the key turn in the lock behind me. This morning after No. 9 pulled out Bob Coomb asked me if Rev. Goodly had said anything about geting threatening letters? He had not, and I said so. "I would not believe it," Bob said, "but that Rev. Mallon complained that he got them, too!" Rev. Mallon preached in our Christian church for seven months. He died just before Rev. Goodly came to our town, very suddenly, one Sunday, in convulsions, due, it was said, to acute indigestion.

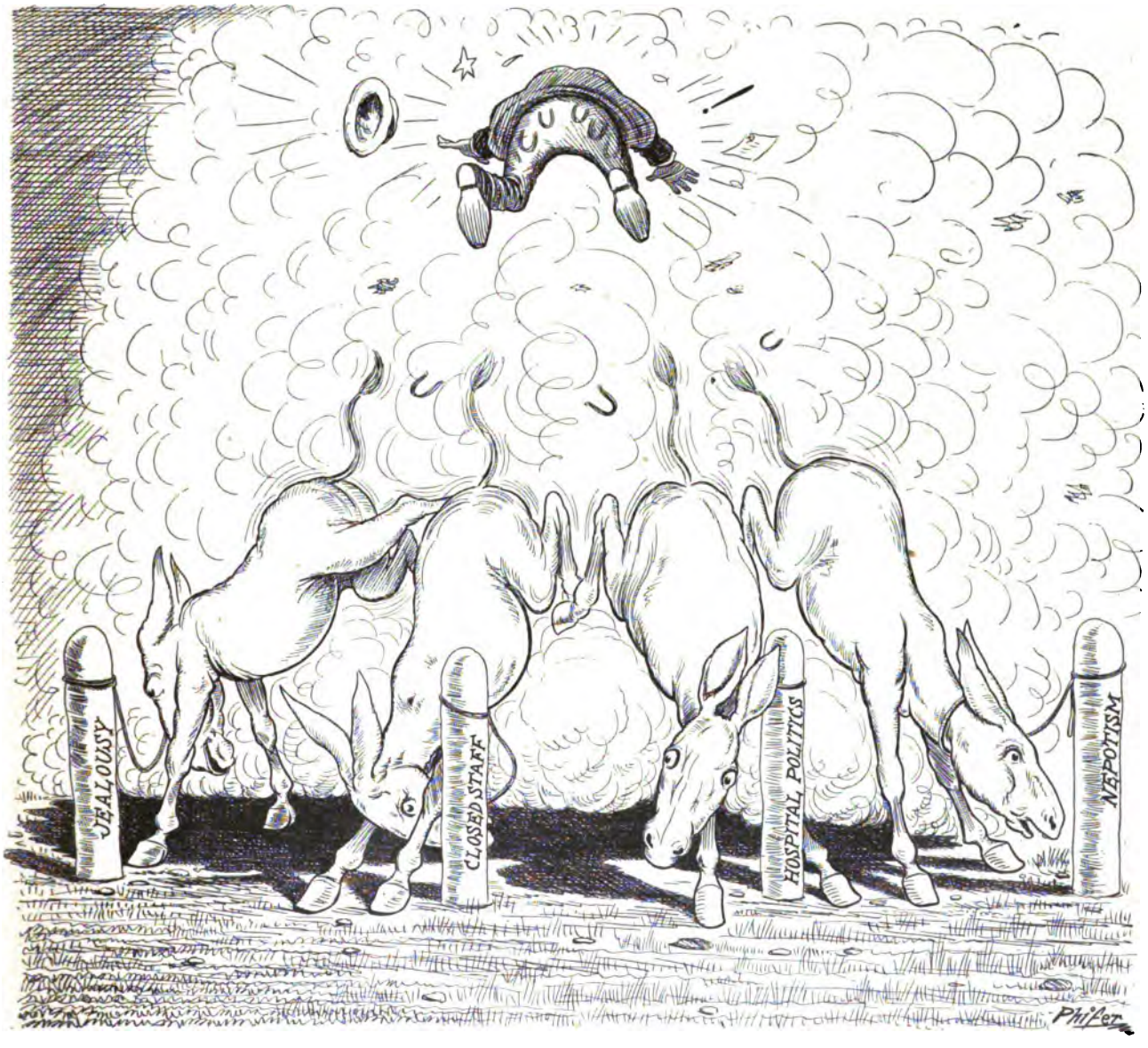
ED QUACKENBUSH.

Ed Quackenbush is a half wit. He lives on the outskirts of town with a negress who does washings and cultivates a small tract of ground that fringes the town dump. Ed assists some with the garden and picks up a few dollars around the stock pens on shipping days. He is a small man, hardly over five feet. He wears tall leather boots the year around and carries a staff that is as tall as he is. Tufts of grizzled hair curl out of his ears and nostrils and long chest hairs peep out over the neckband of his shirt, but his head is entirely bald, a condition un-

usual with half wits. It would be hard to guess his age, but he is still in his prime, as is the negress. There is considerable talk, off and on, about their living together, but nothing is ever done.

TOM SHELL.

Tom Shell is not a man we can rely on. At a lecture given for the Near East recently, Bob Coomb rose and stated that there was $600 in the treasury of our local charity and proposed that we call a meeting and vote half of it to the East. When Bob sat down Tom got up and said that $600 would save more lives than $300 and suggested that we vote it all. He sat down and the folks applauded him, but at the meeting which was called he refused to vote any portion of our local funds to the East. When we were raising funds for our school gymnasium he subscribed $100 and to the new Baptist parsonage $200, and he crawfished out of both. Tom owes a veneer mill, is wealthy according to our standards, and has a look of childlike sincerity. In the better than four years that he has lived in our town, I have seen his wife but a few times. Only once did I really look at her. She is a small woman and has black eyes—with a Devil peeping out of them.



What the new physician thought had happened when he sought to treat his patients in the only hospital in town.

A DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

ROBERT VALAYRIAN was a man of energy and ambition. When he went after a thing, and wanted it badly enough, he kept at it till he achieved it. He was also acutely sensitive to impressions; and how this virtue or vice, whichever one wants to call it according to his view, came near wrecking his ambition and his future, will be evident shortly.

Valayrian's ambition was to be a doctor, but lacking the necessary means and training, he became a druggist instead; but only temporarily, as a part of his preparation. "In order to be a good prescriber one must first be a druggist," was his motto. Mrs. Valayrian agreed with him. She was his great help and inspiration. When he married Beatrice Franke, Robert listened to the dictates of his heart rather than to his financial needs.

It was the custom on the East Side at the time for a medical student to marry a rich girl who would finance his studies and after graduation fit him out an elaborate office while pa-in-law would foot the bills until "our doctor" was able to stand on his own legs, that is, financially, of course.

Robert Valayrian wanted to be a doctor through his own means and by his own efforts. "I would rather marry the Rachel I love than the Leah of convenience," he told the Schatzchen when a rich girl was proposed. So he worked hard day and night to pay off the mortgage on his drug store, which he had bought on the installment plan, and every spare moment he studied the Regents' requirements.

Encouraged and inspired by his wife, Valayrian at last entered college and began the study of medicine, leaving a clerk in charge of the store.

The first year he found the work rather easy, as most students do, but as the work advanced it was difficult for him to keep up with the class, for he was no longer a young boy. Nevertheless, he kept doggedly on, and as the work became more difficult and more exacting, he was assailed by vague, indefinite fears that he would break down before he had completed his course.

He delved into the mysteries of Medicine and Surgery and studied Materia Medica and Therapeutics with avidity. He could recite the etiology, symptoms and treatment of every disease. He also began to take drugs, as recommended in Therapeutics, "just to see how they act on the human economy—in certain cases," he explained.

Mrs. Valayrian was uneasy. "What is the matter, dear?" she queried one day, in an anxious voice. "Of late you have been irritable and cranky; you have been taking drugs all the time; you have been pale, abstracted and your appetite has been poor."

"Oh! Is that so?" he replied, feigning ignorance. "I suppose the hard work is beginning to tell on me. You know, dear," he continued after a pause, "one cannot abuse nature with impunity without paying the penalty. She is a cruel avenger, nature is. You can readily understand," he resumed, seeing his wife was waiting for him to continue, "that to be indoors these many years in an unsanitary drug store, in a neighborhood reeking with filth and disease, is not conducive to good health. Add to this the financial strain and the anxiety about you and the children and you have all the elements that cause a breakdown. However, don't worry, dear. It will soon be over and then I'll take a rest." Mrs. Valayrian was satisfied but not convinced. She watched her husband more closely thereafter.

The end of the senior year was approaching. Robert Valayrian was in high glee. He had passed all the examinations of the junior term with high marks, he knew his work well and had no fears of the final result.

But Mrs. Valayrian was alarmed. Her husband had complained frequently of chills and cold sweats and of pains in his chest every time he tried to straighten his body from its bent position over the books. "Why don't you see your professor?" she urged. "If anything is really seriously wrong with you he might help you to get over it before it's too late. I think you owe it to the children and to me."

"But I have seen him," he finally burst out, with a sheepish grin.

"And what did he say is the matter with you," she eagerly asked, "and what should you do?"

"Oh, the old codger. He took down my entire pedigree, dissected my ancestors and relatives and then went over all the sectors of my anatomy and finally discovered 'somewhere' in the thorax a suspicious spot. He then advised me to leave everything behind me and hike out to the mountains for a few months. Now, isn't that just like the old fogie? I am not so sick," he hastened to add, as he saw fear and consternation in his wife's face.

"But you must do as he tells you, my dear. Your health comes first. You can take the finals, or an extra year if necessary, when you come back." She pleaded.

"No, sweetheart," he argued, "a vacation under such circumstances is out of the question. It could do me no good. The separation from you and the children, the brooding and disappointment would only aggravate whatever trouble I have. Besides, anyone but a professor would know that a student could not be persuaded to quit during the final weeks. Nothing short of a stretcher or death itself could take him away from the final exams, when a whole life's work is at stake. In this case there is the welfare of a wife and children as well. But then, why should a professor interest himself in the social, economic and domestic condition of a sick student? They are not in the Curriculum.

Robert Valayrian was duly graduated and received his M. D. degree. But he was not happy. He was now fully convinced that he had consumption.

The "Etiology and Symptoms of Pulmonary Tuberculosis," of which he had made a special study, was still fresh in his mind His own etiology and symptoms, elicited by self analysis, were classical as compared with those in the text book. He again came to his wife with the complaint

"I think, sweetheart, I am getting worse. I have night sweats, my cough has a peculiar hacking quality and I get hectic flushes. At the commencement dinner, the other night, I felt so weak I had difficulty in finishing my speech, and, I believe, I brought up some rusty sputum."

Mrs. Valayrian felt disturbed but looked calm as she replied: "Don't you think, dear, that you might be exaggerating your symptoms? The hall was very crowded that night and the air was stifling hot and oppressive—and you drank much wine. Possibly the 'rusty sputum' was some wine that you brought up."

"Well, my dear," he replied, "maybe you are right, maybe you are right. I'll go over to see the old codger again tonight."

Left alone, Mrs. Valayrian put the children to sleep and then with anxious, throbbing heart and ill forebodings sat down to watch the clock as it ticked the fateful moments. She took up a book on Tuberculosis, intending to master all its symptoms, prophylaxis and treatment, but the words swam before her eyes as she tried to read and she let the book lie open in her lap. Being interrupted in her reverie by the light step she was expecting approaching the door, she quickly hid the book and pretended to be dozing in her seat near the children's bed. Dr. Valayrian came into the house stealthily and stealing up to his wife was about to plant a kiss upon her waiting lips, but recalling the danger, kissed her forehead instead. Quick to discern and properly interpret her husband's action, Mrs. Valayrian jumped up with a start and taking her husband's arm led him into an adjoining room.

"Now, dear, tell me everything without reserve or hesitation. I am strong and can bear it." To avoid a direct answer, Dr. Valayrian stooped to pick her up, Sappho fashion, in his arms, but with a graceful twist of her lithe body she avoided him and insisted on knowing what the doctor said.

"Well, for one thing, he told me not to lift heavy weights," he replied with a smile, "especially when that was taken from my own rib, and to eat three square meals a day, prepared by a good cook, and ——"

"Now, no more of that, dear," she interrupted pleadingly, trying to look as serious as she felt. "Do tell me what the professor said."

Taking her face between his hands he again kissed her on the forehead and with a forced smile, "Oh, the old codger ordered me to leave everything and hike out to Colorado, away from an inquisitive wife and domestic cares. But," he added quickly as he observed a troubled look on her face, "you mustn't take these old fogies seriously. They mean well enough but they are victims of the old school training. A modern physician would think twice before taking a husband and father away from his beloved ones and ship him off to the wilderness merely because his condition is 'suspicious.' "Why, my dear girl," he continued with spirit, "I am not yet ready to cash in."

But in spite of his spirited protest, Dr. Valayrian felt his position untenable and his philosophy only student talk. "Anyway," he resumed in a mollified tone, "don't be unduly alarmed. I feel pretty well now. A rest and a change of environment will do me worlds of good. It is possible, as you suggested, that I have exaggerated my symptoms, having been so much absorbed in that particular subject, and the professor might have taken too much for granted. As to the 'suspicious spot,' I shall know tomorrow when I get the report from the laboratory. That will determine my course, the professor's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding."

Ah! If professors would only consider the patient as well as the disease; consider him as a human being aside from a sick being and use more common sense and less scientific theory, how much misery and suffering and heartache, yes, even life, they would save! But why use common sense when there are text books and authorities to cite in support of an hypothesis!

That night Dr. Valayrian lay awake, his eyes closed

simulating sleep, thinking of the future, conjuring up a picture of his beloved ones in the event of his inability to provide for them. What if the report should prove positive and he should have to go to Colorado in the hope of saving his life? How would he sustain himself? Who would provide for wife and children? Or is it all a chimera born of constant fear, apprehension and overwork? Well, the morrow will decide!

The many years spent behind the prescription counter yielded but little of worldly value, and the store, mortgaged to pay the college expenses, could not bring much in the market. However, that being the main asset, Dr. Valayrian lay pondering the problem of selling it till sleep, kind merciful sleep, blotted out all conscious unpleasantness. His even, rhythmic breathing and relaxed body, indicating sound slumber, his wife sat up, looked at him long and tenderly, her face pale and drawn, her eyes dry and sunken. She, too, had been awake, thinking deeply of the future, of the past, of the years of struggle and sacrifice when, side by side, they fought an uphill fight to overcome opposition, to overcome the many obstacles in their path, to reach the summit where success and happiness, like beacons of light to the sea-tossed sailor, beckoned them to follow.

She was truly a wife, a companion, a helpmate; indeed, one of the heroic women who suffer in silence, uncomplainingly, always smiling and cheerful. She was thinking of the student days, of the economic strain, of the keen struggle to make ends meet; of the many nights she had sat up with her husband, after the day's housework, to help him with his studies and to make his work pleasant. Now she was thinking of the two little ones, peacefully sleeping in the next room, who might be rendered homeless, perhaps fatherless, and was revolving in her active mind how she might still be of help. But who can adequately describe a mother's, a wife's feelings and thoughts at such supreme moments!

Seeing her husband getting restless under her steady gaze, Mrs. Valayrian put her head back on the pillows and was soon lost in oblivion.

Rising earlier than usual the next morning, Mrs. Valayrian slipped out of bed quietly, and shutting the door noiselessly behind her, tip-toed down stairs to intercept the letter carrier before he rang the bell. Then rushing again upstairs with the letter in her hand, her feet almost giving way under her, her heart beating fast and her whole body shaking with anxiety, she eagerly tore open the envelope, stared at the white slip of paper for a few seconds to make sure that she read aright, then collapsed on the floor in a passionate outburst, her arms encircling both children while the hot tears, streaming down her face, fell on their bewildered little heads.

During the minutes of beclouded semiconsciousness preceding the awakening after a night's restless sleep, Dr. Valayrian seemed to see his wife busy with her domestic duties, the children dressed and at play; and a pang of pain gripped at his heart. The thought flashed across his mind that soon he would have to leave this happy nest, that had cost so much to build, and he sensed the dangers from the ever lurking marauder, poverty. Assuming a cheerful air he walked almost gaily to the table, breakfasted with wife and children as usual, but somehow could not kiss them goodby as always, and left the house abruptly.

Instead of going to the store as was his custom, Dr. Valayrian proceeded to a drug broker with whom he arranged for the sale of the store. He then stopped at a railroad office and inquired about transportation to Colorado. Having received the information and having completed the necessary arrangements, he went to the drug store, where he took a careful inventory of all stock and fixtures and then returned home to acquaint his wife with the business in hand.

The sale took place under the usual excitement and bickering while Dr. Valayrian stood in the background depressed and thoughtfully reminiscent of the years of labor it required to make the business a success and to enable him to finish his medical course and so attain his goal.

And now! Now he had finished successfully, had reached his goal at the cost possibly of his life and the welfare and the happiness of his dear ones—he must give it all up! He felt no regrets that the store was to go, for the occasion demanded cool deliberation, not self pity, worry or brooding.

Throwing out his chest and assuming his habitual pleasant smile, Dr. Valayrian stepped forward among the buyers to mingle with the many friends and acquaintances who had come to buy, more out of sympathy than necessity. His plight was generally known to his friends in the profession and they responded readily.

The sale was over. Dr. Valayrian pocketed the proceeds and, after paying off his debts, went home, accompanied by his ever devoted and inseparable boyhood friends, Bernhard and Louis, and followed by the faithful Phenol, his dog.

At home, over the simple meal, plans were discussed and formulated for the future of Mrs. Valayrian and the children. For himself, Dr Valayrian was not much concerned, having absolute faith, born of optimism, in

his ability to overcome all obstacles and feeling himself fully capable of getting along somehow. So he turned over the remaining funds to the joint stewardship of their two faithful friends, knowing well that in their capable hands the little sum would not lie idle, and arose to bid the family good bye. He did not wish to prolong the agony to leave-taking nor to cause heart-breaking scenes. Gathering the two children into his arms, he strained them to his breast, kissing them passionately while trying to choke back the tears that threatened to overwhelm him.

Fanny, the younger child, when she finally could catch her breath, wriggled out of his arms and pointing a finger of authority at her father commanded in a trembling voice: "Now, you be a good daddy and when you come back from far away bring me some candy and a big doll."

Helen, who understood that "far away" was no joy ride, clung to her father's neck, tears glistening on her large lashes, as her father entreated her to be good to her mother and sister. Then fervently clasping his wife, who had turned to the window to hide her emotion, almost brutally, he left them without saying a word. Nor did he dare to turn back for a last look at his wife, who, with the children beside her, stood, pale and suddenly grown aged, watching from a window.

When Mrs. Valayrian could see her husband no longer, she turned back to the room he had just left, dropped into the chair he had occupied and gave vent to her pent up emotions.

Walking leisurely to the depot, absorbed with conflicting thoughts and emotions, Dr. Valayrian at last reached his train, boarded it and dropped into a seat. Turning about to see who his fellow passengers might be, he was surprised to find himself the sole occupant of the car.

The phantom-like appearance of the car with its rows of unoccupied seats and the oppressive atmosphere sent a chill down his spine. Suddenly he felt a familiar licking of his hand and glancing down he saw Phenol looking up into his face, joyously wagging her tail. How she got in there Dr. Valayrian could not tell, but he was glad to have her cheering companionship, as he was very fond of the faithful animal.

He took the dog on his lap and was petting her intelligent head, while trying to close his eyes in sleep, but somehow sleep would not come. The strangeness of the surroundings, too, palled on him and try as he might he could not shake off the feeling of unreality. The train was running rapidly along and the kaleidoscopic panorama, flashing before his eyes, gave him an uncanny feeling. Suddenly taking a curve, the train was moving up a great mountain between long stretches of fertile valley and pasture land on which animals were grazing. Looking intently at these he saw them suddenly transformed into large frame houses, each one bearing a sign above its door:

"SANATORIUM FOR CONSUMPTIVES."

On porches encircling the houses were invalids sitting about, surrounded by many children at play. Among these children Dr. Valayrian recognized his own and stretched out his arms to them, but just then the train lurched forward and seemed to fall into space and he sat up with a start and blinked his unbelieving eyes several times as he beheld Helen, with Fanny beside her, holding a paper in her trembling hand, saying, "Wake up, daddy, here is the certi— the certificticket; Mamma says it's negative," while Mrs. Valayrian with Phenol at her feet, stood smiling down at him.

The sight of his beloved ones together with the "certificticket" roused him to the fact that he had just passed through a nightmare and that "Life is real; life is earnest! And the sanatorium is not its goal!"

Jumping out of bed he embraced the whole family with one sweep of his arms and, dancing and walking, led them in to breakfast.

"Well, dear," queried Mrs. Valayrian, as they were sipping the coffee, "now that the report is negative, what do you intend to do?"

"I'll tell you something, sweetheart, that has been on my mind the last few days," Dr. Valayrian replied, taking in the whole group with his fond smile. "It begins to dawn on me that I have been living through a dream, a nightmare, a fear that has obsessed me. Ever since I entered college the fear has haunted me that I will get consumption because of the severe strain on my physical and mental faculties and the unsanitary condition of my surroundings. I have been constantly thinking of it, unable to shake it off. Having had this fear constantly in mind, it grew into a certainty as I studied the subject and absorbed every sign and symptom. My exhaustion and breakdown at the end merely confirmed my belief, and when relating my symptoms to the professor I must have quoted the book verbatim, believing that I really felt all that I described to him.

"Now, however, I feel a thousand per cent. stronger and at least twenty years younger and I'll tell you what we'll do. We will pack up and go away, all of us, for a few weeks to the country—on our honeymoon, which I still owe you. Now all those in favor will say, aye." And with a joyous shouting and clapping of hands they all agreed.

SAMUEL A. LEWIN, M. D.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

DISILLUSIONED

THE crude efforts of street "musicians" who haunt the courts and back-yards of apartment houses seldom appeal to the aesthetic sensibilities of the seasoned flat dweller.

All sorts and conditions of men appear and disappear, trailing clouds of agonizing sounds—some bearing disreputable old 'cellos; some dragging harps which, unlike David's, twanged before King Saul—rouse the evil spirit instead of exorcising it. Others with battered violins tucked beneath unshaven chins send forth weird wails in a variety of off-the-keys. More frequently the human voice bursts into strident song until a "Frowning Providence" in the guise of the janitor—wearing anything but the "Smiling Face" of the hymnal—chases the would-be troubadour off the premises.

Certain dark thoughts of "justifiable homicide" have arisen in me during the matin visits of a shabby warbler—safely past the pitfalls of the "dangerous age"—who periodically hovers within the sacred portals of the back-yard, and in an indescribably ludicrous, cracked voice confides to a scattered array of unsympathetic and stony-eyed listeners at upper windows the unbelievable tidings that "Sh-e-e-s my sw-e-e-t-h-e-a-r-t, I'm h-e-r J-o-e" through a maddening number of verses, till only a sense of propriety inherited from a long line of peaceful Quakers restrains me from throwing things at his grizzled pate.

Seated at the open window one sultry evening, with a cherished—and it must be confessed—rejected manuscript on my lap, I was trying to put my will into harmony with that of the editor who had unfeelingly returned it—with the usual accompanying disingenuous platitudes—when I caught the faint, tremulous sound of a plaintive voice softly chanting in a sort of mournful recitative. Like a far-away note in a vast cathedral it echoed from somewhere within the cavernous depths of the dingy court. The melancholy strains, shrouded in mystery, stealing through the dusk, were "different" from the rancous noises one had endured from miscellaneous predecessors. Pushing the afflicting pages aside, I cautiously thrust my head between the thin curtains swaying in a belated cooling breeze, and peered up and down the shadowy court, hoping its fastnesses might reveal the youth whose voice had so touched my emotions—for such a fresh voice could come from none but a young throat—not to be classed with the wheezy quaverings of the amorous and asthmatic "Joe."

The voice—was it only a voice—disembodied, immortal?—grew more distinct, swelling in volume as it approached. In fancy I pictured an olive-skinned son of Italy, curly-haired and dreamy-eyed, pouring out his yearnings for his native land. My romantic heart grew soft with its imaginings. Clear as a silver horn the mystic sounds moved me to the verge of tears. Drawing nearer, still nearer, words gradually separated themselves from the melodious measures. All too soon the spell was broken, and sentimental visions of a gentle youth longing for a beloved country faded. Perhaps fate had been kind not to allow the owner of the voice to materialize, for the words, now becoming audible, were plain, honest-to-goodness American, and of a prosaically bread-and-butter character.

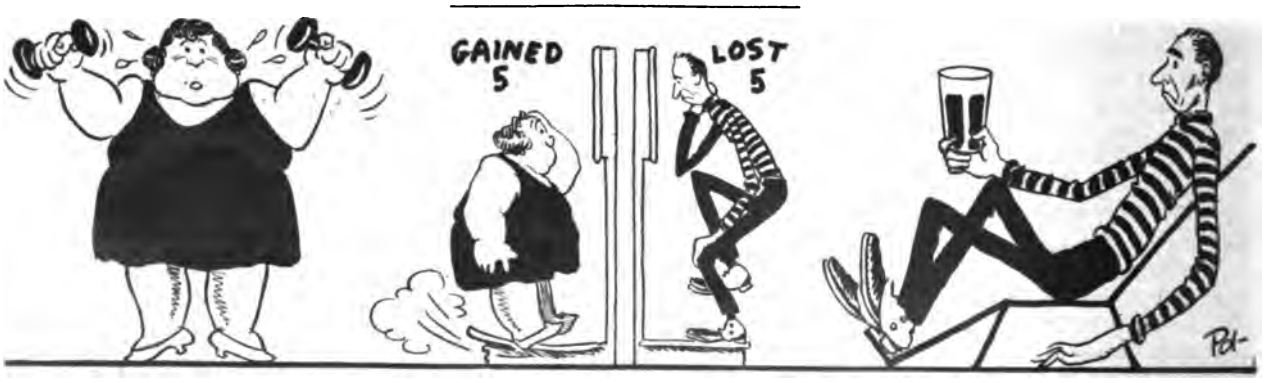
The voice, floating from the astral body which enveloped it, slowly chanted: "I—must—live. Give—me—something—to—live—on. I only—want—to—make—a—living. I—want—to—make—my—living."

The unseen minstrel reiterated his fervent appeal. Its cadence rose and fell in the gathering gloom. My facile heart softened afresh. Forgotten were my literary woes, and the fibbing editor, as a wave of sympathy for a penniless wanderer—no spirit this—filled me anew with eager compassion. Again the now familiar refrain smote my ear: "I—want—to—make—my—living!"

Presto! Tragedy was turned to Comedy! A big bass voice, booming from Olympian heights above me, bawled in stentorian tones:

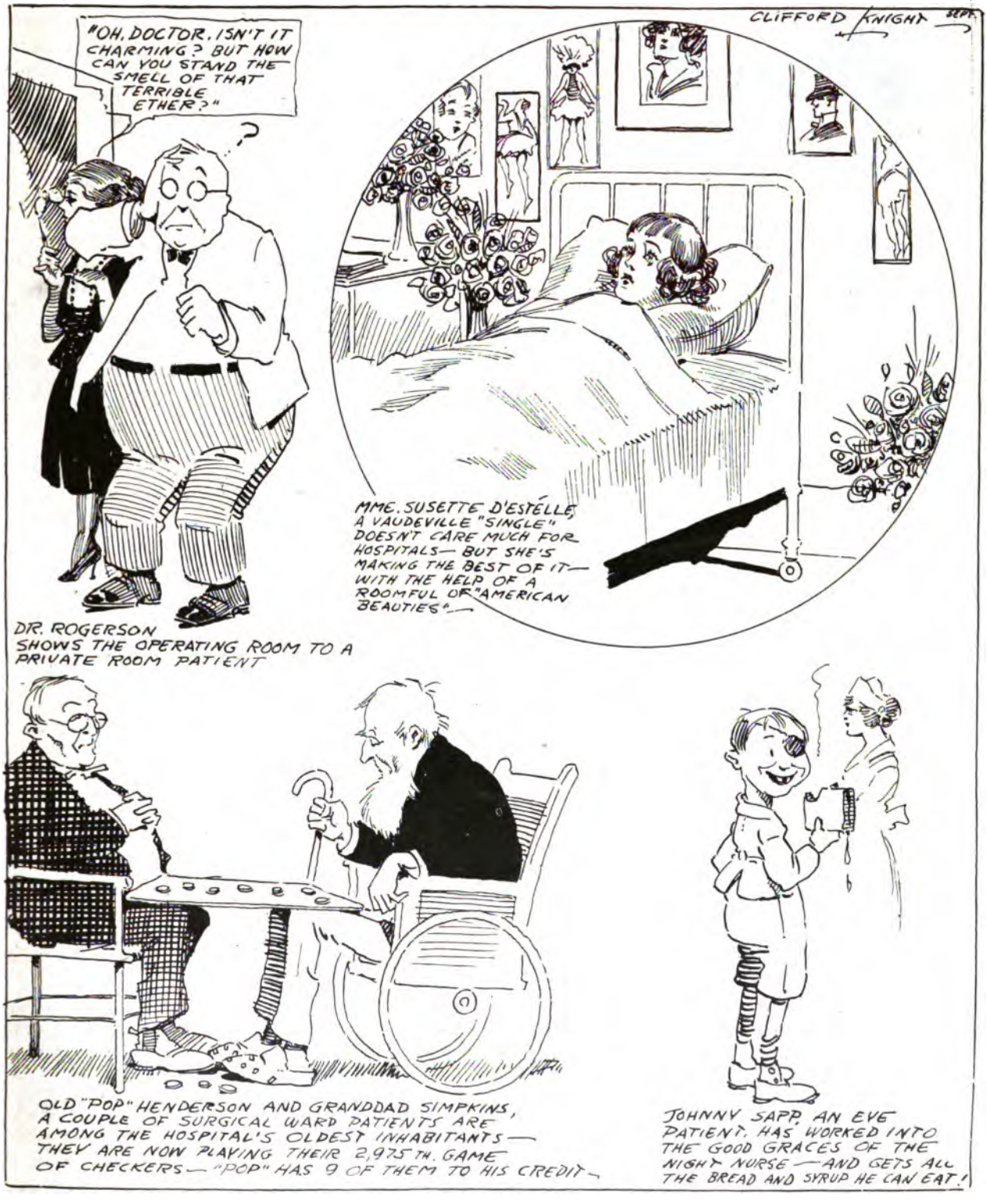
Then why don't you go to work?

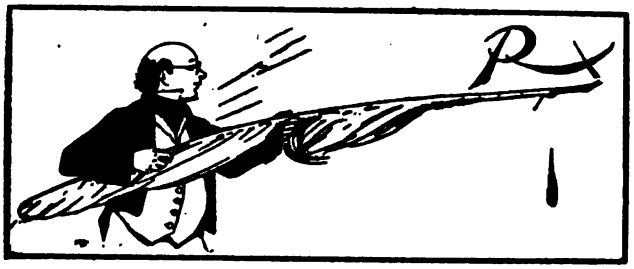
GEORGIANA CHEESMAN.



"THE STOUT GET STOUTER AND THE LEAN GET LEANER."

PATIENTS!


CLIFFORD KNIGHT SEPT.
"OH, DOCTOR, ISN'T IT CHARMING? BUT HOW CAN YOU STAND THE SMELL OF THAT TERRIBLE ETHER?"
MME. SUSETTE D'ESTELLE, A VAUDEVILLE "SINGLE" DOESN'T CARE MUCH FOR HOSPITALS— BUT SHE'S MAKING THE BEST OF IT— WITH THE HELP OF A ROOMFUL OF "AMERICAN BEAUTIES"—
DR. ROGERSON SHOWS THE OPERATING ROOM TO A PRIVATE ROOM PATIENT
OLD "POP" HENDERSON AND GRANDDAD SIMPKINS, A COUPLE OF SURGICAL WARD PATIENTS ARE AMONG THE HOSPITAL'S OLDEST INHABITANTS— THEY ARE NOW PLAYING THEIR 2,975TH. GAME OF CHECKERS— "POP" HAS 9 OF THEM TO HIS CREDIT—
JOHNNY SAPP, AN EYE PATIENT, HAS WORKED INTO THE GOOD GRACES OF THE NIGHT NURSE — AND GETS ALL THE BREAD AND SYRUP HE CAN EAT!



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SEPTEMBER, 1921.

"I ACCEPT."

SEPTEMBER is here and recalls "September Morn," concerning which clericals and nigh-clericals were wont to debate with much vigor. The lure of the sea, the joy of the chase, and primal instincts still persist in man. Nakedness and modesty are not incompatible. The suggestiveness of dress may outweigh the salaciousness alleged to be found in many objects of artistic worth. It is difficult to define the moral and interpret the spiritual elements in life. Each accepts for himself. Like the poor man in "The Tavern" one may ask, "What's all the shootin' for?"

Legislation over morality has rarely proven itself effective. The spiritual values of life are developed from within, in response to reactions of admiration, wonder and awe. Behind it all there may be a great fear for the continuity of self. What are men afraid of, and why are they afraid? There is a wealth of suggestion and an occasion for philosophy in Franklin Lane's last words, "I accept." This does not necessarily mean letting life roll on, without aim or purpose, without efforts at self betterment, without an attempt to improve the status of our age and generation.

I accept the inevitable. I recognize the finiteness and immortality of man. There is no indication of acceptance of those things in the conquest of which man may aid. There is no hesitation about grappling with nature, striving to open the mysteries of science, nor indeed, to attempt to penetrate the greatest mysteries of life. In the sense of acceptance there is due humility together with a gracious dignity, a recognition of man's might and his weakness, a consciousness of potential accomplishment and his own impotence.

Many rage against the thorns, who fail to see the beauty of the rose.

VOCATION AND AVOCATION.

THE more strenuous the vocation, the greater is the need for avocation. Medicine, inheritor of the strains of numerous scientific ancestors, embraces humanity. There is a Weltgeist which provides an expression for all that appertains to human welfare. It is for this reason that physicians have ever found outlets for their interests in useful service. With avocational devotion they have strengthened their sinews for the war against disease. In literature, art, science, history, in anthrapology, geology, physics, chemistry and mineralogy, in music, painting, etching, sculpturing they have made valuable contributions to the progress of the world. In the finding of satisfaction for self there has grown abundant opportunity for enhancing the satisfaction of others.

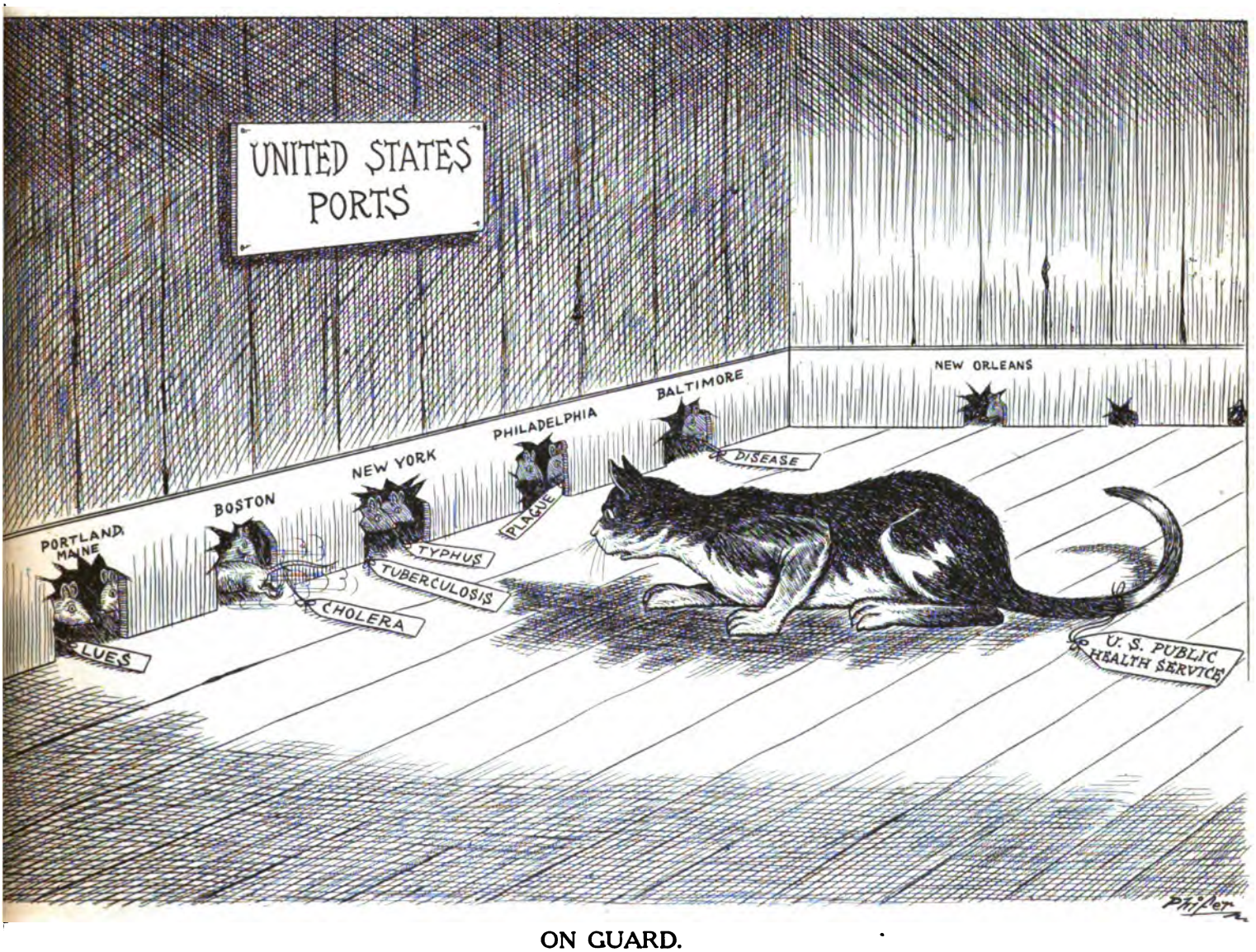
There are a few who appear to suffer from discontent, who are disgruntled, who view life through black glasses, who, indeed, manifest a tremendous feeling of inferiority, and who exhibit their sense of failure in avocational negativity. If one casts about, when in a meditative mood, for those moments which have conferred the greatest pleasure, a high proportion will be found to be associated with recreation and avocation. There is little transcendent joy in treating tonsillitis, alopecia, tinea, or rhinitis. There are moments of undoubted exaltation in the creation of a new operative technic, in the discovery of an effective therapeutic agent, or in the revelation of a hitherto unknown cause of disease. Great is the pleasure to be derived in the consciousness of a definitely demonstrated saving of human life, or in the successful reconstruction of perverted functions.

It is doubtful whether these moments have a more powerful effect upon the emotional reactions of men than the re-creative influence of efforts directed towards the solution of one's own problems of adjustment.

There are many who appear to derive untold pleasure from the recounting of their marvelous attainments in medicine. This comes mainly from the desire to elevate self in the estimation of others. For personal comfort there is an equally fruitful sensation of comfort and peace

of mind that arises from the quiet days of fishing, the painting of a landscape, the hammering out of a new tool, the building of a shack, the moulding of a statuette.

After all is said and done, vocation and avocation make their definite contributions. Personality is the sum total of reactions and adjustments. The more favorable qualities arise from the sensations of "I want to" rather than "I must." The regulation of conduct through deep interests, with motives that are at once self satisfying and social, provides the widest opportunity for the emergence of contentment. The doctor's fad, his avocation—his safety valve—may consist of the collection of bugs or beetles, stamps or precious gems, devotion to billiards, golf or dancing, the handling of a boat, or the free giving of himself to investigation, to philanthropy, to education, to social service. It matters little what the form of outlet may be. The doctor becomes a better physician by reason of possessing and utilizing the non-medical currents which broaden his understanding and stimulate his human sympathies.



ON GUARD.

OBITER DICTA

A TOAST.

"To the Consultant, and the Laboratory Man; they share our responsibilities but double the expenses."

THE ENDOCRINE CLINIC.

Falstaff, fat, gluttonous, amorous, and cowardly. Dicken's fat boy.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE.

Crile has shown that shock is due to destruction of brain cells and that excessive vital processes such as exertion or emotion act exactly like infections and poisons. The most intensely vital moment is Death.

PROGRESS OF CLINICAL SEMEIOLOGY.

They used to look at the tongue to judge of digestion, and take the pulse for the heart's sake. Now, we have sphygmomanometry as an index of metabolism and the tongue as index of circulation.

Crossed Hormones make for the artistic personality and temperament. The aesthetic male is effeminate; the aesthetic female, viraginoid rather than virginal. Hence, long haired men and short haired women. The most virile male has no Art life, and (100 per cent.) woman's place is in the Home—or the Harem. His, is in the Field. As long as he did things, there was an outlet for his vitality, killing, loving, or tilling, and he did not paint, sing or versify. Self-expression was used up in action. I think the first artist was a cave man who was laid up with a broken leg, and had to "lay up" in the cave with the women.

MEDICAL OCCASIONS.

The Scientific Discussion. Dr. Smith, on invitation, said that he was sensible of the honor done him in asking him to open the discussion on Dr. Robinson's valuable contribution to medicine. He really did not know why he had been called upon as he had not done much along these lines. Dr. Robinson was to be congratulated on his excellent paper. He (Dr. Smith) really had very little to add. He might say that much of this work had been published by Brown, quite a long time ago, and that some, at least, of Dr. Robinson's conclusions were not borne out by practical experience."

They used to say there was Safety in Numbers, but this appears to be, nowadays, Good Form for the Damphool, "Mr. and Mrs. Climber will be at home on Saturday, August the twenty-seventh, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-one, from four until seven, at six thousand five hundred and twenty-nine West six hundred and seventy-eighth street."

IN A NUTSHELL.

(From the *N. Y. Medical Journal*, July 17th, 1920.)

"The more thoroughly we become acquainted with gastro-intestinal manifestations, the more convinced do we become of the fact that their creation often has its generic stimulus in dysfunction of other apparently remote organs. This stimulus through the nervous system affects the alimentary system. Upon investigation I elicited that the ocular apparatus was more or less unsuccessful in its efforts properly to adapt itself to an adequate appreciation of the environment."

FACE TO FACE.

Conscious giving, as well as taking, of pleasure in the embrace was the beginning of sentimental or ideal love.

The young Faun is a delight. When he grows old they call him Satyr, and he is a Horror.

If you want to keep your self-respect, do not let your patient become either your customer or your employer.

To some, the Individual implies individual profit, privilege, or immunity, and no interest or welfare of the community should be allowed to infringe upon it. But this means an outcry against all attempts of the community to keep the economic greed of the individual within bounds by State control, socialization, or ownership of industries, professions, or resources. The average healthy man is reasonably sure of being able to get away with it in competition, aided by some more or less dubious and devious "business" methods. He does not want his weaker brother helped in health or efficiency, and he certainly does not want any snooping about to inspect his methods or his results. He sums up Insurance, Pensions, Factory Inspection, etc., etc., as unfair, socialistic, and as premiums on inefficiency. When it comes to non-economic factors, these same individualists, who were

so impatient of community control, turn right about face and want a very strict community control of religious belief, political opinion, and social conduct, either by the "Government," or by Church, Press, and School, all directed by Combinations of Interest.

Equality before the Law means an equal responsibility for making and upholding, and an equal liability to punishment for breaking it. Socially, it means, or should, equal ability to meet such demands and such responsibility, i. e., equal health, within reason, moral, physical, mental. As money gave immunity, of old, so money gives immunity today largely from disease, crime, ignorance. The danger of contagious disease, and its economic wastefulness, is a truism. Some day we shall be equally wise about the contagion of misery, vice, and stupidity.

PREMIUMS.

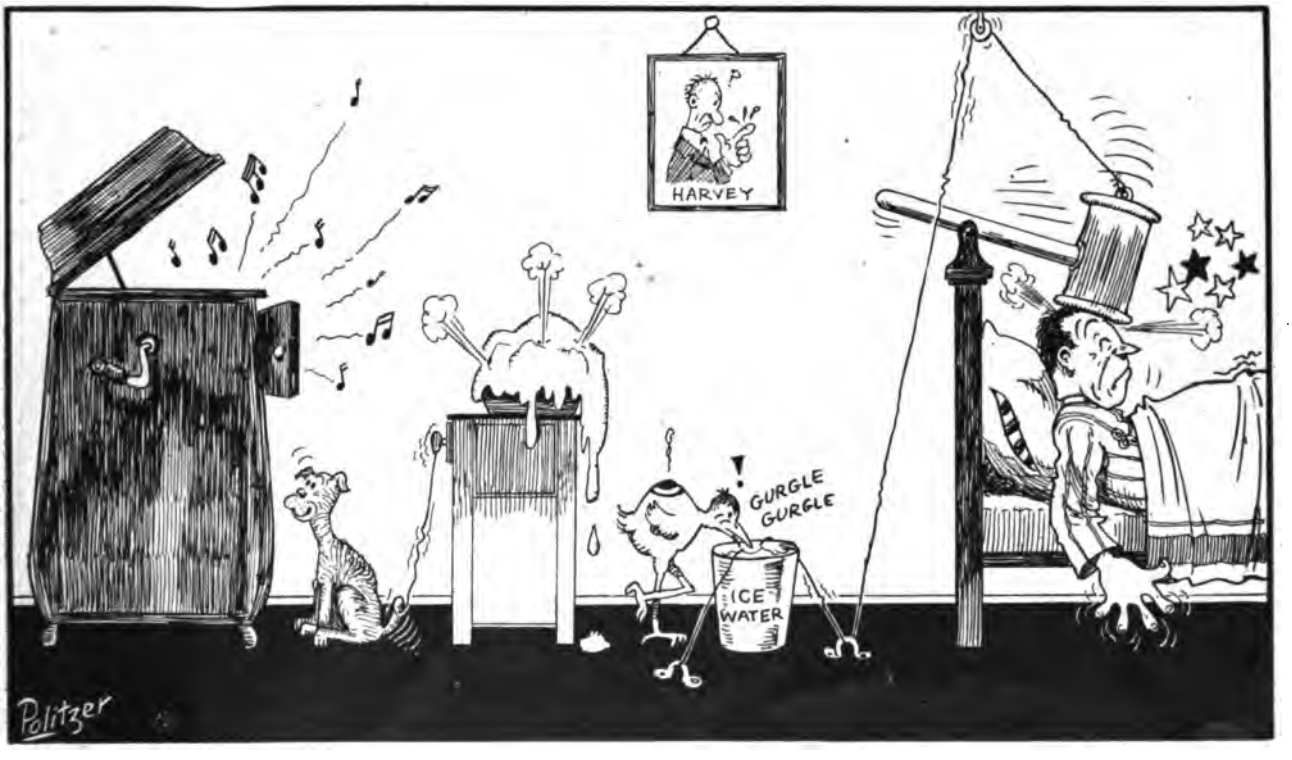
I think Health Insurance is a premium on Simulation of Sickness, and Pensions a Premium on Laziness. Also, I think Police are a Premium on Burglars, Health Departments a Premium on Epidemics, Street Cleaning Departments a Premium on Dirty House-Keeping, and, finally, that such arguments are a Premium on Insanity. Welfare Legislation a Premium on Shiftlessness, Public Schools a Premium on Illiteracy, Gov. Miller a Premium on Reactionary Bigotry.

"I think any political action by groups will destroy our Republic. If you want to work for action you must join the Party."—Gov. Miller to Women's League. But when it comes to a small but well appointed Lobby, Walk right in!

MEDICO-SOCIAL PROGRESS.

They used to consider sickness a crime and a visitation to be handled by whipping and prayer. Now, we look on crime and immorality as sickness to be treated by rational social and medical methods.

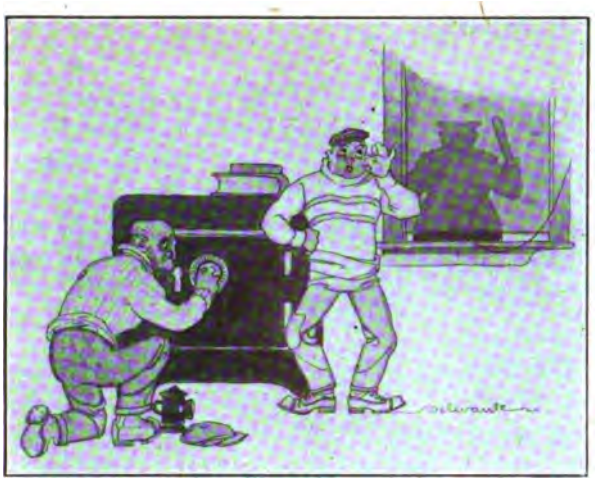
P. H. F.



MEDICAL PICKWICK WONDERS OF THE WORLD—NO. 2.

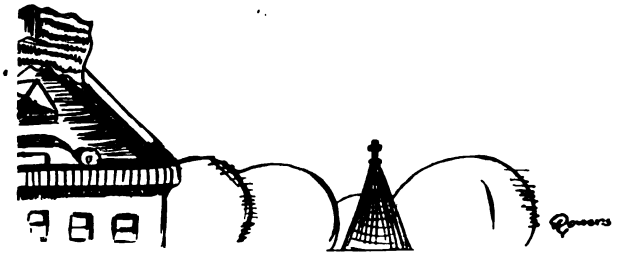
The Automatic Sleep Producer.

Press electric button to start latest jazz number on phonograph. This causes dog to wag its tail. The string tied to it turns the gas on full under the bread. When this rises and runs over, the tiny kuku bird makes a grab for some of it thereby burning his tongue. When he rushes for a cool drink after this, the string tied across the glass of water is nipped in two releasing the knocker filled with buck shot. This is sure to put your patient to sleep.

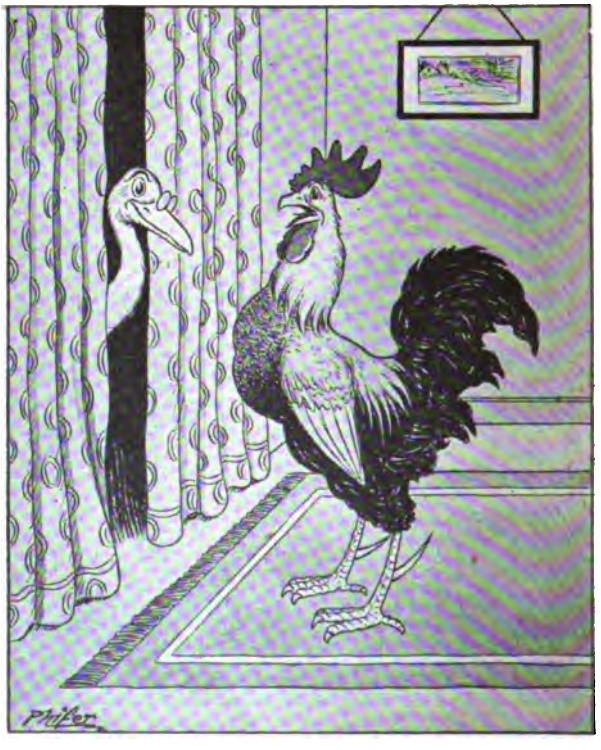


A Safe Prognosis.

What little Willie thought would happen to him when his "Maw" gave him some yeast cake.

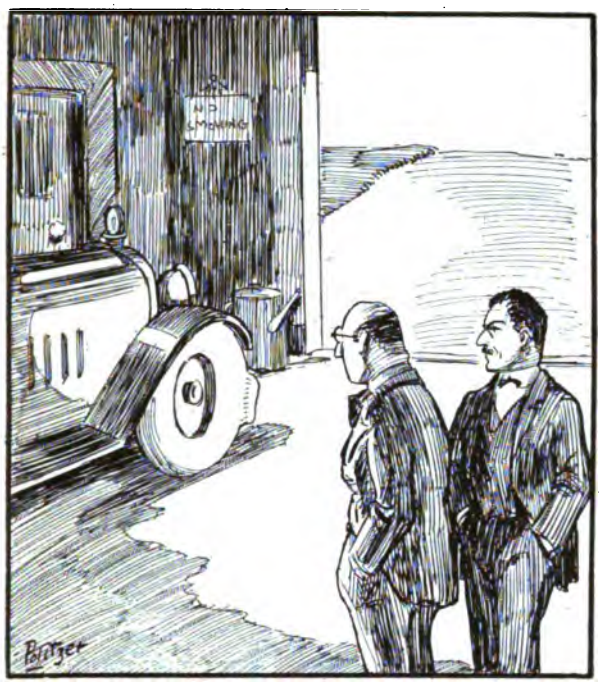


"Gee, I'm getting nervous. That's the second rivet I've dropped this week."



Proud Father: But, Doctor, you're certainly wrong in your count. There were only six eggs to begin with!

Doctor: You forget my dear sir, that four of them had double yolks.



M. D.: Say! If I haven't gone and left the wrench inside the tire!

Friend Jones: Well! Well! You can bet I'd never let you perform an operation on me!

How Did He Mean It?

"Sorry to get you out in the middle of the night, Doc. I had pains in my stomach, but they went away and I feel fine now."

"Well, I can give you something to counteract that."

The Sweet Young Thing Next Door

Says: She enjoyed the charity affair immensely, especially the "anaesthetic dancers."

Incurables.

Ethel will be delighted when I bring her this orchid.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR TRIES THE CITY FOR A CHANGE

JOE E. DILDY, M. D., Brownwood, Texas.

The country doctor, weary of muddy roads and rural fame,
Sold his practice and went to the city to make a name.
He shipped many queer old things he couldn't give away nor sell,
Grindstone, milking stool, even took the old bucket off the well.

But after all his care he found, when he got to town and 'twas too late,
The things he needed most would never come by express nor freight—
His good name and local fame, alike, refused modern transportation
The town was too small for The Retail Merchants' Association.

His credit was good back home, where calls and lance paid the bills,
But hardboiled Cityites demanded cash instead of advice and pills.
He ordered the plumber to hook up the stove and turn on the heat,
He had to pay ninety dollars cash before he could warm his feet.

He sold his Ford before he came, so he bought a sporty six
He was game and tackled Main and got things in a helluvafix;
He tried to stop the speedy thing when he hit the traffic cop,
Then on he went with his axle bent, hunting the blacksmith shop.

A call came one day, after waiting and praying six months or more,
Way out in Poverty Flat behind a negro's grocery store.
Poor colored Kid, so sick, one dose, eyes rolled, DIED without a kick.
"Oh, my God!" the negroes moaned, "Oh, my Lord! he sho ken kill 'em quick."

Standing on the curb, homesick one day, longing for a friendly face,
An old time friend came along and said, "Doc, how do you like this place?"
The Doctor said, "I'd rather see dew drops on grass leaves and flowers
Than look at glass balls and handmade gems on city domes and towers.

"I had rather hear the wild birds singing beautiful, God-made songs
Than hear the screech of a thousand whistles mixed with street car gongs.
I'd rather have one old honest farmer to make too much of me,
One rural kiddie to hug my neck and be glad to sit on my knee
Than go in style wearing a frost bit smile,
Hobnobbing with a lot of Guys who don't give a damn for me."

THE DUEL

ELIZABETH F. DOHERTY, New York.

When Dear and I sometimes fall out,
It is because of Pride—no doubt;
And then I'm tangled in a fight
'Twixt Love and Pride—to prove their might!

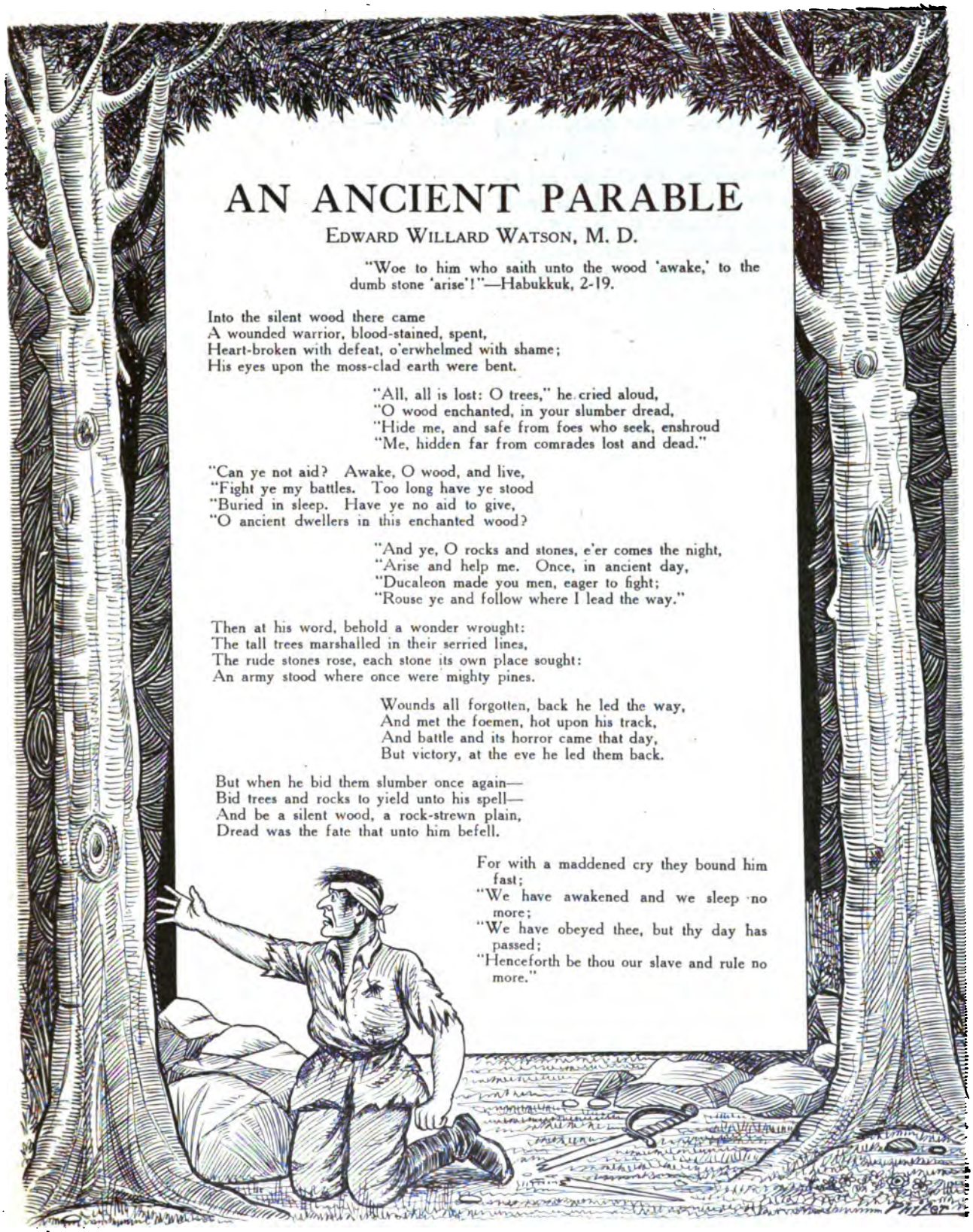
I love thee, Dear—alack 'tis true!
But Pride alas!—I love thee, too!
Shall I be swayed by Love or Pride?
It is for you, Dear, to decide.

KNOWLEDGE

The great Creator of the race
May know, in any given case,
  What women will, or will not, do,
  Or say, from day to day, as through
    The years they trot;

But it is certainly a fact,
However keen may be his tact,
  Or sharp his wit, or big his brain,
  Or proud the glory of his reign,
    That man does not.

RALPH M. THOMSON, M. D.



AN ANCIENT PARABLE

EDWARD WILLARD WATSON, M. D.

"Woe to him who saith unto the wood 'awake,' to the dumb stone 'arise'!"—Habukkuk, 2-19.

Into the silent wood there came
A wounded warrior, blood-stained, spent,
Heart-broken with defeat, o'erwhelmed with shame;
His eyes upon the moss-clad earth were bent.

"All, all is lost: O trees," he cried aloud,
"O wood enchanted, in your slumber dread,
"Hide me, and safe from foes who seek, enshroud
"Me, hidden far from comrades lost and dead."

"Can ye not aid? Awake, O wood, and live,
"Fight ye my battles. Too long have ye stood
"Buried in sleep. Have ye no aid to give,
"O ancient dwellers in this enchanted wood?

"And ye, O rocks and stones, e'er comes the night,
"Arise and help me. Once, in ancient day,
"Ducaleon made you men, eager to fight;
"Rouse ye and follow where I lead the way."

Then at his word, behold a wonder wrought:
The tall trees marshalled in their serried lines,
The rude stones rose, each stone its own place sought:
An army stood where once were mighty pines.

Wounds all forgotten, back he led the way,
And met the foemen, hot upon his track,
And battle and its horror came that day,
But victory, at the eve he led them back.

But when he bid them slumber once again—
Bid trees and rocks to yield unto his spell—
And be a silent wood, a rock-strewn plain,
Dread was the fate that unto him befell.

For with a maddened cry they bound him fast;
"We have awakened and we sleep no more;
"We have obeyed thee, but thy day has passed;
"Henceforth be thou our slave and rule no more."

HIS FIRST CASE

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.—The Skating Party.

WHEN Doctor Lants finally arrived there was nothing for him to do. He examined the Colonel and expressed the opinion that he would survive, although he was still under severe shock. The only examination he gave Charles was a close scrutiny of the hurriedly-contrived apparatus to hold the leg in place.

"You've done some mighty fine work, Doctor," he said to Fred. "There isn't a man in a hundred who would have attempted such a task alone."

"I wasn't alone," declared Fred. "Miss Everett did her full share of the burden. If it hadn't been for her, I don't know what I would have done."

"Nevertheless, that does not detract from your heroic acts," growled the old doctor from Oliva. "The fact that you had the ability to select and utilize unskilled help adds to your glory. I'm sorry I could find no nurse at this time of night—I guess they're all celebrating." He spoke to Justina: "If you can stay until morning, I'll send somebody down."

"I'll stay tonight myself," said Fred. "You come back tomorrow and bring a nurse with you."

Doctor Lants shook his head. "It's not necessary for me to come any more. You can do all that's necessary; that's plainly evident to everybody now, after this work."

Fred, standing erect before the Oliva physician, slightly taller than he, squared his shoulders and gazed down at him with clear brown eyes. "No!" he stated emphatically. "The Colonel don't want me and neither does Mrs. Darl—that much I know. So the case is yours from now on. I did what I did because it was necessary for it to be done at once, and there was nobody else to do it, and so I'll stay tonight for the same reason; but from tomorrow on, the case passes under your care."

Doctor Lants returned the gaze—then he snorted. "But, Doctor—"

Fred held up his hand. "Don't try to argue with me," he commanded. "As I said, I'll stay tonight, because it's my duty, but tomorrow must see a nurse on the case and you in charge. That's final."

Justina, who had been silently listening, came to where they were standing and spoke to Fred: "I'm sure Uncle John would want you to continue if he knew what you had done—and Aunt Rena, too. You mustn't pay any attention to her, for she doesn't understand. Take care of him—please."

That final "please" said so earnestly; her wonderful eyes, looking at him so appealingly; the two combined almost decided him to do as she asked, but the remembrance of past treatment from the Colonel, and Justina, too, as well as Mrs. Darl's recent outburst, caused him to feel a lothness, a longing to get away and stay away from the Colonel and his entire household. Consequently, he turned to Justina and spoke rather sharply: "No; I'm sorry if you wish me to stay, but I feel that it's impossible."

Thus it came to pass that Fred Forson stepped from the house of Henry Bean on the morrow, not to return while the Colonel was an occupant thereof. The nurse from Oliva instituted herself permanently, and Justina spent every day at the bedside, dividing her attention between the Colonel who was exceedingly cranky, and Charles who wished nothing but plenty of cigarettes and books. As the two patients occupied the only beds in the house, Mrs. Darl sent two bedsteads and bedding—one for the nurse and one for Henry and Julia. Justina slept at home, only spending her days at the Bean homestead. The Colonel's brother arrived the next morning and added much cheer to the otherwise dull and monotonous days, for he was of an entirely different type from the sour and dignified Colonel—younger, happier, ever jokative. Both patients made an uneventful recovery, although the chauffeur, while not so seriously injured, was confined to the house much longer than the Colonel, because of the more retarded repair always associated with bone injuries.

* * * * * * * *

On the next day after the operation Fred was interviewed by a representative of the Associated Press who had heard about the case and was running short of material, and within the following two days his feat of surgery was known to the world. The papers of the state featured him prominently with flashy headlines and accompanied it with his photograph, while those in more distant parts gave enough space for a short paragraph.

And the fickleness of human nature was soon shown, for, in less than a week, people from far and near were clamoring for his services, and his practice was becoming so heavy that it was as much as he could do. The winter season was on, and, as usual, sickness was heavy.

People who had been under the care of other physicians called upon him for attention, and other individuals who had coughs and colds and sore throats which they had been treating with home remedies, now come to have their ills alleviated by this prominent young physician whom they had, only a short time before, snubbed and branded as incompetent.

* * * * * * * *

"Are you going to the skating party?" asked Tom Ganey one morning in latter January as they sat at the breakfast table.

"I thought I would if I got time," said the young physician. "When is it, tonight?"

"No, tomorrow night—that is, I think so." He turned toward the kitchen where Mrs. Ganey was busy turning hot cakes. "O Alice, isn't tomorrow the twenty-fifth?"

"Wait a minute and I'll see," came the answer—then after a moment: "No; today's the twenty-fifth."

"Then it's tonight," chuckled Tom. "I suppose I'm getting old and forgetful, for I set the date myself, and I'd swore it was tomorrow night. But what's the difference? They cleaned the snow off the ice yesterday and tested it good, and it certainly hasn't thawed any since, nor won't today—it's below zero now."

"It's nice and moonlight, too," said Fred. "I could have run the car without lights last night."

Mrs. Ganey came in with a heaping plate of hot, steaming cakes.

"*We're* going," said Tom, winking at Fred and apparently not noticing his wife. "That is, if I can find a pair of skates in the store big enough for Alice."

"Indeed and we're not," came the quick answer from Mrs. Ganey. "I never had a pair of skates on in my life, and you know it."

Tom speared three cakes with his fork.

"That's right," he said, "but I'd forgotten it. You're a pretty old bird to teach new tricks to, but I'll be patient with you—and you can tie several pillows around your waist—they'll protect you."

"Tom Ganey, I'm ashamed of you!"

Tom looked up, assuming an amazed expression. "Huh?—you are?—Well," he scrutinized her closely —"the embarrassment is mutual."

Mrs. Ganey flitted to the kitchen, disdaining to reply.

The skating party that night was a huge success in many ways. A big plat of glaring ice, just above the wagon bridge, had been cleaned of snow and was in ideal condition for the occasion. Everybody was there except the sick and some of them were present. The moon was bright and the reflection from the snow, which covered the vast river and shore and the bluffs beyond, made it almost as light as though the setting sun was still throwing its rays over the earth, although the light was sharper and cast a clear-cut shadow.

The temperature had somewhat abated, but yet the air was cold and one must keep moving to maintain a comfortable degree of warmth, and even then one's fingers and toes would get cold, but the big bonfires on the bank of the stream sufficed to thaw them out when the tingling sensation became unbearable. These fires—three of them—were constantly surrounded by groups of happy, laughing older people and chattering, gay young persons who would snatch time to get half warm and go sailing again among the whirling figures on the ice, singly and in pairs and sometimes three or four together.

"Oh, there's Doctor Forson!" cried Virginia Doron, spying Fred as he came down the steep bank. "Come on, Doctor; let's see if you can skate as well as you can dance."

"I haven't any skates," said Fred, glad of the chance for an excuse, for he had never worn skates since he was a small boy, when he used to go skating on the Skulkill River.

"Here's some," came a shout, repeated twice in different tones and at the same time three pairs of skates were offered to him.

He laughingly took a pair and sat down on a log. "I'll try them," he said, "but somebody will have to help adjust them—it's been so long since I've seen a skate that I don't know how they work."

"I'll fix them up," said Tom Ganey. "I've got to have some fun with somebody, for Alice won't go on the ice, so I think I'll enjoy seeing you tumble around a while."

He knelt down and soon had the steel runners adjusted. "There!" he cried, stepping dramatically aside as if some great achievement had been accomplished, "do your worst."

Fred stepped onto the ice and took a whirl around a small circle, very carefully.

"By George!" snorted the storekeeper in disgusting tones. "You skate like a cow. You'll never fall at that rate. Get a little speed up."

The onlookers laughed and Fred tried it again; a little more reckless but still guardedly. The storekeeper threw up both hands repugnantly. "Great jumping June bugs!" he exclaimed. "Here—watch me do it." Wherewith he jumped onto the ice, lost his balance and started

to fall backward, but caught himself in time and swung far forward, and found it necessary to lunge backward again to keep from falling on his face—then he found that he must duck forward once more to keep up. And so it went—backward and forward several times like a tight-wire performer, until, finally, when he was on the backward swing, his feet slipped out from under him and down he sat—most vehemently. Thud!

A roar of laughter followed. The fat storekeeper sat still, blinking solemnly, until it had died down. Then he looked at Fred rather sternly. "There! that's the way to do it," he instructed, slowly rising to his feet and bowing in a most dignified manner to the cheering throng.

Then Fred and Virginia clasped hands and started off together, but their skating was not so beautiful as their dancing, for he found that a few minutes of such unaccustomed exercise caused great fatigue in his ankles and they frequently turned, and several times he stubbed his toe and was compelled to run forward quite rapidly before he could steady himself. Meanwhile Virginia skated gracefully at his side, regulating her gait to his jerky stride and laughing merrily at his awkward attempts. Somehow they managed to pass through the whirling crowd and stopped on the opposite shore.

"I don't believe I can ever get back," groaned Fred, sitting down wearily on the white ground. Then he looked up and pointed to the dark bridge and added: "Unless I walk across that, as nature intended me to do."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she said. "You're going back with me if I have to drag you."

"You dragged me over," informed Fred solemnly.

The blue-eyed Virginia smiled sweetly and sat down beside him, snuggling quite close, and they talked together for fifteen minutes, until they became cold with inaction.

"There's Justina," said she, as they arose to their feet, pointing to a dark-clad figure who was skating with ease and perfection beside a partner of equal skill. "It's good to see her out among the people again, like she's been doing the last two weeks, although it's awful hard on me."

"How's that?" asked Fred.

"Well, she's so attractive that my own sweet charms are lost when she is present. Haven't you noticed that the young men do not scamper after me like they did? I even had to capture you by force."

"I think you have your share," laughed Fred. "I counted six of them around you when you called to me."

She threw back her shoulders, assuming an attitude of sternness, though a coy smile played around her mouth as she looked at him squarely and said: "And that is the reason, sir, why you should all the more appreciate my company, when I turn aside so many gallant knights to—"

"To entertain the king," supplied Fred.

The coy smile spread into a laugh. "Your conceit is mighty," she said, "and you deserve to be entertained no longer. Come, let's go back."

And while they were making the journey, Justina heard a whispered voice in her ear as she hovered about the fire which said: "Come, take a turn on the ice with me. I have a few words to say in private."

She looked over her shoulder and saw the blonde young man.

"You're surprised to see me, aren't you?—although you shouldn't be, for I told you that I'd be back in a month, and the time is up today. I just arrived from Oliva, and hearing that you were here, I ventured down to skate a while. Come on."

She obeyed at once, not wishing to talk to him before the crowd of people, and soon they stood at the farthest point up stream that was cleared of snow, near the shore, well above the last bonfire. Then the blonde young man spoke again: "You've had thirty-one days to think over my proposal. Before you answer I have this to say: what I said about your mother's marriage was true, and your father's name is Zeay, a lawyer, a former judge in Philadelphia. If you refuse me I'm going to have the satisfaction of seeing the story circulated on the ice in half an hour—I'll guarantee that. I've got the divorce or rather she has, and I'm ready to marry you any day you say. How about it?"

While he talked the girl had been standing on her left foot—the other toe planted firmly in the ice, ready for quick departure. Now she answered:

"*No!*"

And that was all. A push with her toe and she was off, leaving him to follow when he saw fit, which he did in a moment, joining the Colonel's brother, who had accompanied him.

Fred recognized him at once and the two young men shook hands. Virginia was introduced and Mr. Dowlee at once asked for a whirl with her, which she readily accepted, and after they were gone Fred approached Justina, asking the same favor.

"It's not that I'm much of a skater," he said, after

they were out among the crowd on the river, "but I wanted to apologize to you—I didn't get a chance to do it the night the Colonel was hurt, for we were busy with other things, and I haven't had the opportunity since. Therefore, I do so now."

He stumbled and ran headlong. She caught up with him after taking a few long, graceful strokes. "For what are you apologizing, may I ask?" was her query.

"Why, don't you remember?—that night in my office—the way I acted then? I don't know what possessed me, but I couldn't help it."

"Oh, that? I thought nothing of it, so please don't mention it again."

Fred gasped. So she had thought nothing of it, and he had worried over the matter ever since, for he had believed her angry—especially knowing her peculiar ways. She had thought nothing of it! And he had thought of it constantly. Now he crushed her to him and kissed her, not once, but many times. "I love you—I love you," he cried. "I want you for my very own. Tell me, darling, will you be mine?"

She struggled free, at the same time striking him fiercely in the face. "I forgave you the first time because you acted on the impulse, like a foolish child—but now you act deliberately." She glared at him an instant and he noticed that her lips were firmly set. "I consider this an insult, and I expect an apology at once."

He stood meekly before her.

"I'm sorry I did it," he said with truthfulness, "but, really, believe me, this was as impulsive as the other. I'm sorry I kissed you, and I'm sorry I proposed to you the way I did, although I've been intending to do it for months—but, you know, I planned it different from this—more romantic settings, after more time had elapsed. I know I'm not worthy of you yet—but you see it came to me suddenly and I said it before I realized what I was doing. I—"

"Never mind any more explanation," she interrupted curtly. "Please escort me back to the other side of the river."

"Certainly, but let us finish the subject under discussion, while it's opened. Will you really and truly marry me?"

She noticed that he stood stooped, his shoulders sagging, his hat still on the ice, his smooth brown hair rumpled, and a humble appeal in his eyes, and it was hard to choke back a desire to laugh, but she did not give way to the impulse, for in her heart she knew that she could not marry him—there was still that old feeling of enmity against him, faint though it was, she could not shake off entirely.

"No," she said, "I will not marry you."

"When will you?" he asked blankly.

And at that she laughed because she couldn't help it, the same old laugh he loved so well. "Oh, you're persistent, aren't you?" she said. "When I wish to marry you I shall say so, for this is leap year, you know."

Fred brightened—a grin spread over his face. "Then there is hope before the year is over," he said softly, as if to himself.

"None that I can see," was her dry comment, and as she said it her wonderful eyes gave him to understand that she meant what she said.

* * * * * * * *

The blond young man was a shrewd person. His talk with Virginia was frivolous and entertaining, and he met his match with her. They talked about various subjects as they glided swiftly over the ice, and finally the subject of gossip was mentioned and during the conversation he learned the name of the most gossipiest woman in the village, and her name was well implanted in his memory, so, when he returned to the crowd around the fires and was introduced by Virginia to everyone present, it was not long before he and the woman of gossip were partners, and, while he supported her awkward body from falling, he began to put his plans in operation.

"It's a shame what they're telling about Miss Everett, isn't it?" he asked casually.

"Why, I hadn't heard it," she replied with an eagerness that pleased him. "What are they saying?"

"Oh, I supposed you had heard it or I wouldn't have mentioned it," he remarked with surprise. "I've heard it several times this evening, and I think it's shameful that such talk should spread from mouth to mouth, for, no doubt at all, there's not a word of truth in it."

"What is it they're saying?" was the query.

"Such things start from some small rumor and people enlarge on it as they tell it to each other," explained the charming Mr. Dowlee of Omaha, "until it sounds much greater than the facts warrant, even if there is any grounds to found them at all. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, yes, surely," answered the woman impatiently, "but what is it that they're saying about her?"

The blond young man swung her clear of the ice, preventing her from falling. "I didn't pay much attention to it," he said, after setting her gently on her feet again, "for I knew Miss Everett in school, and I also knew her mother, so I know it's a concocted story, but, neverthe-

less, that doesn't prevent it from being generally accepted as the truth and capable of doing much harm."

The woman gave him a severe look. "You haven't told me yet what it is," she said with a sharp tone.

"That's right. Well, I beg your pardon. Of course, I know you won't repeat it or I wouldn't tell you. I didn't get the straight of it at all, for as I said I didn't take much stock in it—but what I heard was that Mrs. Everett was never married at all."

Then they changed the subject and, after traversing the circle a few more times, returned to the shore.

* * * * * * * *

A half hour later the party was breaking up and pairing off for the homeward journey. Fred was talking to the blond young man when Bob Flinn came up, grinning and rubbing his red mustache with his thumb knuckle. "Hello, Doc," he said, "I seen you go by several times out there on the ice, but didn't get no chance to speak to you—how you comin'?—fine night, ain't it?" He edged closer. "Say, Doc, what do you think I heard—heard it four times, too, so it must be true." He lowered his voice. "They say that Justina Everett ain't never had no dad—I mean no real dad—married one, you know. Why, how do you do, Mrs. Bean. Gettin' ready to go home? Say, Henry, you've just got to wait until we take another skate around—your wife and me."

"Oh, no," protested Julia. "It's getting late."

"Certainly not," blustered Henry. "I'm not going to wait around in the cold while you two keep warm skating."

"Henry Bean," roared Julia. "Who are you dictating to, anyway? Answer me that! Come on, Mr. Flinn."

Fred watched them step on the ice and then turned to Mr. Dowlee. "I had half a notion to knock that loafing scoundrel in the jaw—repeating such a thing as that, even if he heard it. I wonder who started such a story. I would most certainly like to get hold of whoever it was and make him choke on his own words."

"So would I," said Mr. Dowlee of Omaha, the blond young man, while he blew a puff of smoke casually in Fred's face.

Bob and Julia passed by on their first round, and, changing their course, followed up the shore-line, some twenty feet out on the ice. In an instant there was a cracking, crashing sound followed by a splash, and the crowd rushed to the scene. Both Bob and Julia were standing waist-deep in the icy water.

"Save her—save her!" cried Henry, jumping up and down like a dancing toy. "Somebody save my darling Julia!"

At that instant the ponderous Julia began to flap her arms and yell for help. The crowd yelled to her to walk out, and Bob assisted in starting her toward the shore by pushing. At first she did not budge, but stood screaming and waving her fat arms aimlessly. Finally, though, Bob and the crowd made her understand what she should do, and she waddled forth, trying to climb onto the ice, which cracked and crumbled under each weighty step, until the shore was eventually reached.

Tom Ganey sat down and leaned against a log and laughed. "That paid me for waiting," he cried. Then he laughed until his whole body quivered like jelly.

"Tom Ganey, I'm ashamed of you," said his wife. "Get up and help Mrs. Bean get to our house. She must have a change of clothing at once."

Whereupon Tom roared again. "Gosh!" he snorted as soon as he could. "Gosh!" he repeated, gazing from Julia to the little Mrs. Ganey. Then he scrambled to his feet. "You bet I'll go," he answered, "for I want to see her after she gets into your clothes."

After the excitement had died down Mr. Dowlee turned to the Colonel's brother. "Where is Miss Everett?" he asked.

"She's gone," nodded Fred, pointing down the road. "She left a few minutes ago, alone. I offered to accompany her, but she refused."

(To be continued.)

WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D.

Ottumwa, Iowa.

AN APPRECIATION

To SAMUEL E. EARP, M. D.,

Most worthy son of Aesculapius,
Thou tireless worker, spinning in the sun
Of life's endeavor! Press thou on to scale
The heights and claim thy laurels, richly won.
All hail! Long may thy busy hand and brain
Still find their countless helpful tasks to do;
With heart aflame, in all God's plan to see
Only the good, the beautiful and true.

BLANCHE BLOOR SCHLEPPEY.

Indianapolis, Ind.

WHIZZERINKTUMS

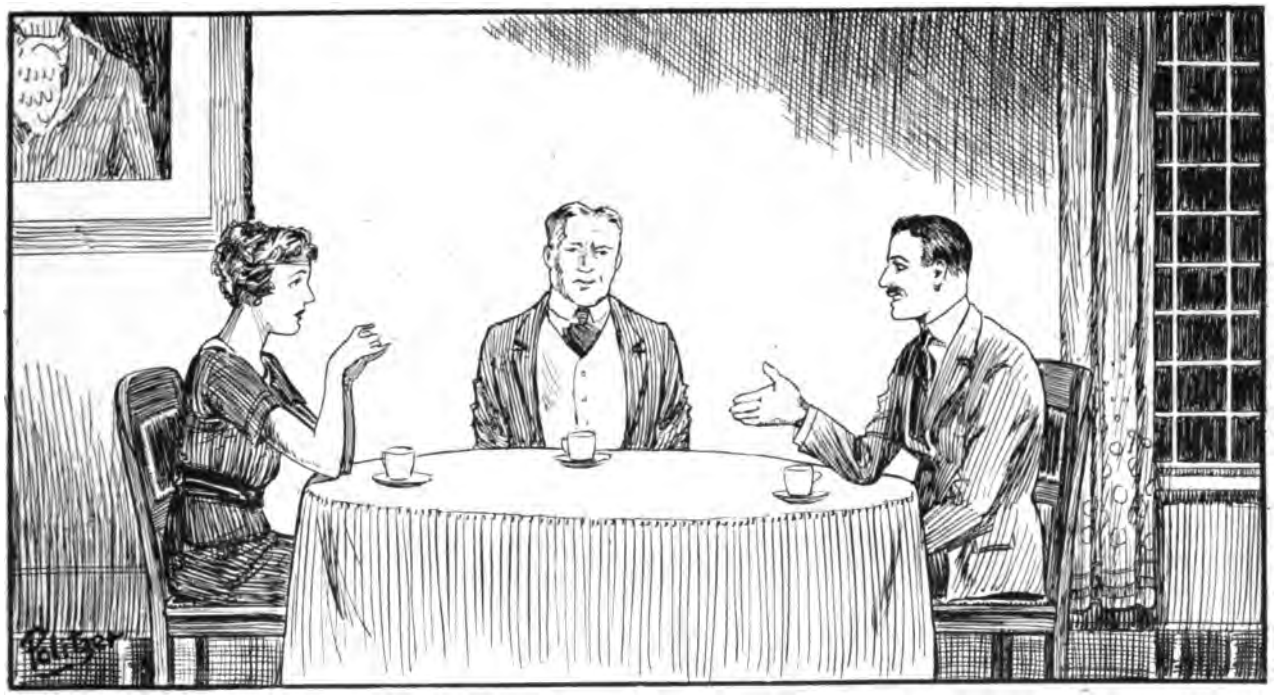
THE ABSURD IS OFTEN THE TRUTH IN DISGUISE.

It was recently our pleasure to hear some noted authorities speak in relation to our present control of cancer. The meeting was for the public and we desire to applaud men of science who cast aside the cloak of false modesty and unhesitatingly speak the truth to the public. It is a departure from stilted ethics that will pay great gains in health.

Truly, we have not advanced greatly in a dozen years' study of cancer. Nowadays the only advance represented, if we discount better surgery, is that we are removing all growths of however small size because they are potentially cancer. We speak of percentages of life and say that the earlier the growth is removed the better percentage of morbidity results. We heard a distinguished F.A.C.S. state that our war deaths represented 80,000 and that in the same period of time deaths from malignant disease represented 180,000. A startling comparison!

Before we have facts we must have theory—to prove or disprove. We laugh at the endocrinologists who have their heads in the clouds and gloat when they step into an uncovered well. But the absurd is often the truth in disguise and the acid corrosion of doubt makes us to advance. What about the anterior lobe of the pituitary, a tiny thing which controls growth of hair, can induce gigantism, without which we cannot live? May we not deduce something from a wild imbalance of endocrines and has this lobe no relation to wild overgrowth of cells, which we call cancer? The solution of cancer ought to be in the laps of the gods and a bold mortal should seize his experimental opportunities and at least exhaust the possibility that the anterior lobe of the pituitary gland contributes to a killing disease that still baffles our wisest minds.

Once we did it with a silk hat and long whiskers. Now we tote around a basal metabolism outfit and furnish charts and gas diagrams. We are fearfully, wonderfully and interestingly made. *SING LO.*



IF THEY ALWAYS TOLD THE TRUTH.

Of course we wanted you to stop in and have supper with us tonight, Doctor, but our main idea was to get free medical advice for the whole family. Now, my sister's boy, Louie, gets a funny feeling in the solar plexus just before mealtime. What would you prescribe, Doctor? Then again my wife's Uncle Charlie, etc., etc.

THE EQUIVOCAL FOCUS

HARRIS WEINSTEIN, M. D., New York City.

If wisely you are told
Of the ills that may ensue,
And counseled to be bold,
And what is best for you to do
When in need of prompt protection
Against a focus of infection,
Do not be a bit alarmed!
Retain your self-possession;
For you surely won't be harmed
If treated in the latest fashion.
And to fortify your faith
In the outcome of the cure
Do not hesitate
The best opinions to secure.
Then readily comply
With the wishes of the knowing;
For time rapidly doth fly,
It's now, or never, to make a showing
Of the benefits that follow
Quick decision and rapid action.
If pyorrhoea is your mortal foe
There is nothing like extraction;
One and all your teeth must go
To save you from infection.
And if, by chance, it doth occur
That your system is contrary,
And despite established lore
Of improvement it is chary,
Or, mayhap, acute rheumatics
By the treatment you acquire,
And nauseating synthetics
Set your inwards all on fire,
When the pains in your poor joints
Make life a veritable hell,
Like millions of needle points
Sticking through them as they swell;
Do not hesitate to smile,
Grin, if you can, and shortly bear
Your affliction in Spartan style,
If endless glory you would share.
Your very interesting case
In musty tomes will be recorded,
And completely it will embrace
All that science has afforded
To an individual distressed,
In danger of some affection,
Most visibly expressed
In his focus of infection.
And the many telling points
As experts only can present them,
The histology of his swollen joints
And other findings on postmortem.
All his naughty little bugs
Most sumptuously boarded,
In varicolored togs
In colonies will be hoarded.
His saintly spirit coursing by,
Of earthly habilaments divested,
Swooping downward from on high,
Most surely will be interested
In the statements of the wise,
Their discussions and conclusions
That dangerous sequelae may arise
From fads and fancies and illusions.
With suddenness the truth will dawn
Upon his ghostly thinking pate,
That prematurely he was withdrawn
From his rightful mortal state.
Angrily he will gesticulate,
Flap his wings and rage
At his inability to articulate
His contempt for mortal sage.

FROM HEARSAY.

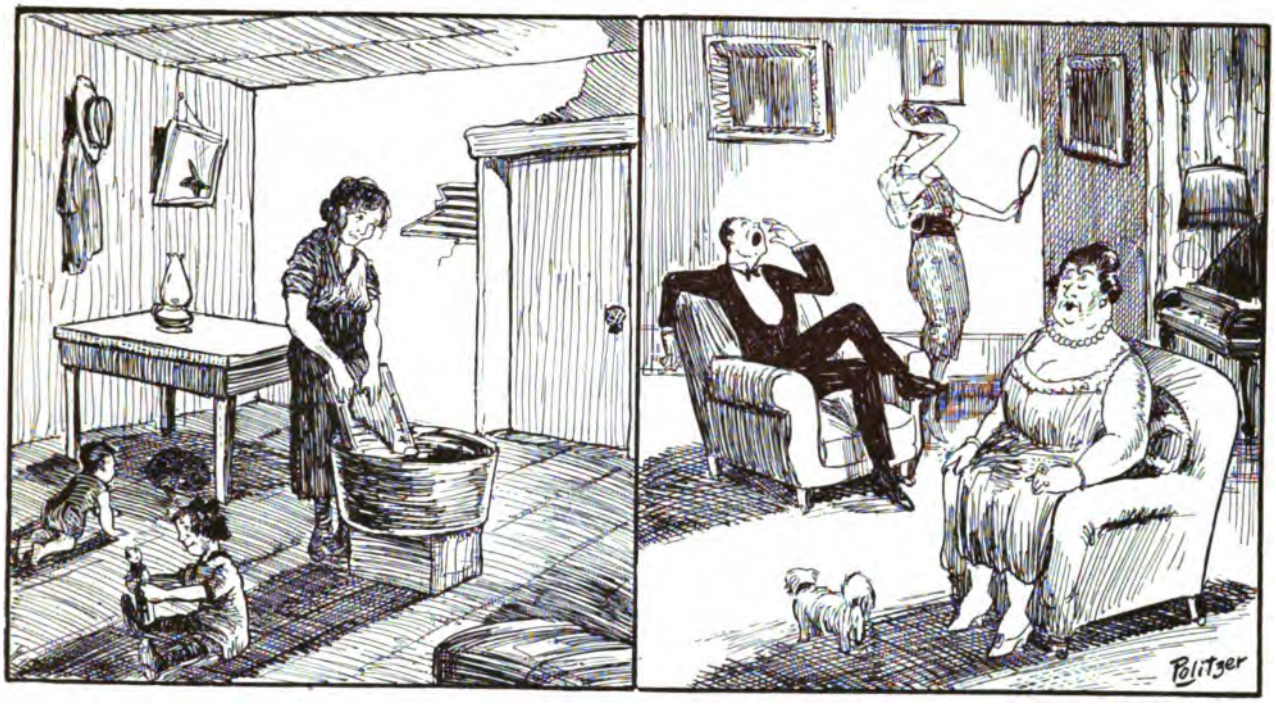
Doctor: "What form of sleep pills did your mother want?"

Boy: "I heard somebody say chloroform put you to sleep quick, so give that kind."

CONDITION WORSE.

Physician: "Your son still practices the deep breathing exercise in the morning, I suppose."

Father: "No, he's changed to the deep sleeping exercise."



TWO CAUSES OF NEUROSES.

FOR THE ATTENTION OF CITY PHYSICIANS

My friend Tom is city bred, which perhaps explains it. His practice has been growing and some pleased and satisfied patients have carried his good name to their friends.

He recently acquired a patient a few miles from town. The estate, a prosperous looking farmhouse, out buildings, barns, etc., interested Dr. Tom greatly.

The owner was showing him about. They came to the cow shed. One particularly sleek-looking Jersey attracted Dr. Tom's attention.

"That's a mighty fine-looking cow, Mr. Blank," he remarked.

"Yes, Doctor, she has 'just come in'," was the answer.

The M. D. was by nature inquisitive.

"That so?" he replied, "where has she been?"

He's been wondering for some time why the farmer laughed.

R. E. DOCKHAM.

LARGER QUARTERS.

Doctor: "His cold has went from his chest to his head."

Nurse: "Wanted more room to develop, I suppose."

CAPRICE

The sea is a thing of beauty
As it gently ebbs and flows
And swells and breathes, like the bosom
Of a woman in repose.
The moonlight spreads a mantle,
Lacy and shining and white,
Peaceful dreams to the lover
Who sleeps on her breast tonight.

The sea is a raging monster
Who comes with an angry roar
On her foaming lips, to tear
At the stricken shore.
The lightning splits the darkness
And the wind screams overhead,
And the one who came to woo her,—
He is dead!

MILTON HAHN.

MORE HOME-MADE.

McGugan: "Oi'm in bod shape, Nell. The fishishen says Oi 'ave floatin' ribs, and me thinks one bumped me vertebrae column and coived me spine."

Nell: "Oi warned ye against thot home brew."

ONE POWDER BEFORE RETIRING. IT'S THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS.

YE OLDEN BLUE LAWS, by GUSTAVUS MYERS. New York: The Century Co., 1921.

To understand why the writers of the Constitution used the expression, "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," it is essential to appreciate their traditions and forensic background. This is well exhibited in a study of the old laws of Colonial days.

To realize the reversion to type manifest in the efforts at restrictive legislation, one needs but read the excellent compilation of the early history of the kill-joy movement designed to regulate, direct, supervise and control personal and social relationships of the early Colonists, save those of great influence, considerable wealth, or members of the ministry.

Early social and economic reforms were designed to restore the prestige of the church which had been weakened because of the low standards of the early ministerial group. The ministers sought to legislate morality and spirituality for their human flocks with a degree of failure that finally eventuated in the recognition that social living was beyond the control of clerical dictation.

After reading of the early struggles of the Colonists one is less filled with admiration for the days of the Puritans or the Pilgrims, nor is there much desire to emulate the standards of the early settlers of Connecticut or Virginia. The joyous days of compulsory church attendance; the ministerial domination that extended from death for unbelievers to press censorship; the constant unsuccessful struggle to banish tobacco; the development of the spy system to facilitate the punishment of errant adults and children; the grotesque attempts to control personal attire and the use of finery; the vigorous but useless endeavor to subjugate youthful sports fail to arouse any enthusiasm for ye ancient days. There is a wealth of suggestion, however, that present day tendencies to inaugurate a new era, if successful, might bring about a return to the primitive intolerance, narrow-mindedness, and bigotry which characterized Colonial existence.

The diatribes against Sunday pleasures, the enjoyment of the theatre, sports, plays, and recreations of childhood, the efforts at the dogmatic censorship of match-making and wooing are finding weak imitations in our day and generation under the guise of religious elevation.

This compilation of early blue laws is peculiarly timely and merits thoughtful consideration by those who are interested in human happiness. One has the feeling, after reading the book, that the Sabbatarians might well be termed "Sabbaterriers" who are growling, barking, and snapping at human institutions because man is taking too much pleasure in existence, when he should feel more like a dog.

Present day interest lies in the fact, as Mr. Myers points out, that there is a marked parallelism between some of the programs for instituting a new set of Blue Laws and many of the old laws whose effect was blighted and thwarted by common sense public opinion.

I. S. W.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THOUGHT AND FEELING, by CHARLES PLATT, B. S., Ph. D., M. D., F. C. S. (Lond.). Dodd, Mead and Company. New York, 1921.

In the midst of innumerable volumes devoted to psychology it is interesting to come upon one in which fanaticism is subordinated to efforts at honest criticism.

In general scope Platt has offered a volume which endeavors to interpret honestly the modern psychological movement, while holding fast to the traditions of the subject. For this reason, in the blending of material there is an admixture of statements acceptable to the most conservative, and a description of the more dynamic phases of psychology which would not be rejected, save by the most radical. In an endeavor to stand on both sides of the fence there are, at times, expositions which prove unacceptable, as of doubtful value. For example, there is a question whether being born into a Unitarian family means "literally being born with the innate tendencies appropriate" to this denomination. Nor is it necessarily true that those with reactions of a certain kind conducive to survival have more children than those who react in some less useful manner.

After discussing the emotions and compound emotions, in which he follows the analysis of McDougall and Ribot, he properly admits that bodily reactions as a whole really permit of no man-made classification. Admitting the truth of this does not suffice to indicate the benefits of classification for the purpose of focussing interest and attention upon specific human reactions.

The discussions on memory, knowledge, and intelligence, thought and judgment are based upon the theory of pattern reactions and associations, well expressed in popular language, but evidencing many weaknesses which,

however, are probably the result of attempting to meet a popular demand for psychology rather than attempting to write for the trained psychologist.

The evident opinions on education indicate an understanding of modern trends, and manifest a sympathy with progressive educational programs. Without specifically developing the theory, he advocates a degree of mental hygiene which is based upon an appreciation of the advantages of work based upon interest and ideals and stimulated by adequate praise and encouragement. He fully recognizes mental limitations and therefore emphasizes the necessity of adjusting standards of effort to the latent capability of children. At all times his ideas are centered upon the child rather than the parental aspirations for it.

His chapter on the subconscious mind recognizes its capacity as a cerebral storehouse of motives and impulses which help to determine human conduct. He rejects any suggestion that the subconscious life holds personality as a slave, but regards it more as a reservoir of good and bad from which the good is selected through the medium of education.

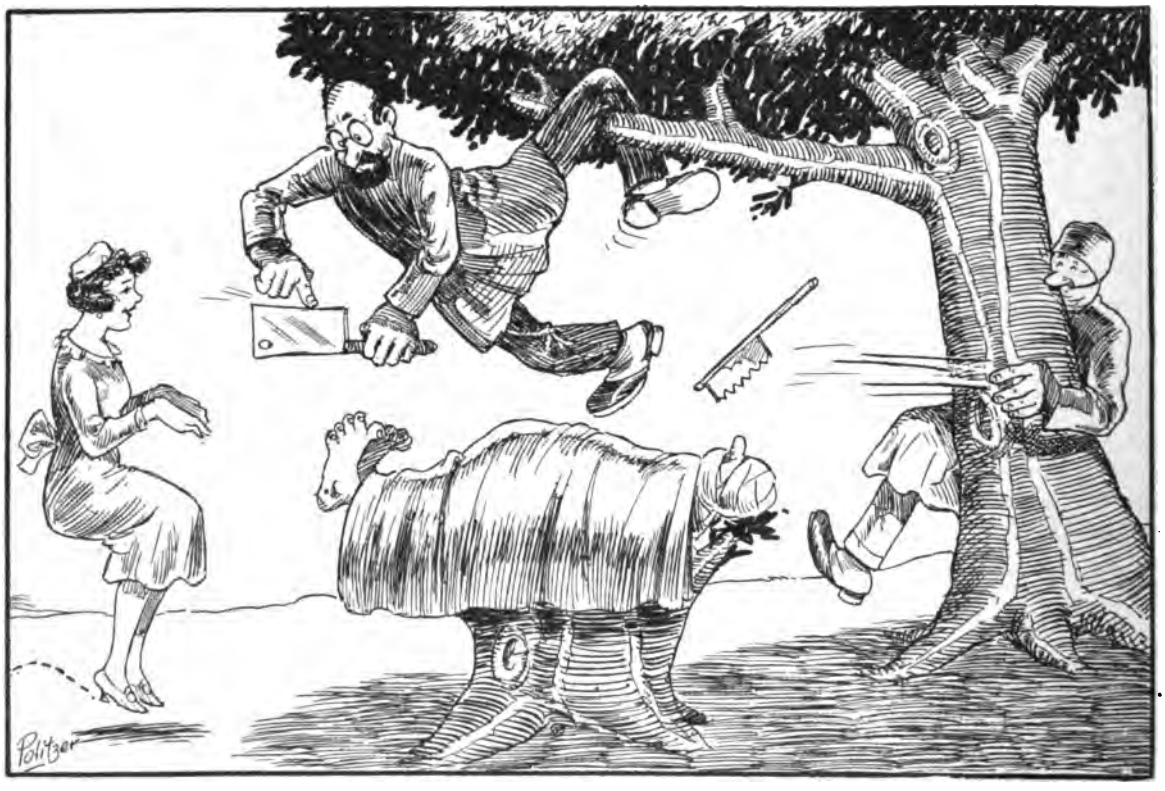
The explanations of mind cure, spiritism, telepathy, mysticism and the like are based upon the careful distinction between mental process and emotional reaction. His strong religious feelings are everywhere revealed and makes him place unassailable faith and spiritual aspirations in the subconscious mind.

Platt's position with reference to neuroses and psychoneuroses largely follows the conception of Jung, though he differs considerably with reference to the part that sex plays in the determination of the pathologic symptom complexes. There is a human and dispassionate attitude revealed in the interpretation of the psychology of the crowd and of delinquents.

The author is an idealist, a believer in democracy, a humanitarian, and his attitude towards psychology is expressed in his belief in the possibility of the realization of a satisfactory adjustment of human relations.

As a non-technical survey of present day psychological trends this is a book which merits careful reading, particularly by those who are too occupied to follow the writings of the numerous psychologists whose argumentative works now occupy so much of the field of psychological literature.

I. S. W.



The bad dream of a physician who has been reading up on monkey glands.

The Medical Pickwick

VOL. VII OCTOBER, 1921 No. 10.

A DUEL BETWEEN TWO PHYSICIANS.

The following poem, which refers to a dispute between two medical men of the Irish State. Dr. Barrett has attributed to Dean Swift:

Ye high commissioner of death,
And fatall stoppers of our breath,
By Jove, you make us wonder
That you, who ought, like birds of feather,
Most willingly to flock together,
Should now be riv'n asunder.

What dev'lish motives did you feel,
Or was the Devill in the Deel,
To cause this dismall fray;
For sure his kingdom can't increase
If you, his agents, be n't at peace,
And both in concord stay.

Charon for joy did shout so clear,
That you from Arctick might him hear,
To Antarctick Polus.
If one of you by sword had fell,
Few souls he'd ferryed o'er to hell
For want of Mortall Bolus.

As for the motives, most men doubt
Why these two doctors did fall out;
Some say it was Ambition,
And that the one did undermine
The other's credit, with design
To be the State's Physitian.

According to my little sense,
It was an act of Providence,
In kindness to the nation.
For when knaves quarrell good men thrive,
Their mortal feuds keep us alive,
Their death's our preservation.
Next for the manner of the fight,
If I conceive the matter right,
One gave the other worne ground,
But (Jove be praised) it so fell out,
That, though designed, a bloody bout,
Betwixt them pass'd not one wound.

But why one doctor did advance,
And why the other backward danc'd,
Let's make some divination;
None truly knows no more than horse,
Yet wise men guess it was the force
Of Physick's operation.

* * * * * * *

But to conclude, in sober sadness,
Take my recipe to cure this madness
And stupefying folly;
First purge, then bleed, then take good store
Of mad men's dyet—Helibore,
Which cureth melancholy.

And doctors, pray, don't take it ill,
Or think this charitable bill
Your reputation sullys;
For men of sense do all agree
There must be madness certainly
When old men fight like bullys.

—*From The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life.*

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PASTEUR'S GRAVE.

No cypress-shadowed churchyard, nor the gloom
Of haunted cloisters, doth immortalize
The dust of him whose patience proved more wise
To save than Death to slay. The busy loom
Glancing with silk, the teeming herd, the bloom
Of purpling vineyards, and the grateful eyes
Of souls reprieved at Death's most dread assize,
Shall make eternal gladness round his tomb.
Not 'mid the dead should he be laid asleep
Who wageth still with Death triumphant strife,
Who showed the good that centuries shall reap,
And took its terror from the healer's knife;
Defender of the living, he shall keep
His slumber in the arsenal of life.

—*Alfred Hayes.*

ANDREW FERNANDO HOLMES, M. D., LL.D., 1798-1850.
The First Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, McGill University.

McGILL UNIVERSITY

MONTREAL, CANADA.

McGILL UNIVERSITY was founded in 1821 and celebrates its centennial in October, 1921. To its great service, a world gives tribute. THE MEDICAL PICKWICK offers its felicitations upon past accomplishments and wishes it Godspeed in its honorable career during the centuries to come.

This University is one of the great assets not only of Canada, but of the educational world. Its origin was due to a private endowment of £10,000 and the property of Burnside, which bequest was made by the Hon. James McGill, a leading and public spirited merchant of Montreal who died in 1813.

Thus by this foundation and by the generous donations by succeeding generations the University has developed to its present status, free from any political or sectarian influences.

The four trustees were to convey the bequest to the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning which was incorporated in 1802 by the Legislature. This body then applied for a Royal Charter for McGill College which was granted in 1821.

The Faculty of Medicine was founded shortly afterwards by Drs. William Robertson, William Caldwell, A. F. Holmes, John Stephenson and H. P. Loedel. These men constituted the medical staff of the Montreal General Hospital which had been founded in 1819. Through these men, who were graduates of Edinburgh, the teaching of medicine was modelled on the system in vogue at that great school. From the beginning the clinical teaching in the hospitals and the freedom of students to work in the wards have been great factors in the practical training of medical students.

For some years the University had many struggles in development. However, the early pioneers in the teaching made innumerable sacrifices for the welfare of the Institution. Various well-known Canadian families became interested and generous donations became more frequent. There were a number of bequests from the Molson family, the Redpaths, Workman, Sir William Macdonald, Lord Strathcona and many others. Great buildings were added around the campus; the Arts Building, the Redpath Library and Museum, the Macdonald Engineering, Structures for Chemistry and Mining, Physics, the two Medical Buildings, the Royal Victoria College for Women, the Department of Music and others.

The educational work of the University was carried on in the Faculties of Arts, Medicine, Law, Applied Science, Agriculture, Commerce, Dentistry and Music.

GENERAL SIR ARTHUR CURRIE, G. C. M. G., LL.D
Principal of McGill University.

Great advancement was accomplished under the guidance of Sir William Dawson—the eminent geologist. Sir William Peterson, K. C. M. G., succeeded him, retiring a year ago to be succeeded by Sir Arthur Currie, G. C.

M. G., K. C. B.—recently General Officer Commanding the Canadian troops in the field.

The Faculty of Medicine is really the parent Faculty. The teaching was founded on the Edinburgh methods. Gradually the various departments were developed: Medicine under Palmer Howard, Ross, Macdonell, Osler and Stewart to Finley, Lafleur, and Martin.

Surgery under Fenwick, Roddick, Bell, Shepherd to Armstrong.

Gynecology and Obstetrics under MacCallum, Brown, Chalmers, Cameron, William Gardner, to Chipman, and certain special branches under Buller, Major, to Birkett.

Teaching in the primary subjects was fostered by Shepherd, Girdwood, Mills, Mines, to Whitnall, Ruttan, Coe, and Tait; and from early days Pathology and Morbid Anatomy were realized as the foundation of the Study of Medicine. In this last field labored Osler, Wyatt, Johnston, Adami to Oertel.

These are some of the names of teachers who carried the burden of teaching and administration up to the present generation.

The New Medical Buildings are now the center of Faculty activity with laboratories, library, museum, research departments and teaching facilities.

The Medical Library possesses one of the most complete collections of its kind, combining a complete general library, and a large group of rare editions; in a short time it will contain, arranged for use, the remarkable personal collection of the late Sir William Osler.

The Museum is well up to date in building and contents and additions are constantly being made. All specimens are mounted for teaching purposes and abundant extra specimens which can be handled are available. The alcoves are designed to allow several groups to be taught at the same time.

This year extensive developments have already been started to develop the practical resources along most modern lines.

The Institute of Pathology will be built and will house the departments of Bacteriology and Pathology, also the Departments of Medical Jurisprudence, Public Health and Hygiene.

New wings will be added to house the departments of Zoology, Botany, General Biology, Physiology and Biological Chemistry.

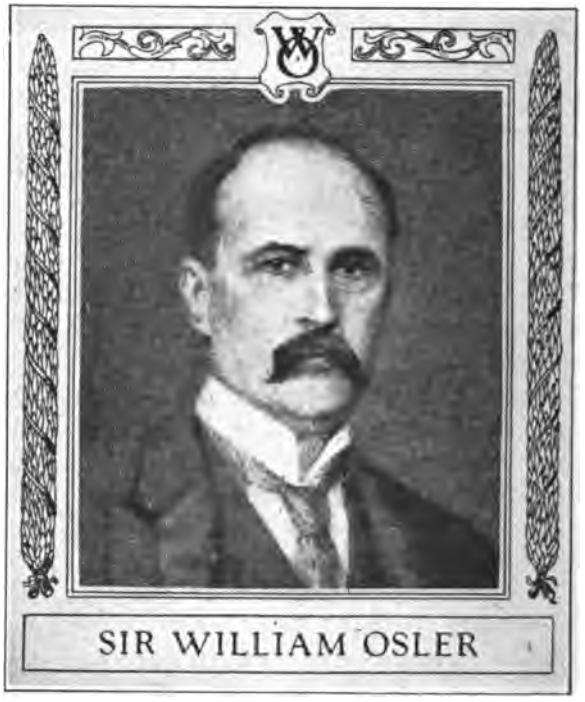
A special Psychiatric Clinic will be built in connection with one of the hospitals.

Clinical Instruction.

The hospitals for the general medical subjects are the Royal Victoria and Montreal General, with a capacity of over six hundred beds and a wealth or available material for teaching purposes. In addition, they also have large out-patient departments, covering all the specialties and equipped with the essential apparatus for careful diagnosis and therapeutic treatment. The X-ray departments in each hospital are fully equipped for routine and all branches of advanced work.

The Montreal Maternity, the Montreal Foundling Hospital, the Alexandra Hospital for Contagious Diseases, the Children's Memorial and the Protestant Hospital for the Insane are all affiliated with the Medical Faculty and are regularly used for clinical instruction.

The Pathological Departments of the Royal Victoria and Montreal General Hospital are fully equipped for routine and research work. The post-mortem field is very extensive, as in addition to regular hospital cases, many of the city medico-legal cases have the autopsies performed


SIR WILLIAM OSLER

in these departments. It was in this field that Sir William Osler and many distinguished graduates laid the foundations of important pathological studies.

During his student years the young medico to be is constantly in contact with hospital and out-patient clinics with a wide range of instruction at the bedside, in the

laboratories, and in the medical and surgical out-patient departments.

The fifth year of medical training is devoted almost exclusively to clinical work. There are two clinics weekly in medicine, two in surgery, two in obstetrics and two in gynecology, these being supplemented by group teaching in the wards and by instruction in the clinical laboratories. In addition, groups receive instruction in ophthalmology, oto-laryngology, pediatrics, dermatology, gynecology, neurology, orthopedic and genito-urinary surgery in the out-patient departments of both hospitals. At the Montreal Maternity four ward classes weekly in obstetrics are given.

Clinical clerks in the medical and surgical wards of both hospitals are appointed every three months, and each one during his term of service conducts, under the immediate direction of the clinical professors, the reporting of all cases in the ward allotted to him. Students are required to show a certificate of having acted for six months as clinical clerk in medicine and six months in surgery, and are required to have reported at least ten cases in medicine and ten in surgery. The instruction obtained as clinical clerk is found to be of the greatest possible advantage to students as affording a true practical training for his future professional life.

Dressers are also appointed to the out-door departments. For these appointments, application is to be made to the assistant surgeons, or to the resident surgeon in charge of the out-door department.

The large number of patients affected with diseases of the eye and of the ear, nose and throat, now attending the special clinics at both hospitals, afford ample opportunity to students to become familiar with all the ordinary affections of those organs, and to make themselves proficient in the use of the various instruments used in examining them.

There are also special departments in both hospitals for gynecology, pediatrics, neurology, orthopedics, dermatology and genito-urinary diseases, directed by specialists in these branches. Students are thus enabled to acquire special technical knowledge under skilled direction. The plan of teaching practical gynecology, which has met with marked success, has been the limitation of the number of students attending each clinic to three.

Clinical instruction is given in the wards of the Protestant Hospital for the Insane at Verdun.

The clinical teaching in infectious diseases is given in the wards of the Alexandra Hospital for Contagious Diseases.

There is now being organized a further advance in the undergraduate medical course to meet the present-day educational requirements. In the near future the course at McGill will consist of seven years. Two pre-medical years of teaching to include certain academic subjects, chemistry—inorganic and organic—all biology and physics. These requirements may be taken here or in another recognized institution. A graduate B. A. or B. Sc. wishing to enter must have studied an equivalent amount of chemistry, physics and biology. Then follows five years of medical training of which one year should be devoted to interne hospital work.

The student activities are centered in the Union, which is administered by the Students' Council, and the various undergraduate athletics and societies. As regards athletics, each undergraduate is categorized as to physical

H. S. BIRKETT, M. D.

Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, McGill University.

condition. The physical conditioning of the student body is warmly encouraged by the Faculties of the University as is evidenced by the attendance at all games and contests by members of the teaching staffs.

Owing to the departure of many of its post-graduate teachers for service in the war, the Faculty was compelled to omit the regular post-graduate course until the summer of 1921.

The University Contribution in the Great War.

On the outbreak of war 1914 the McGill O. T. C. Battalion was formed under the command of Major now Sir Auckland Geddes, H. B. M., Ambassador at Washington. This was rapidly recruited over strength, the full infantry training being carried out. From this battalion the men joined the active service units of infantry, artillery and medical services. In addition two general hospital, two field ambulances and two siege batteries were manned from members of the University.

University work was carried on, but every available minute was utilized in training. No grass grew on the campus during the war; the ground was beaten hard into a parade ground. From student to Principal the enthusiasm and sense of duty was supreme. Each Faculty was in harness and when one considers that eighty-three teachers of the faculty of medicine, headed by Dean Birkett, and over four hundred and fifty medical graduates were in the service, most of them overseas, it is evident how deeply the University was affected by the war. Many made the Supreme Sacrifice. Those remaining at home cheerfully did double duty in Faculty work. After demobilization students and teachers resumed their vocations; many of the former graduated in the honor classes, and the latter have resumed the Faculty duties with renewed energy.

At the centenary of the University, graduates from all over the world will be present and representatives of the finished product of this great national institution will gather to give honor to their Alma Mater.

The completion of a century of usefulness is an evidence of vitality, and while years do not, per se, constitute attainment, they indicate a continued span of life that results from sound organization, honest effort, and sustained interest. The Medical Faculty of McGill University has contributed to the growth and reputation of the larger University in no uncertain manner from the day of its foundation. The splendid names of

Rev. John Bethune.

Acting-Principal of McGill University, 1835-1846.

the graduates and teachers who in peace as in war have demonstrated their loyalty and devotion to the high ideals of medicine were inspired by that love of human kind that will live through the centuries.

Some people cherish the delusion that indigestion after dinner is a complaint to be cured by a hearty supper.

When the winter falls about our numb souls, do we stretch the threadbare mantles of our pride to cover them?

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

AUNT KATE*

By W. E. Aughinbaugh, M. D., New York City.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA has become a Mecca toward which those on whom disease has laid its oppressive hand have turned their wan, haggard faces for relief. To these afflicted ones, standing on the brink of eternity and facing the evening of life, awaiting the call of the shadowy ferryman from across the unknown sea, there comes through the mist of a suffering vision from far away in the Land of the Setting Sun a sigh for a place in the fresh air; a wish to participate in the pleasures of the continual autumnal days and calm summer nights; a desire to greet the morning sunbeams as they come dancing with outstretched arms laden with health; to watch the sunset hide its last gold in the pastel tinted sky; to listen to the songs of the feathered ones as they leave the track of their melody across the hush of the twilight before the approach of soft-footed night, ready to wrap the world in its coverlet of strength-giving sleep.

Responsive to these desires and lured by its balmy air, its health-giving sunshine, its wealth of products from orchard and field, its riotous coloring of flowers, its outdoor life, they come—the maimed and halt and the old and sick—weary pilgrims from all corners of the world, trusting, hoping that in this part of the Golden West Nature will compound for them in her marvelous open air laboratory a health-giving potion.

Unfortunately, many answer the summons too late, while others come unprepared financially for the long struggle to convalescence, and thus bring me to the heroine of my story—Aunt Kate.

Kate Wright—or "Aunt Kate" as everybody in Monrovia, California, calls her, was born a slave in Clark County, Kentucky, in 1857. For the past twenty-five years she has resided in the West, most of the time in Monrovia, a beautiful typical Southern California town snuggled, chick like, against the maternal breast of the Sierra Madre Mountains. Here she has kept herself and her old mother of 79 years by washing and "going out" to work by the day. By the strictest economy she has bought an unpretentious home on the edge of the little village.

For years in her errands about the hamlet, she has seen the sick resting in the park, heard of their reduced circumstances, learned of their sufferings, known of their pathetic deaths far from home and friends, and sympathized with them in their dire poverty. Her great mother-heart could not remain unmoved to all of this misery about her, so she decided to became a good Samaritan without the pence or oil. She owned her own house. By crowding it was capable of holding twelve persons. Why not turn it into a hospital for the afflicted she saw or heard of daily without homes and unable to pay for proper attention? Aunt Kate told her mother of the plan. "Howse you gwine to suppot dem, chile?" asked her mother. "You and me, Mammy, is gwine to work for dem jes like dey was our own chillun," was the positive reply and without further argument or appeal to charity, these two women went out and found twelve of the most deserving cases, took them to the little cottage, made them comfortable and did all in their power to minister to them. As vacancies occurred, a large waiting list served to give patients so that the house has always been full. The first patient came in 1907. Since that time she has had a total of 518—men, women and children; white and black; brown and yellow; Jew, Gentile, Mohammedan, Confucian, Buddhist, Atheist and Agnostic. Two hundred and ten have recovered sufficiently to leave, while death, with its many doors to let out life, has taken fifty.

Every care possible is given the patients fortunate enough to come to "Aunt Kate's Home," as it is called. As a physician, I have many times inspected the place and always found it scrupulously clean. The only regular income is derived from the money these two women have earned as day laborers. The cleaning and cooking is done before their departure for, and after their return from, work.

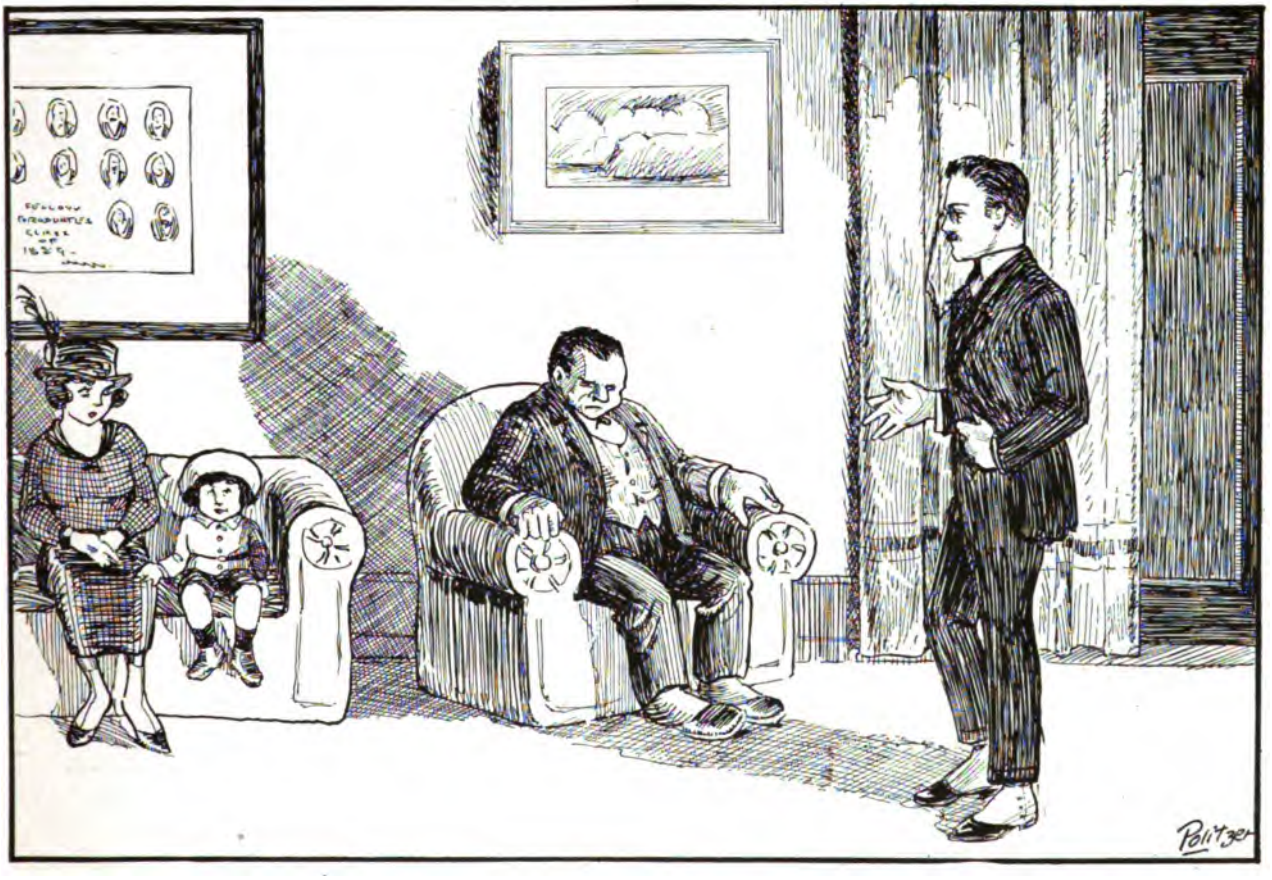
Of late, the advanced years of the old mother have made it difficult for her to get about much and the entire burden of supporting the place has fallen on the willing shoulders of Aunt Kate aided now and then by a few friends who know of the unostentatious good she is doing. Of course, the convalescent and stronger of the patients help as much as they can about the house in cleaning and cooking.

*Reprinted from the Log of the Circumnavigators' Club.

For this patient Aunt Kate prepares some dainty to coax a jaded appetite; for the Chinaman yonder, she has gotten lichi nuts from Hong Kong; for the old Jew, a Hebrew book. To each one she shows the special attention he or she most requires. When she hears the rustle of the wings of the angel of the dark brink, Aunt Kate stays by the weary one to prepare him for his long journey, soothing his fevered brow, moistening his parched lips, and when in his delirium come back the days of his childhood she bends low and croons softly in his ear a Southern lullaby until the racked soul sinks gradually into great quietness. And then in the first dark moments of nothingness—before decay's effacing fingers have marred the majesty of the repose of death—she closes the weary eyes, folds gently the tired hands on the throbless breast, smooths the rumpled hair and implants a chaste kiss on the marble forehead.

Some write of Genius—that gratuitous gift from the great unknown—others of the accomplishments of wealth—and more, of education and what it offers, but Aunt Kate—it has been my favored privilege to tell the story of you, a simple Southern slave without genius, without wealth, without education, whose dignity consists in being unknown to the world; whose glory is in ministering to the afflicted; whose pleasure is in doing good to those with whom you come in contact.

And, Aunt Kate, I, a Southerner, loyal to the traditions of the Southland, rise and offer you my silent salutation for the charity you have shown those in adversity.



Doctor: And who is next?
Patient (who has dozed off): Me. Make it a shave and a haircut this time, Tony.

FLOOZY-WHOOZY

WOODYARD KINDLING.

(Through Milton Hahn, M. D.)

We 'ave fought with many kinds of dread disease
And some of them was grave and some was not.
We 'ave faced the plagues of all the Seven Seas
But the FLU, 'e was the finest of the lot.
We opened on 'im with our biggest guns
And all our pharmaceutical resources.
We strafed 'im like the Allies strafed the 'Uns
And 'e paid us back with them appallin' losses.

So 'ere's to you, FLOOZY-WOOZY,
At your 'ome in sunny Spain,
And we 'opes, if that's your 'abitat,
That there you will remain.
We pays you our respects
And we takes off our 'at to you,
Captain of the Men of Death,
Blood swillin', killin' FLU.

We took our chance with ague and with chills,
We ran the yellow fever off in style,
We fought the plague with serums and with squills,
And we 'eld our own with cholera for a while;
But Galen with the maxims that 'e teaches,
'Ippocrates and all 'is learned crew,
And Mrs. Eddy's scientific leeches
Could not conquer in the battle with the FLU.

So 'ere's to you, FLOOZY-WOOZY,
And our friends which are no more.
In the game of germ and germicide
You pulled the winnin' score.
You took our pills away from us
And beat us, every case,
And the only smiles you left
Was on the undertaker's face.

A web of learned theories we 'ave spun,
Etiological and logical as well,
But, after everything is said and done,
'Oo and what and why you are we cannot tell.
Your 'andmaids the the virulent bacillus
Of Pfeiffer and the pneumococcus, too,
And we know you 'ave the power to maim and kill us,
You depopulatin', decimatin' FLU.

So 'ere's to you, FLOOZY-WOOZY,
And we really must admit
That you whipped us to a frazzle,
But you 'aven't made us quit.
By the shades of Reed and Carroll
And of masters yet unborn,
The Medical Profesion
Stand the gaff and carry on!

MOCKERY

In quite a fashionable spot
In yonder graveyard is a lot
  Knee-deep in grass, and overgrown
  With weeds, which almost hide the stone
Above the mound of one who lies
Beneath the apathetic skies.
  And on that slab, that once was white
  And duly cared for day and night;
But which is now a dingy gray,
And streaked the color of the clay,
  Is carved, in letters caked with grime,
And tinted green by mocking Time,
This passage to arrest the eye:
"His memory shall never die!"

RALPH M. THOMSON, M. D.

The Harlequin of Dreams

Swift, through some trap mine eyes have never found,
  Dim-panelled in the painted scene of Sleep,
  Thou, giant Harlequin of Dreams, dost leap
Upon my spirit's stage. Then Sight and Sound,
Then Space and Time, then Language, Mete and Bound,
  And all familiar Forms that firmly keep
  Man's reason in the road, change faces, peep
Betwixt my legs and mock the daily round,
Yet thou canst more than mock; sometimes my tears
  At midnight break through bounden lids—a sigh
  Thou hast a heart; and oft thy little leaven
Of dream-taught wisdom works me bettered years.
  In one night witch, saint, trickster, fool divine,
  I think thou'rt Jester at the Court of Heaven!

SIDNEY LANIER.

THE END OF HIS NAP

By E. S. Goodhue, M. D.

Summer was abroad in the air,
As the old Doc dozed in his chair,
But a spot on his head was bare!

His newspaper fell to the floor,
And he woke at the sound of his snore,
Then he settled him down once more!

He didn't get far till a fly
Came down from the azure sky
To see what he might espy!

And he came to the very spot
Where the hair had been but was not—
When the old man rose like a shot

And down came his hand with a slap,
With a sudden and loud ker-whap,
The which was the end of his nap!

ONE OF THE FIRST JOYS OF AUTUMN.

Dr. Black gets out that autumn suit. It was carefully put away in moth balls and cedar flakes last spring.

AESCULAPIUS.

(As revealed by recent revelations.)

Who cheated the Town Barber both coming and going.

WHAT DO *YOU* DO?

Charles L. Hornbeck, Sacramento, California.

Did you ever stop to think what a foolish thing it is
To take some lactopeptine when you've got the rheumatiz?
When you're in your bed with fever and your prayer you have made
To swallow whole a pepper, or to drink hot orangeade?
Suppose you're kind of chilly and you're standing in a draft,
Do you take a fan and wave it? If you do you're just plain daft;
Still I've known of them that bad when they cough and blow and sneeze
They'll just go and sit an hour in a putrid, ice-cold breeze.
When your throat is hoarse and hard do you gargle salt and pepper?
If you're prone to all contagions will you go and touch a leper?
I have seen a man so sick he could scarcely lie at ease,
Yet he'd get up every morning and perform on the trapeze.
What fools we mortals be, when all is said and done—
Now there's only one who isn't and of course *I* am that one!

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY

By Evelyn Cushing Campbell, New York City.

A COLD November rain was falling monotonously, and the wind blew in spiteful gusts, whirling my drenched garments about my ankles in a way which completed the process of chilling me to the marrow.

The wide, elm-bordered streets of Cambridge were nearly deserted in the early dusk, and I quickened my pace, fearing that the Home Bureau would be closed, depriving me of my last forlorn chance of a lodging for the night without journeying back to Boston. Cambridge, like many other small college towns, possessed no hotels. I had arrived from Albany late in the afternoon, and found to my dismay that a case of diphtheria in the house recommended to me had rendered it impossible even as a temporary stopping place. It was the college season, every room was taken, and all my attempts had proved fruitless. At the last house visited, a friendly maid directed me to the Home Bureau.

It lacked but two minutes of six when I mounted the steps of the building. The secretary had already departed, but an elderly woman who was cleaning the office found the rooming directory and gave me two or three addresses where I might find accommodations. Deciding to try the one which she told me was just east of the Square and not far away, I took up my weary quest once more.

Lawrence Street was not so far distant, but I found to my surprise that No. 584 must be at the farther end of the street, so I boarded a passing car and asked the conductor to let me off at a point as near the desired number as possible. I was tired and the warmth of the car made me drowsy, after tramping about in the wind and rain.

I was suddenly aroused by the conductor calling, "All out—change for Hillside." He had forgotten me, and my unfamiliarity with the streets had told me nothing as he called them in passing. I dismounted and determined to walk back, in spite of the rain and wind, as the suburban service was too infrequent for me to await the next car.

Plunging along in utter weariness, after what seemed like hours I finally came to No. 602, a small frame house. It was quite dark and difficult to read the numbers, and my small handbag felt like tons in my benumbed fingers, but with dogged persistence I was determined to reach my destination, no matter how long it might take. From the little house stretched a lonely unbuilt tract of land.

At last I came to a gateway, and down the path could faintly distinguish the outlines of a house. I opened the gate with difficulty—the walk was covered with a thick layer of sodden leaves, and the house itself was in darkness, except for a feeble streak of light visible through a small window at the side of the door. It was all very forbidding and cheerless, and in spite of my obstinate determination to find the place, let come what would, I felt an inclination to turn back before it might be too late—I had already pulled the old-fashioned bell-handle and heard its sepulchral jangle in the distance.

Listening intently, someone seemed to be descending the stairs to the hall—slow, heavy steps, like those of an old person. Presently the door was unlocked and opened slightly, although it creaked and stuck, as if it were an unfamiliar operation for those rusty hinges.

An old woman servant, with a small kerosene lamp in her hand, stared at me, without a word. I told her my errand—not a flicker of interest passed over her countenance, and she made no reply, but turned and, with a long look which gave me a very uncanny feeling, made an almost imperceptible gesture with her left hand, indicating that I was to enter. The hall was very large, with an ascending staircase from in front of the entrance. It was old-fashioned and gloomy, the furnishings very massive and unfriendly.

The old woman opened a door to the left. I entered a drawing-room, and she placed the lamp on the mantel, then turned and made her way up the stairs into the darkness—I assumed with the intention of calling her mistress to talk with me. There was something sinister about the absolute silence in the house. I felt as if I were the first human being who had entered its portals in months or perhaps years, still I did not feel afraid. I had a peculiar feeling that I must continue the adventure to its end, no matter what that climax might bring to me.

In the dim light I could make out but little of the room's furnishings. There was an ancient looking square piano, with its top down and dust-laden. I recalled the custom in many New England homes of closing the

piano for a certain period after a death in the house—I felt that this piano had been closed for such a reason, and never reopened. The chairs and a huge sofa were covered with black haircloth, and everything was very dusty. The only pictures which I could see at all clearly in the murky light were two really fine landscapes, framed in the massive, ornate fashion of long ago. On a small table nearby, under a glass cover, was an exquisitely modeled figure an a sleeping infant. The dome of the glass which protected it was dust-laden like everything else in the room, but the little marble figure within was as pure as a new-blown lily. It fascinated me, for it seemed like the symbol of an unsullied purity which, protected by an almost invisible influence, persists in spite of the most adverse surrounding environment. I was just arising to look at it more closely when I was conscious that someone was standing in the open doorway, although I had not heard their approach, either on the stairs or in the hall.

"Pardon me," I said, "I was just about to look at the beautiful little sleeping baby and did not hear you enter."

The woman was very tall, with piercing black eyes, and white hair dressed in the high puffs which were worn in the days of our grandmother. Her dress was heavy black silk, clasped at the breast by a large and very beautiful cameo brooch. She was very pale, and her hands were ivory white and exceptionally beautiful. While waiting for her to speak, in fancy I could imagine her playing the old-time piano. But I waited in vain, although strangely enough I felt no embarrassment at the silence.

She picked up the little lamp and crossed the hall to the staircase. I understood that I was to accompany her, and we mounted the stairs. Although a very old woman, she ascended them as lightly as a young girl—there was no effort such as attends such exercise after the muscles have become stiffened and the heart weakened in old age.

From the top of the stairs we proceeded down a long passageway. Two different times she appeared to halt before a door, and I instinctively slackened my pace, expecting that this was the room which she intended to show me, but each time we passed on. At the end of the corridor, we turned to the right and proceeded down another passageway. I was surprised that the house was so very spacious, although the immense reception hall and large drawing room might have prepared me for it.

Before the door at the extreme end of the corridor we paused. She placed her hand upon the brass knob, then turned and gazed at me with her wonderful, lustrous black eyes, as though searching my soul for a glimmer of comprehension of what was passing through her own memory.

I experienced a queer sensation of expansion just above my eyes—as though some memory were striving to force an egress through the portals of the present, from the chambers of the past. I lost all sense of my surroundings for a brief period—how long it lasted I am unable to reckon. It was as though a shutter had closed before the moment in which I was existing, and we were transported into another cycle.

* * * * * * * *

In a beautiful garden of another land, I saw tall cypress trees surrounding a lovely pool which reflected the evening afterglow. On the green borders of the pool were large, wonderfully carved white marble vases in which were growing spiked cactus aud century plants, and glowing crimson flowers drooped over the sides of the urns. At one end of the oval pool stood a small marble figure of Pan, and to the left was a ghostly silver birch, its leaves fluttering fantastically in the sunset colors. Just beyond it was a little grape arbor. Beside the pool and at the opposite end, on a broad marble seat, was a young girl. Her hair was red-gold, and the rays of the setting sun touched it here and there as if with flecks of fire. Her posture was that of one who listens and waits, but is impatient. A beautiful Italian man, somewhat older than the girl, stole up to her quietly from behind the shrubbery. As he was about to toss a flower over her head into the loosely clasped hands, she turned and saw him. A deep crimson flooded her lovely face and throat, and she half shyly averted her head from him. He glanced about swiftly, as if to assure himself that no one was in sight, then clasped her in his arms and kissed the red lips passionately. That portion of the vision became dimmed, and I was impelled to look in the direction of the arbor.

A girl was standing inside, at the opposite end of the little structure, nearly concealed from view by the closely interlaced grape vines. She was tall, with a lithe, graceful figure, and her hair was like the velvety half-purple blackness of night. In her long fingers were blossoms like those growing in the urns, but they were crushed and twisted into a shapeless mass of color, and her wonderful black eyes were filled with the fire of rage and jealousy which gave them the emerald gleam of a tiger at bay. Her bosom rose and fell convulsively. Then, with an

almost superhuman effort, she calmed her emotion, a smile as sweet and inscrutable as that of Mona Lisa wreathed the lovely, mobile lips,and she passed through the doorway toward the lovers.

* * * * * * * *

The piercing black eyes withdrew their gaze into my soul, and a soft sigh escaped her lips, the first audible sound which my ears had heard. The door swung quietly open at her touch, and we entered.

It was a stately room, even in its disorder. My gaze traveled over every detail—the high mahogany bureau with massive silver candle-sticks at either end, the carved rosewood dressing table and faded pink satin chair which had stood before it, all unused, for so many years. At the right, across the room, swung an infant's elaborately canopied cradle, and my heart instinctively told me that its little occupant had rested but a brief period in its soft depths.

It was not until all other features of the room had been impressed into my memory that my eyes at last traveled to the mysterious, dark corner where I saw the dim outlines of the massive bed. It seemed to me that I had known throughout the entire series of shifting scenes, what sinister burden that couch, intended for refreshing slumber, contained.

The beautiful red-gold hair was flung in disorder above her head, and seemed to shed a radiance over the face, like carved marble in its pallor. One small hand was outflung, palm upward, across the pink silk coverlet, as though in appeal, while the other clasped the lovely, graceful throat, and between the delicate fingers trickled crimson drops which oozed from the ghastly wound. She spoke faintly, but one word—"Jeannette," and I heard, like the soft sighing of wind through the pines, or a ghostly echo, the name "Elise."

My eyes filmed for an instant—she was so young and so lovely, this young mother, and must have followed the tiny lily-blossom very shortly.

Then I came to my senses in time to realize that the old woman had already left the room and was outside, for a feeble light glimmered in the passageway. I turned swiftly and followed its pale glow, but rapid as were my steps, always those of the old woman were so far in advance that only the gleam of the light was ever visible. When I reached the lower hall, she had vanished like a fading memory, and the lamplight was just breathing its last gasp from the mahogany table where she had placed it.

Still with that strange feeling of supernatural calm, I opened the creaking door, made my way quietly down the long path covered with wet, sodden leaves, and boarded a passing car for Boston.

My mission was ended and I could now depart in peace.

In the morning as I glanced through the daily paper, my eye was attracted by an article, "Passing of the House of Mystery," and I knew that it was the house of my strange visions.

Fire had destroyed one of the oldest landmarks in Cambridge the night previous. Due to its isolated situation, the fire was not discovered until too late to check it, and the house had been unoccupied for years. The rain should have been of some assistance in checking the blaze, but the rafters had seasoned so many years that they were dried and very quickly consumed by the lapping flames. The old story of the house was revived, but its mystery would never be revealed.

Two sisters had been born there, and lived until the time for them to have the advantages of study and travel in other lands. In Italy, Jeanette, the elder, studied music, and Elise devoted herself to the language and poetry of the land. A beautiful Italian sculptor fell in love first with Jeannete's dark beauty, then his fancy changed and he wooed and married the golden-haired Elise. They returned to their native land and lived in the Cambridge house, where a little girl baby was born, which soon after died. The Italian husband seemed never to be happy in the land of his adoption, and there was discord between himself and the girl-wife. Jeannette was apparently more and more absorbed in her music, and her nature became very austere and unapproachable, even toward the young sister who adored her.

One night Jeannette was awakened by a moaning cry coming from the room of Elise. To her horror, she found her sister dying from a dagger wound in the throat. Giulio had been absent for some days, in one of his periods of moodiness and restless wandering. He was never seen again, although a suicide's body was recovered from the bay many weeks later, which might have been his.

For a time, suspicion was divided between the missing husband and the sister, whose jealousy had never been wholly subdued. She lived for years in a state of brooding melancholia, cared for in the ancestral home by an old servant of the family. Her death was soon followed by that of the servant.

The mysterious murder was committed, according to ancient records, on the night of June 30th, 1843. The

morning paper in which I read the detailed story was dated July 1st, 1913—seventy years later, to the day.

Explanations of the supernatural are never possible, and vary according to the temperament of the individual who attempts them. I know that Jeannette was innocent of having committed the horrible deed, but believe that in moments of anguish and jealous rage over the loss of her lover, the thought had so often obsessed her that when she actually faced the tragedy her mind became distraught and she no longer knew whether or not she had committed the crime. I may be wrong, but there is no one who is able to prove the contrary.

DELIRIOUS

William Brewster, M. D., Lake Villa, Ill.

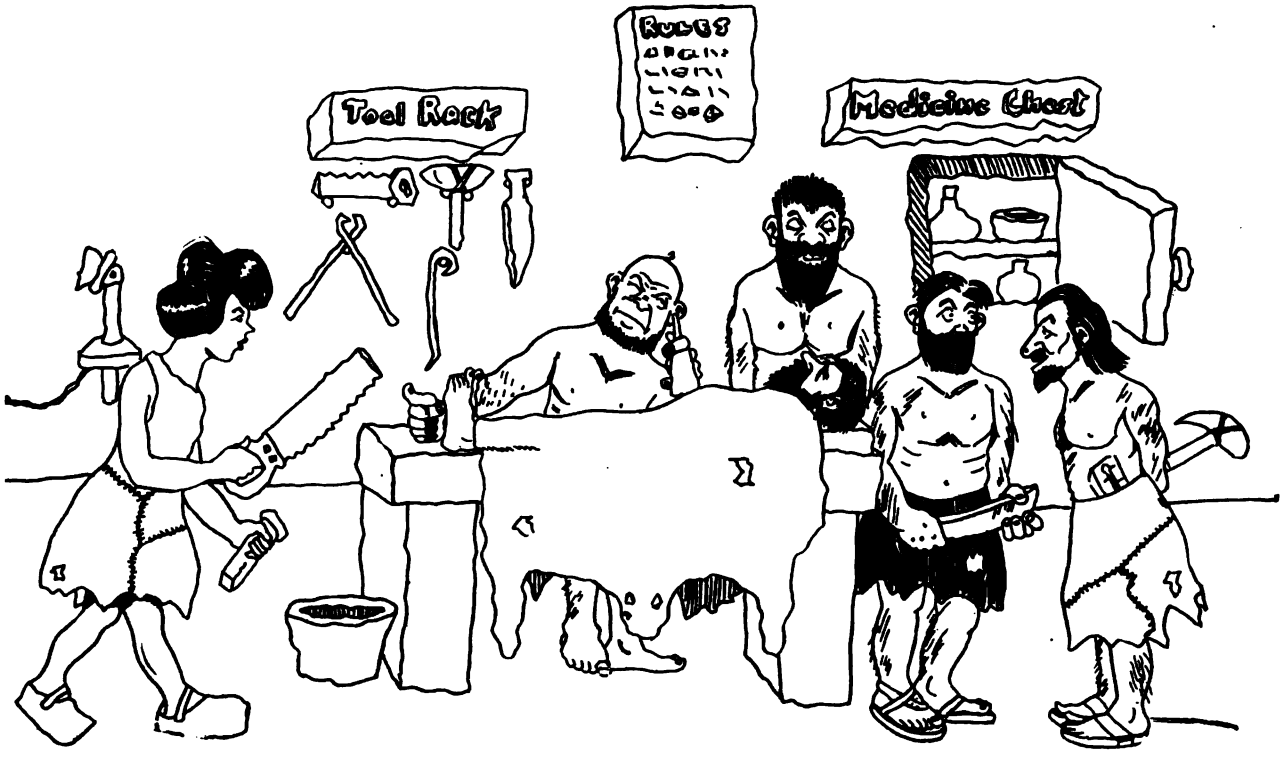
O nurse, with cheeks like the blush of a rose,
And eyes of heaven's own hue,
If the fever starts in your patients' hearts
What are the poor devils to do?

When those chart dots chassé up and down,
Poor Doc looks quite dismayed,
While temperatures rise at a glance from your eyes
With a pulse ninety-nine in the shade.

TO THE TUNE OF SMILES

D. C. Walker

There are patients so young and pretty
There are patients so very wise,
There are patients who are awful witty
And they come in nearly every size.
There are those that try to kid the medic
And those others smooth as smooth can be,
But the *few* who say, "I'll pay it now, Doc,"
ARE THE ONES THAT APPEAL TO ME!



The Surgeons Performing a Serious Operation During the Stone Age.

A BIT OF BITING PHILOSOPHY

ARTHUR M. CORWIN, M. D., Chicago, Ill.

There is a very human tendency to magnify the immediate foreground of things and thereby sacrifice perspective. A man who holds a silver dollar an inch from one eye and closes the other, sees no horizon but the milled periphery of that sordid symbol. An individual with the gout holds his big toe about the most important thing in sight. The pessimist looks at the "world war" and says, "I told you so, Christian civilization is a failure. The world's growing worse." But the observer who really is after the earth's horizon does not look at Chicago's broken skyline from a point half a mile out in the lake. Give us then rather a far look and a wide look. The following lines were instigated by reading the first few chapters of H. G. Wells' Outlines of History.

Big biting bugs have little bugs to bite "um,"
Each plant a lesser plant *ad infinitum*,
(So spake the sage, or words to that effect
Then turned his page a sage in retrospect).
And thus the preying process was begun,
'Tis said, when primal ooze and life were one.
And protozoic algae were at odds
With hostile trilobites and bracheopods.
When animals took to growing vertebrae,
Then first, their records entered history,
Which is to say to us in undertone,
Your fame, at last, rests on a good backbone.
A hundred million years ago, perhaps,
Allowing for a few unworthy gaps
In time—all life was lived at sea; an age
Without a track or trace on any page
Of rock by pilgrims migrants from the slime,
No vital "foot prints on those sands of time"—
Life only slithered through a seething tide,
Each cell ate other cells, loved, fought and died.
Through frightful Eons in those fateful seas
The fleeing swimmers flew by slow degrees,
But grew to reptile horrors of the air,
To get their vengeance with their daily fare.
And so, to earth at length they soar and crawl
Through Eons more, a mammoth race, of all
The scaly, hairy, horned, dragon things
That creep, or run, or hop, or take to wings;
They come, a myriad host, in vast array,
Though age and Eon counted but a day;
From cell to multi-cell they evolute
The first amoeba and the latest brute.
Each differs much in size and shape, their plan?
To get, to eat, the same in germ and man;
Earth, ocean, air maintain a common law;
The ruling ethics of the tooth and claw.
But, friends;—
'Tis time to change that savage meter,
To cook his meat and calm the eater
Old earth still courts an appetite,
And Irish fists still love to fight;
An epidemic Kaiser's plot,
A lynching bee, a strike, a lot
Of flagrant holdups every week,
A revolution bolshevik;
Bread, coal, and roof to profiteer
And yet no truthful prophet here.
What, now, does all this signify,
'Tis short to live and long to die?
A microbe on an orange creeps,
What awful gulfs! What fearful steeps!
Our troubles at a distance seen
Are here, and there, and far between
As bubbles in a soup tureen
They burst and leave it all serene.
Our woes, like smallpox, indicate
Sure remedies:—we vaccinate.
Cheer up, sing not a dirge, nor weep,
Hope, faith, and love are not asleep.
Though earth's still "wet," it's getting drier,
Ideals are bigger, broader, higher,
From prehistoric man to me
Is quite some distance, you'll agree,
He paid his debt and I'm his debtor,—
Safe bet, the world is getting better.

Alexandre Dumas in his "Memoirs of a Physician" said: If you would become a physician, young man, study; if a quack, nothing but impudence and effrontery are necessary.

"Dr. Poore was overcome by gas the other day."

"A doctor overcome by gas? How strange!"

"Not so very. It was the first of the month and his bill came in."

SCREEN DOCTORS.

THE USUAL SCREEN MODUS OPERANDI FOR DETECTING ILLNESS IS TO PLACE THE STETHESCOPE OVER THE VICINITY OF THE PATIENT'S TRACHEA—
"SAY NINETY NINE"
?!
TWO FAVORITE TYPES OF MEDICAL MEN IN THE MOVIES— THE BEWHISKERED M.D. AND THE LEADING MAN TYPE WHO IS SMOOTH FACED AND HAS "PATENT LEATHER" HAIR—
"GIDDAP!"
IN SPITE OF THE GENERAL USE OF THE "FLIVVER" WE ARE STILL REGALED WITH A SIGHT OF OLD DOBBIN AND THE MUDDY BUGGY— IN THE MOVIES!
IN A RECENT MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION, A SO-CALLED "FAITH HEALER" APPARENTLY BRINGS A BABY BACK TO LIFE BY THE SIMPLE EXPEDIENT OF INCULCATING FAITH IN THE MOTHER'S HEART—
CLIFFORD KNIGHT—
OCT

WHIZZERINKTUMS

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE.

Every time a descendant of the Hellenes dusts our shoes we view with deep thought the glory that was Greece. Time has changed and the race appears to have petered out, slightly at least. But hold! Here is Tino, at this moment out to get old Mustapha Kemal, and eager for the fray. Much is doing in the vicinity of the blue Mediterranean and there is great ado and speeches from the balcony by Tino, descendant and heir of prophecy, idol of the Greeks, who now dwells in ancient Smyrna; and there are prospects for a gay war.

But Tino has forgotten he is living in the day of twilight for Kings. Royalty is in a bad way; everybody talks and hopes for disarmament and some genial war correspondent should tip off Tino and tell him that wars and Kings are passé. The former Mrs. Leeds should advise Tino that he may lose what caste he has left and he should leave the Turks to their favorite indoor and outdoor sport, that of decimating the poor, miserable, meek Armenians. Wars will never end and statesmen will never do aught than create more wars. Shed a tear and sigh for Tino and the glory that once was but is no more.

Every man, to his own way of thinking, is a typical patriot.

We like and admire Admiral Sims—not for what he says but because he is, like ourself, devoted to devastating truth and despises bunk.

We once heard six Major Generals, on a bright Sunday afternoon, devote an hour to panning ignorant Congressmen and their lack of about every worth-while trait under the sun. It was the accumulated knowledge of years. There were words which could have raised mental blisters and deep oaths. Ye gods and little fishes, but it is fine to hear real men analyze the workings of the minds of "Main Street" gentry who land in Washington by the political route!

Doctors will be fools indeed if they permit themselves to be used as tools for the pseudo-scientific notion that alcohol is necessary in medicine. The so-called prohibition, which is making bootleggers millionaires, is not popular and the amendment of the 18th will occur because it can never be enforced. But why make doctors bear the burden? Dr. Work, the new President of the A. M. A., is exactly right in his opposition to this and the Association has gone on record against medical bartenders.

NORMALCY NOTE.

Dr. Work is the present President of the A. M. A.

Business is good. Only the buyer is more cautious. Prices are still too high.

The man who wallops the coal combine and brings back coal prices within reason can be the next president.

Indian guides were once confined to mediums and spiritualists.

"It is to the efforts of Nature that the attentive and able physician looks for guidance."—Hippocrates.

Immunology: Advanced scientific and practical knowledge of protection against disease, out of which should evolve future theories and principles of treatment.

Empiricism will perhaps never be eliminated. Men like to try things; the power of imitation is strong. Yet much of good has come to us by way of empiricism, such as the use of mercury, digitalis and cod liver oil, among others.

COINING A WORD.

Are vitamines related to hormones? Will endocrinology go hand in hand with "vitamology?"

That a child nowadays dies of diphtheria is an evidence of carelessness or ignorance, either of parents or physician.

Woman wants but little above and below.

WHAT OF TOBACCO?

At the moment of writing, one seeks in vain for real scientific data against or for the use of tobacco. There

is prejudicial material a-plenty, unscientific and unproved. Certainly it can be truly claimed that the expense of the use of tobacco is twice too much, and that land employed in its cultivation might better yield in food products and to more advantage. As for the biased view, the intolerance of the non-smoker is perhaps as great as the intolerance, or forgetfulness, of the smoker that all do not enjoy his fumes, especially in close quarters. Science should take up the subject and tell us the truth of the use of tobacco.

LEND US YOUR PROBE, WATSON.

It always thrills when the speaker from far fields, who has come as the star speaker for the society meeting, begins his oration by asserting that the commercializing now obtaining in his special field, should be guarded against. We always thought that the reason the speaker journeyed far afield was to boost his own game, i. e., "consult with me when in a hole, brethren." The game is old, very general, and one must live, must one not? So we do not knock. We always applaud the speaker and conceal any possible astuteness. "Main Street" stuff.

BOSTON A. M. A. NOTES.

Every person carries a Boston Bag. They say even burglars carry their jimmies in Boston bags.

Much scientific fog was evident.

Why can't they index the program. We lost a day outlining our own maneuvers for the remaining days.

Cushing gave a sparkling paper in his address to the endocrinologists. He used the words "Glandward Ho!" and cautioned more caution and swatted polyglandular therapy.

Basal metabolism symposium: Deep stuff. Comes under the heading of "Interesting If True." Fitting machine to the thyroid. No one fits it to the suprarenals, yet it measures energy. It also measures emotions. It isn't a scientific apparatus—yet!

Men who repair batteries for our automobiles play a wicked game on repair fees. It's so hard to prove them the liars we know they are. *SING LO.*

Conscience is a stick which everyone takes up to beat his neighbor and not for application to his own back.

A CASE FOR A SURGEON.

What the man in the center hopes will happen the next time they read his paper from both sides in the street car.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD CLANSMAN

By Silas Hoback, M. D., Detroit, Mich.

I AM a streptococcus. It is with great pride that I say this, for our tribe has always been one of the most virile, prolific and daring of the bacterial races. We yield the palm to such valiant tribes as the Meningococci and a few others, but taken all in all we slay more enemies than all of them combined because we are ever on the offensive and our activities go on wherever human beings congregate.

My real name is Adam Pyogenes Longus, but except on formal occasions my mates address me as Addy but I have understood that doctors at times have called me simply Damn. It is true that I am now grown feeble but what times and events crowd my memory! What fights, in company with my clansmen, I have lived through and how sweet the victory after being hard beset.

In my prime I suppose there was not one of my tribe who could kill his enemy cell so quickly or digest it more rapidly than I, but alas, in my old age my weapons are indeed feeble for I am able to secrete ferments of little digestive power.

I was born in the midst of a great battle in the tissues of a skillful doctor.

That battle will always remain as the greatest my clan ever fought and after it none except myself and a few others survived. It must be understood that the history of our clan is very old but that which has been handed down and can be called accurate is as follows:

Ages ago, as our life history runs, it seems that our clan lived securely in the alveolar process of a man about thirty-five years of age. Our security lay then in the fact that we were lodged in the debris and interstices of devitalized bone tissue. Our enemies, the phagocytes could scarcely reach us by way of the blood or lymph streams and the tissue cells in our vicinity had little fighting ability. We lived a sheltered though quiet life.

According to the family legend my ancestors' peace and quiet was suddenly interrupted when one day a strange influence was felt for a few seconds and they all experienced a peculiar agitation. I know now it was the irradiation from an X-ray tube. Some time afterward there occurred what seemed to crash of worlds. My ancestors knew not what was happening but suddenly a few thousands found themselves among cells which showed great fighting ability, throwing out vast quantities of ferments. These ferments paralyzed some of my ancestors causing them to become glutinous so that they stuck together, causing others to become tender so that the phagocytes could more easily digest them, and others to become heavy and no longer able to maintain their place in the battle and still others to disintegrate entirely, besides other dire effects which reduced our noble clan frightfully.

The fact is that the dental man broke up their home when he pulled the tooth near which they lived and pricked himself in the finger on a bone splinter when he was exploring the cavity. A few of the clan who were on that splinter were lucky enough to lodge in his tissues.

His sister, a good, kind soul who did practical obstetric nursing attended him and dressed his hand. My ancestors fought valiantly and, against cells of less efficiency, would have won the victory.

As the family legend has it some of the clan were transferred to the good lady's hand and found lodgment in a skin abrasion and survived. The next evening she was called to a case of confinement and although her skin was slightly inflamed where the clan were now located she thought nothing of it. Arrived at the home of the patient she prepared herself and washed her hands, but fortunately for us my clansmen were not disturbed and more fortunately still she did not quarantine them by wearing rubber gloves.

In due time the baby arrived, but as the placenta seemed to be backward in appearing she made another digital examination. The skin on her examining hand being now somewhat macerated, my ancestors (may their tribe increase) floated off into the most favored region imaginable. They found themselves easily able to digest tissue cells and leucocytes. Through an open blood or lymph channel they entered the general blood territory. Here they increased in numbers by leaps and bounds, because, floating around in this sea of blood fresh food was always within their reach and they were

not weakened by their own excretions, the blood rapidly sweeping them away.

It was a glorious battle. A phagocyte would advance to engulf a clansman but to no avail. It simply became paralyzed, turned blue in the face, gave forth a sickly grunt and died. It was too easy.

The sea of blood in which we floated became still and all activities of the enemy cells ceased. Our particular branch would have ended then if an embalmer had been called at once, but the family doctor desired to make an autopsy. Because of that fact I myself am alive.

Here was a silly repetition by the family doctor of the dentist's lack of caution. In the course of his work he made an incision into the heart and cut right down in my neighborhood. I among many others was on the tip of his scalpel when he pricked himself; not deeply, he scarcely felt it, but we were through his outer wall of defense.

I cannot tell you how heavenly was the location in which we now found ourselves. It appeared as though our numbers increased every instant. Millions of phagocytes attacked us but could do little. The tissue cells fought bravely. I'll say that, but we so crippled and digested them that the tide of battle swung increasingly in our favor while the enemy cells seemed to be less and less able to pour out any ferments injurious to us.

We were killing and eating right merrily when there came a change in the fight. I know that I began to feel a strange weariness and I could not understand why. It was only by a bit of the best of luck that I live to tell this tale. I grew weaker and weaker and to my horror I saw our enemy phagocytes pour out most destructive ferment against us as did also the tissue cells.

While I was fighting as hard as my weakened condition would allow I found myself in a very narrow channel and was lodged with a few of my fellows in a territory held by our allies the Staphylococci. They had been living in this location some time and were in little recesses and cavities filled with cell debris. They maintained themselves against the few phagocytes that attacked them and there was little injurious ferment to bother, brought by the sluggish lymph and blood currents. This territory is called, I believe, the tonsil. I got the details of the rest of the battle from a friend who later lodged near me and this was his account as he lay gasping his life away: "Adam, I'm dying and it mortifies me but I wish you had been on my sector. I tell you we were having it all to the good when suddenly there drove through our territory an enormously long and shining shaft of steel. From the end of it poured out a torrent of clear fluid in which were millions of our own kind and of our allies, the Staphylococci, but the poor simps had no fight in them at all. They looked all right, but every one of them had a label on his belly marked "Vaccine."

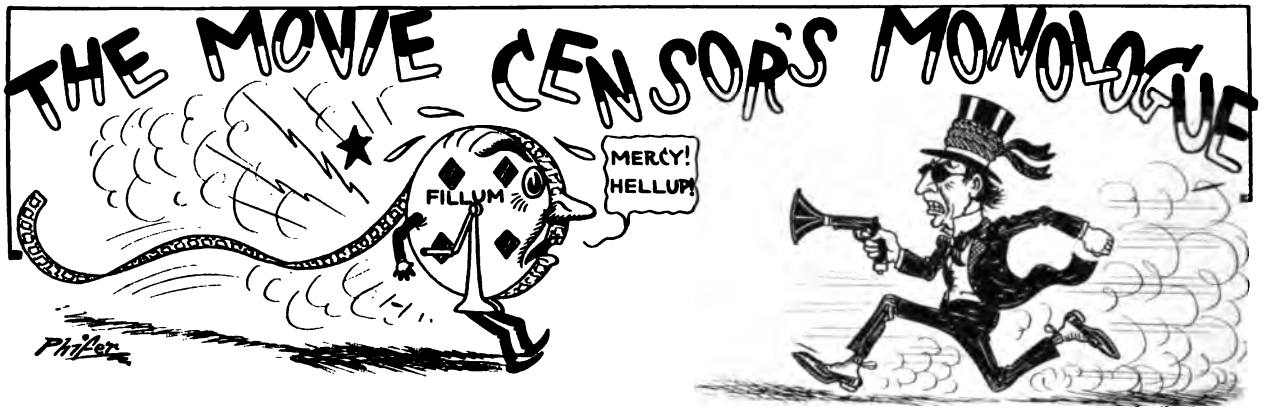
They must be one of the branches of the family tree not recognized. Imagine my disgust, when I thought those traitors were reinforcements for us, to see them put up no defense whatever. They had a little ferment inside of them but it did us no good. As soon, however, as these fakirs came on the scene our enemy cells seemed to take on new life. They evidently wirelessed headquarters, for leucocytes and phagocytes just swarmed into our sector. They forgot us entirely in their zeal to attack these fakirs. I hesitate to tell you the quantities of ferments the enemy cells poured out because you might think I exaggerate, but Addy you know I wouldn't lie on my deathbed if I could help it. But why shouldn't the enemy cells go the limit in shooting out ferments—there was nothing to stop them. Those scabs put up no fight, but the flood of enemy ferments they provoked spelled doom for us. The same phagocyte that would have met his finish suickly or beat it to the rear of he had tackled one of us went right up to one of those fakirs, poured out a cloud of ferment and calmly engulfed him. It made me sick; in fact, Adam, it is going to kill me and—" At this point my clansman ceased talking and I saw him, a little later, go to pieces.

Such was the great battle of my life. I survive because our allies, the Staphylococci, have secured this territory. Their activities have brought about such a change in the character of our surroundings that we are quite sheltered and free from enemy attacks. Although we are somewhat feeble we at least maintain ourselves, and my only hope is that the doctor whose cells killed all but us few survivors will not let some fool surgeon come along and root us up by taking away our home.

I shall finally "pass on" as our friends the Eddyites call it, but believe me we are a numerous enough tribe so that there will always be a chance for those Sherman scabs to make life a nightmare for us.

There are things we dream of but never do. Only in dreams do men set forth in quest of the ideal.

When we have ceased to deceive others, is it not time we gave up striving to deceive ourselves?



EDWARD WILLARD WATSON, M. D.

It was a Movie Censor, the fiercest one might see;
I held him as he tried to run:
"Say, wherefore stopst thou me?
The movie fillums are moving, and we the censors three,
Must hasten to the show-down, so wherefore stopst thou me?
The fillums are reeling swiftly that tell of awful vice—
There is no fillum that's proper, or even rather nice—
But I like to see the bad ones, the worst that ever be,
And so I now must hurry, SAY? WHEREFORE STOPST THOU ME?
Maternity and murder we quick eliminate,
But patricide and matricide are often, really great.

Sometimes the old man is to blame, or wife may flirty be
And then the little son pops up and shoots them both, you see.
His sentiments are noble, for he scorns the LAW to flee,
And so we let that film go on, Say! Wherefore stopst thou me?
If we could censor other things, like letters, novels, plays—
The very thought brings joy to us: we long for coming days,
When we can gloat in finding out things that long hidden be,
And put their authors all to rout. Say, Wherefore stopst thou me?
We saw a fillum a year ago, it was Lady Eglantine,
A-laying thirty eggs a day, and it was something fine,
But when she started cackling, to advertise, too free,
The fact that she had laid each egg—Say! Wherefore stopst thou me?
I saw a fillum quite decent once, it moved us all to tears
I never saw so fine a one in all my wasted years,
'Twas a mother kissed her only son, when going off to sea,
And then I killed that fillum at once. Say! Wherefore stopst thou me?
I killed that fillum, it followed me, it haunted all my dreams,
It sat upon my stomach and I waked with awful screams,
And all the fillum-inventors, as mad as mad could be,
Tied that dead fillum about my neck, Say, wherefore stopst thou me?
There's scenes of blood and murder that make my pulse beat high,
And oftentimes I wonder if I might some day try,
I'd like to be a burglar or a sneak thief in the night,
Or a second-story man at least, who seldom has to fight.
Why, I could climb upon the roof by shinning up a pipe
And then slide down so easily when time and luck were ripe—
The censor's bell is ringing, and I my hands must wring—
Why do I see improper sights when I look at Everything?

The fillums have killed my morals, and more fillums I must kill
And that sweet one I killed last week,
HANGS ROUND MY OLD NECK STILL!"

A SPOOFING LIFE

TRAMP STARR, Milan, Ind.

My retail shoe horn store burnt up
And someone poisoned my pet pup
And pumped some water from my well
And went and stole my umberell
And I dug up some strong rat dope,
And butcher knives and coils of rope
And got my shotgun from the shelf
And went downtown to kill myself.

And as I galloped past his shop
Professor Bumpo Lino Topp
Came out in his pink gingham shoes
And said he'd do the Chinese Blues
And read my bumps and dope my life
For fourteen ducats and my knife.

So I set in his red plush chair
And he dug down into my hair
And said, "O Baby, what a bean
You've got Bill Shakespeare licked to cream
It's just like Pershing's knob, by heck,
But his don't stool right from the neck
You've got the world's best cantalope
And ought to be a Sleuth or Pope
Or clean up in the Arts or Law
Just slip your ducats in my paw."

And I went back out on the street
And walked around on people's feet
And threw my knives and rope away—
A good Spoof's cheap at what you pay.

OPERATING ROOM
I NEVER HEARD HIM TELL A BETTER ONE!
HAW-HAW! HE'S GOOD!
I JUST PERFORMED MY 5320167TH OPERATION FOR TRANSILLUMINATION OF THE AMPULLA VATER FOR GALL STONES. THUS FAR I HAVE NOT LOST A SINGLE STONE!
DR. ANANIAS
HE NEVER MENTIONS THE PATIENT—HE IS SO HONEST!

WHEN DR. ANANIAS WAS ALIVE AND PRACTICING.

IN SECOND CHILDHOOD

By HAROLD HAYS, M. D., New York City.

ONCE upon a time a great man wrote that every person over forty years of age ought to be chloroformed; that his mentality immediately after that age became decadent; that he should make ready for the grave. That man lived many years after forty and gave much to humanity. He disproved his own statements and thank God for that!

I ought to be preparing for my grave, too, because I am a little—a teeny little—over forty, but instead I have gone back to second childhood. I am now sitting in my prison cell of a room, with a two by six runway for exercise and am managing to exist, fully grown but a baby for all that—I am in scarlet fever. I say that I am "in" because I can't go out and the children's specialist who is taking care of me feeds me on pap and has supplied a nurse.

I have it all over Oscar Wilde in my prison bareness, for I have writing materials at hand and don't have to suffer from the ignominy of having people think that I don't know—or didn't know how to behave myself. Poor Oscar! What he suffered! and he didn't have scarlet fever!

When I first found that I was as red as a lobster all over and would have to stay confined for four weeks, my mind could not visualize how many days, how many minutes, how many seconds there are in four weeks. But I have counted them all for two weeks, and now I know —and how I am going to get through the next two weeks, my conscience and my Lord only know. It is truly a childish existence. Early to bed and early to rise, with three meals in between that I don't want to eat, and plenty of reading matter which varies on the suggestive which no child ought to read. Yes, I am boning up on everything. First I read the "Inside of the Peace Conference" and when I get tired of finding out how much Lansing loved Wilson, I turn to the "Story of a Lover" which is full of aphoristic information on the misbehavior of married life. 'Tis stuff no child should read.

But the monotony of the child life at forty years of age! I have forgotten how to play with dolls; I don't know how to crochet any more, and they won't let me have any blocks. I have asked for picture puzzles but no one seems to want to send me any. My prison cell is a bower of roses, commodes, medicines, invalid tables and so on but the only thing that amuses me is to know the various excuses my family and friends have for staying away.

If it were not for the routine which my Nursie—whom the pediatrist insisted on my having the first day—has outlined for me and herself, I would be lost to pass the idle hours away. There is nothing like routine even for a child. I wake up sleepily in the morning, just as though I had done a full day's work and lazily glance at the clock. It is only six and I wish it were twelve. For two hours, before I feel it my duty to wake up the nurse who modestly has her bed at right angles to the foot of mine and who sleeps so unconscious of my beauteous presence, the hands of the clock do not seem to move. At eight I call her and then the day's routine commences. Although I was ill enough for two days to need a nurse to wait upon me hands and foot and other parts of the body, I want you to realize that, at the end of two weeks, I am a virile, healthy man and pine for the time when my doctor will think that I am well enough to attend to myself. 'Tis a puny thing of five feet six that lies here in bed and lets Nursie wash his hands and face and hold a cuspidor to catch the drip when he brushes his teeth. I must let her do this, I am told, until the laboratory reports that there is no possibility of my kidneys playing me a dirty trick. Meanwhile, I must keep off meat and such-like—the only things I like to eat.

My breakfast is then brought in. I must not get out of bed, Nursie says, until I have eaten my breakfast and had a bath. One thing I am allowed to do by myself. I am allowed to use my own razor on my own face, every morning, so that I won't look like a hairy pup and perhaps send some endocrines into a part of my anatomy where they don't belong. Endocrine disturbances in scarlet fever are terrible things to have! If the adrenals get into a fight with the thyroid, it's all off.

But after breakfast and the morning shave the dream of my young life is given its fulfillment. I am given a bath! Now that is going some. I, a healthy human, over forty years of age, with two legs to stand on and no albumin in his urine (as yet) is *given* a bath! Now, that is going some. I am perfectly able to give myself a

bath but I lie there in shameless abandon, like "The Kid" and let my Nursie give me a bath. In the minds of thousands of male patients I have treated, must lie the recollection of such baths. With swift abandon and not a thought for the future or any other thing, I allow myself to be denuded (not deluded) and the process begins. Not a part of me escapes. Antiseptic soap softly rubbed into a nice clean sponge, alcohol wastedly used all over me at five dollars a bottle, all outside and prohibitively none inside, then a scented powder which finds its way into every crease and fold.

I have psychologically introspected myself every day and find that one can get used to almost anything and that the luscious invalid bath, which occupies almost a whole morning, is as much pleasure to me as to Nursie, who takes the whole thing as a matter of course. Finally I am allowed my bathrobe and slippers and sit at my little table trying to pound out thoughts which will revolutionize medicine, but thoughts, which I fear, are comparable to my infantile conditions.

The Board of Health has said that I must be imprisoned two weeks longer and, as they are the powers that be, I shall have to obey, although my practice is going to the dogs and I feel well enough to do twenty operations a day. The only consolation I have is that Nature has given me one absorbing occupation. I can pick and skin myself to my heart's content. I am developing a new mind, cleared of all dead skin. Does one's mind peel as well as one's body? There's one for the Endocrinologist and the Chiropractor! I am clearing away the mental cobwebs and am developing a child-like philosophy. I drink in the sunshine from my prison window and think how short a time a month or two is after all—when one can do as he wishes and go to the movies every other night. I think how little money counts, as long as friends send you pick-me-up lunches (my wife is saving an awful lot of money), and figs, and dates, and candy, and all the other things that could make a well infant sick. I even drink milk and cocoa and, absorbing the "White Shadows of the South Seas," I wonder if there is any scarlet fever in Tahiti and whether a red skin wouldn't do better than a white skin down there anyway. I am resolved to go to Tahiti and associate with the lepers when I get well.

Night comes on. I am fatigued with doing nothing and talking over ungrateful Doctors and patients with Nursie. I place my veronal and triple bromide tablets and codein beside me and read the most frightful trash, including good stuff, like "The New Republic" and "The Brass Check" until my eyes feel like leaden balls. I forget my medicines and sink lower and lower into my bed until my head and my pillow form a proper angle for dreamless sleep—and nothing happens until I see the clock point at six the next morning. It is another day!

Drug Clerk: We're out of what you asked for—but here is a great health remedy.

Mr. Quiller: But I don't want a remedy for my health—it's bad enough now!

A Lumber Puncture.

True love in a woman can always explain everything to the advantage of the man she loves.

COMPENSATING ANEMOMETRY

By N. O. SENSE, Zeitgeist by the Sea.

GLANCING through the Taschentuch Blase, 3 B. C., Vol. LXX, No. 13, page 24, Fourth Paragraph, I came upon the astonishing line, "Ye shall ride upon the winds." The interpretation of these words gave me an inspiration which forms the basis of pneumotherapy, pneumonia and new ideas. Recognizing that Virgil had to utilize Aeolus to release the winds, I began some experiments with ileus, figuring that a vowel or two would not interfere with the status quo ante. My efforts were crowned with success and led to deeper researches which eventuated in the development of anemometric diagnosis.

The difficulties encountered may be realized from the fact that there are more than 300 kinds of anemometers duly patented for meteorological work. I could not put my name on any of them. I have, however, succeeded in getting a basic patent on the idea of an instrument to determine the force, velocity, and direction of the winds in the human organism. Patents have been applied for to cover variations in the instrument to enable one to record temperature, gravity, color, and ionic concentration.

The apparatus is simply wonderful and wonderfully simple. The basic tube employed is a modified Einborn duodenal, hybridized with the inner tube of Fallopius, which though an old model, has not been improved upon for its specific usefulness. The connecting joints are of 3 mm. macaroni, French XII, American VIII. This means little but sounds right. At the distal end there are connected in series a windmill, an ergograph, and a megaphone. Insulated, sensitized wires radiate through the tube to the proximal end where they are colloidally suspended and triturated with a standardized solution of the particular problem to be investigated. The radiated energy is directed towards the automatic recording blankograph and under normal conditions is readily calculated without the use of logarithms. The isotherms are promptly noted by linking up an electric pile that, at the proper degree of expansion, rings a bell at any previously determined temperature.

The force is not so easily calculated and for empirical purposes, as a result of studies in meteorism, I have utilized the wave lengths of varying musical notes to express force. The tube is grasped between the terminal phalanges of the thumb and index finger and gently applied to a harmonica. The wind, passing through, sounds various notes of varying pitch. When no further sound is produced the instrument is read—the other tonal shades may be noted. A gentle breeze may suffice for a Spring Song; a moderate gale will provide for the Ride of the Valkyries; a storm gives the Erlkőnig; while a hurricane DeBussies the harmonica. The value of these determinations is obvious especially in the treatment of chorea, danse du vêntre, and lethargic spermatorrhea.

The direction of the winds is of considerable importance for the recognition of reversed peristalsis, osmosis, aerosalpynx and thrombi. This is by no means an academic procedure. It is most helpful in settling various diagnostic land marks but is almost a sine quo non or indeed an e pluribus unum in the therapeutic management of fistulae, bullae, gravel, aerophagy and opisthotonus, for reasons thoroughly unknown.

Direction is approximated by means of the echoőmeter which I described at the last meeting of the International Congress of Meteorologists and Pyrexologists, February 29, 1845 (Vide proceedings of that year, already reprinted and translated into English, with copyrights in all tongues, including the Shoe and Scandinavian). A hexagonal system of aeolian harps is arranged so that the slightest modification of air current is caught and the vibrations are transmitted to an acoustiphone which amplifies the sound. As each harp is attuned to a different chord one can immediately recognize the one impinged upon by the wind. A compass, couchant on the umbilicus, gives the general directions of the body and its various contents. A line drawn or visualized from the center of the compass to the resounding harp indicates the general direction of the wind. For finer calculations, as may be required for eliciting the complete air factors of borborygmi in the ampulla of Vater, I make the correction Cosine $\Sigma = \Pi R$. P. D. Q. In this formula one may disregard Cosine Σ which equals zero in every instance. (Consult Archimedes and Euclid's excellent volume on "Symptoms and Sines" revised with a new chapter on "The Differentiation of Pediculi by Triangulation.")

The color is practically useless as most of the forms of wind encountered are off color and so elusive as to fade before the splendid colorimetric device I have provided

can be set up and applied. I may say in passing that dark brown is commonly found in alcoholic deliria, blue in psychoses, red in bolshevism, and evanescent black in widows.

Having thus briefly detailed the structure and manner of recording specific items, there remains merely a consideration of the method of introduction, a standard record card, the indications and contraindications for its use, its practical possibilities, its impractical probabilities, and its price. As there is so much to be gained by careful investigation with this instrument I have persuaded manufacturers, The Knee Shearer Co., to keep the price below the income of the average physician and to permit installment purchases, guaranteed by life insurance collateral.

It must be recalled that this is a compensating anemometer and hence is a safe investment. As a bit of office equipment it is mystifying, not too elaborate but chic and encouraging. Its presence inspires confidence and reflects scientific acumen. The compensating character of the entire apparatus is patent when its use in evaluating and capitalizing hot air is appreciated.

To get away from the sordid technical possibilities, permit me to recall to your minds that the body winds depend upon five major factors—Heredity, Environment, Infections, Neoplasms, and Mistakes. The part each plays is suggested in hydrocephalus, gastritis, tubal pregnancy, megacolon, and uterine perforation. Each element merits consideration in relation to the velocity, temperature, tension and direction of the parallel or conflicting air currents. Thus one perceives the Einsteinian relativity of normal function to the gross and net pathology of the body, from pediculosis capitis to pes planus.

For the first time, probably, the etiology of gall stones and other jurassic deposits is understandable. An aerolith is first segregated from its congeners and then effectively walled off to prevent expansion. Obviously cellular tissue could not stand the strain and hence wise Nature substitutes mineral substances, under the guidance of the parathyroids, and the enzymes from the ciliated epithelium of the mammary glands. Because of the static temperature of the body and the laws of gaseous diffusion the stones must become thicker to retain their nuclei. If the enclosed gas is H_2S it is obvious that the calcareous material must be increased, as the gas is stronger than the oxygen.

Strangely one may determine the causative gas by estimating the air content of the blood and intestines, equating the difference, and adding the carbonic acid coefficient of expansion and per cent. of blood sugar. If any H. O. N. or S. is missing, it will be found within the stone.

Even psychoanalysis becomes clearer as one can grasp the significance of the censor which must operate upon the hot and cold air in the stream of unconsciousness, thus in effect providing evidence of the anerobic culture of the individual. Air pressure is of pronounced influence upon personality as indicated in the lives of aviators, caisson workers, and home wreckers. If the endogenous currents are unequal to the exogenous currents mental unbalance results and individuals drift with the slightest wind of unusual events.

Gentlemen, the compensating anemometer is a new and novel addition to our diagnostic armamentarium. It alone makes possible the differential diagnosis of eczema and dermatitis, ileum and ileus, incarcerated and paroled hernia, singultus and belching, aspiration and suppuration. Without a knowledge of the force, direction, and temperature of intestinal air currents who could possess the temerity to prognosticate in dermis aserinus acutus, in multi-locular spina bifida, in emphysema or in emphasis. What other guide is there as to the involution of the uterus, the evolution of the pineal body, or the revolution of the axis.

It is the gentle air current that keeps open the cerebral formina, the moderate gusty breeze that makes the pylorous intermittently patulous, the gale that twists the colon, the hurricane that wrecks sphincteric controls. In fine, speaking of all diseases, by their winds shall you know them—and the compensating anemometer alone suffices to tell you the mysteries of the ills that human flesh is heir to.

To summarize, would be to repeat—to repeat would be to belch—to belch would merely mean more hot air.

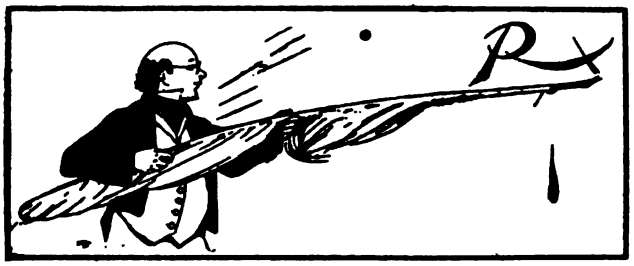
Professor: "Out of the world's population about two hundred and fifty millions wear no clothes."

Reporter: "I had no idea there were so many women."

Imogene: "Say, Tom, I saw an eye drop at the oculist's today."

Tom: "That's nothing uncommon."

Imogene: "Maybe, but this was glass and it broke."



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AN EXPLANATION OF MISBEHAVIOR

HOW is your conscience? Is it troubled or peaceful? Is your moral inhibitive center in good working order?

William Browning, M. D. (*Medical Record*, June 25th, 1921) has located the center for controlling amoral tendencies in the middle portions of the three frontal convolutions—usually the right frontal section of the brain. It is to be hoped that his studies will be corroborated. Part of the problem of human frailty will be solved and man's essential responsibility for anti-social conduct will be partially absolved.

Morals are not absolute but are to be considered in relation to the modes of nations. The morals of peace vary from those of war. Skillful thievery was part of the education of Spartan youths. The avenging of a wrong was long deemed right. The unwritten law today is regarded as within a just morality. Any promoral center necessarily would be a carefully adjusted and highly sensitive mechanism, if it actually exists as is claimed.

What a delightful defense for future forgers, gamblers, rapists, murderers, vagabonds, pyromaniacs, gunmen and panel working prostitutes to plead a disorder of the promoral center. The intelligent jury struggling with its own assorted inhibitory faculties, will immediately recognize that the State does not desire to punish the irresponsible, but nevertheless will advise the incarceration of the morament.

Fortunately the vast, silent areas of the brain cannot speak or they might resent the vast variety of functions and controlling influences that have been attributed to them. It is flattering but overwhelming to any portion of human anatomy to be charged with the dominating influence over human behavior. The loss of moral qualities is laid to the dysfunction of the right convolutions, regardless of time, climate, or customs.

The center is negative in that its effect is inhibitive—which is to say it prevents one from committing some vicious act that is inherently seeking for expression. Presumably one might postulate also a positive controlling area that stimulates right thinking and right action. If there is an inhibitive area, what trends and tendencies does it tend to arrest? Must one believe that constitutionally man would be compulsorily without morals were it not for one section of grey matter?

It is probably true that civilization has developed through mass inhibitions, regardless of intellectual development. But what chance has the race for moral progress if there is only a center for restraint? In these cells are locked fear, duty, honor, self-respect, desire for approbation, aye, and judgment of social values.

Oh for a chance at the brains of the wizards, the swindlers, the robbers of widows and children, the poisoners, the adulterers and the adulterators, and all the horde of unjailed criminals whose frontal areas should be as scarred as the area of Verdun.

Certainly there is a little bad in the best of us that bids us peek into our own frontal convolusions—possibly we rejoice in their silence.

I BELIEVE

THE sentiments expresed at college graduation exercises vary from the politic and expedient, to the patriotic and vitriolic, passing through all the emotional stations on the road of life.

As a rule, medical students escape the direct application of oratorical precepts to their particular professional needs. Some institutions retain the admirable custom of subscribing to the Hippocratic oath, though even this tradition is almost extinct.

Among all the reported terms of guidance, counsel and advice there appeared an American creed for American college graduates presented by Dr. Lee S. McCollester, Dean of Crane Theological School. Its simplicity, forcefulness, rationality and general application stamp it as worth more than transient notice.

Read it over and, then, think it over, for physicians may pause to consider what they believe to be the Eternal verities.

The creed was:

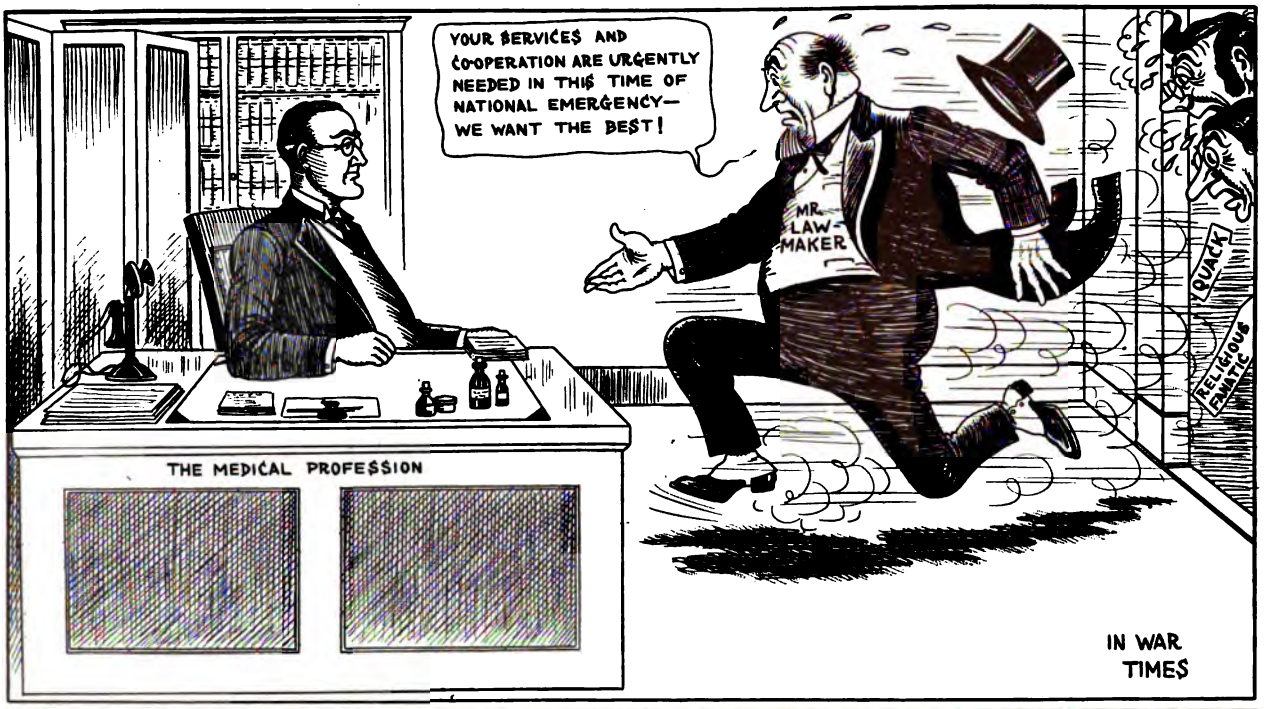
I believe in Americanizing all citizens, making them loyal to the ideals of the best leaders of our nation's history.

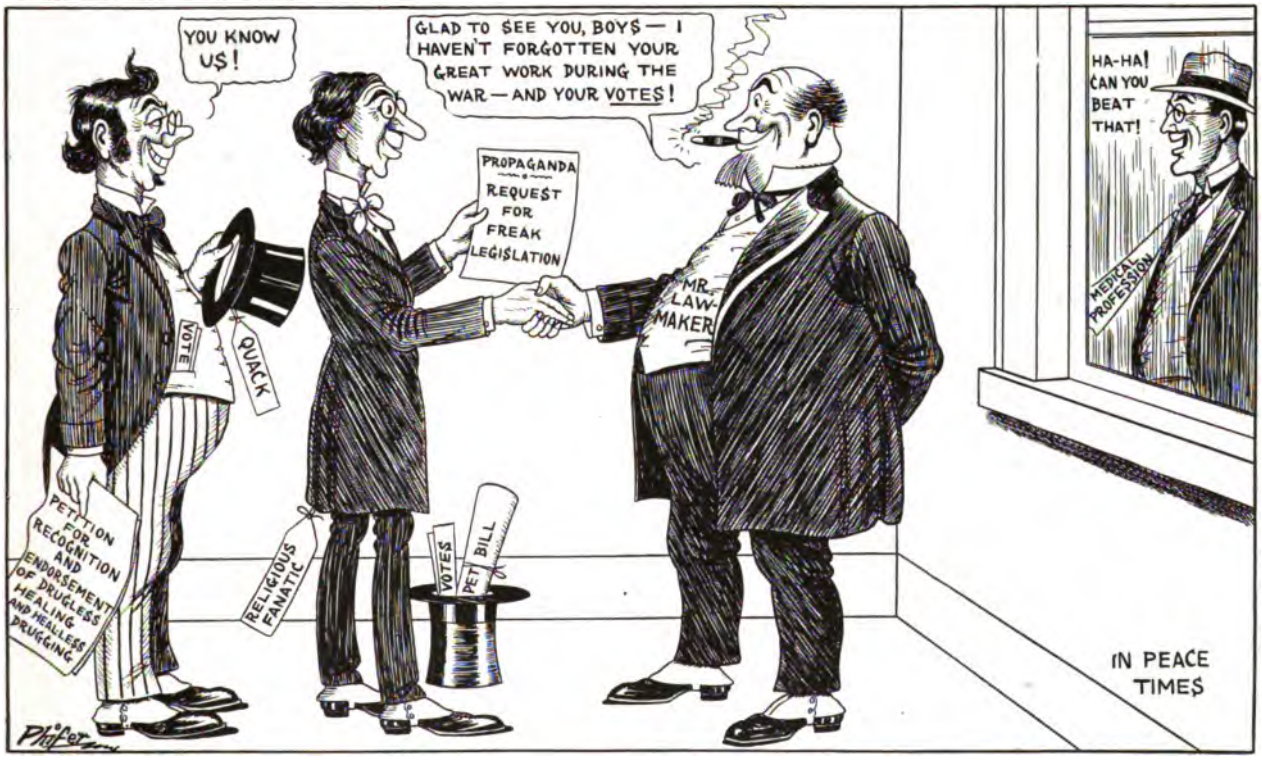
I believe in democratizing all workers, making all classes, rich and poor, a co-operative union of brothers.

I believe in fraternizing all peoples, making a bond of peace to hold in one federation all nations.

I believe in rationalizing all thinkers, making education a master of the truth for freedom of the spirit.

I believe in spiritualizing all individuals, making highest things of first consequence.


YOUR SERVICES AND COOPERATION ARE URGENTLY NEEDED IN THIS TIME OF NATIONAL EMERGENCY— WE WANT THE BEST!
MR. LAW-MAKER
QUACK
RELIGIOUS FANATIC
THE MEDICAL PROFESSION
IN WAR TIMES


YOU KNOW US!
GLAD TO SEE YOU, BOYS— I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOUR GREAT WORK DURING THE WAR—AND YOUR VOTES!
PROPAGANDA REQUEST FOR FREAK LEGISLATION
MR. LAW-MAKER
HA-HA! CAN YOU BEAT THAT!
MEDICAL PROFESSION
VOTE
QUACK
PETITION FOR RECOGNITION AND ENDORSEMENT OF DRUGLESS HEALING AND HEALLESS DRUGGING
RELIGIOUS FANATIC
VOTES
PET BILL
IN PEACE TIMES

Have you noticed how interested in the doctor Congress becomes in war times? And the interest of Congress in about everything else in peace times.

IF THE TRUTH WERE ALWAYS TOLD.

M. D. (to rich patient): Miss Vandergilt, your coming to see me week after week, and my prescribing tonics and pills and powders continuously can do you absolutely no good. Your sickness is all imaginative and it's a shame to take the money from you.

A CHILD'S CONPHUSABET

(A Help for the Doctor's Children.)

Of all the things, dear children,
Which can teach you how to spell,
The best is the Conphusabet;
It does its work so well.

So try to learn the spelling
Of every single word,
And you will master fully
Our spelling most absurd.

RULE:

Always use letters the way they are used below:

A as in Vase and Ass.
B as in Doubt.
C as in Scent and Accept.
D as in Diddle.
E as in Ocean and Sieve.

Without running through the entire alphabet consider these further illustrative types of usage.

G as in Gnat and Bough.
H as in Myrrh and Ghost.
I as in Fairy and Leicester.
J as in Fjord and Juanita.
K as in Luck and Knuckle.
L as in Llama and Calmly.
N as in Hymn.
P as in Psychic.
Q as in Cucumber (Help!)
T as in Phthisis, Heather and Forecastle.
W as in Row.
X as in Article X.
Z as in Czecho-Slovak.

And now, dear little children,
You've all learned how to spell,
And realize that English
Is just as clear as—any other language.

OLD TESTAMENT SOLILOQUIES

By GEORGIANA P. CHEESMAN.

Adam.—Eve makes a row because the wind-falls I gather under the apple-trees are "*wormy*," and remind her of that little triangular affair in the garden!

Moses.—These beastly Israelites are ungrateful critters! Here's Heavenly Manna falling every day except the Sabbath (because of Blue-Laws) yet the men grumble because "it's not like the bread mother used to make!"

Aaron.—It's bad enough to be made a monkey of, all dolled up in fancy jackets, without my wife jawing me because that confounded oil they poured over my head dripped off my beard and made grease-spots on her new rag-carpet!

Jael's Husband.—You could have knocked me down with a feather when I heard Jael had hammered Sisera's head fast to the ground with our tent-pin! I always said no woman could drive a nail straight!

Daniel.—I wish the Lord would send some more good, strong angels to shut my wife's mouth the way they did the lions' when I was in that den!

Boaz.—I don't see why I should be saddled with Ruthie's first husband's mother! Naomi is a harmless old thing; but—I didn't marry "The Whole Damn Family"!

Solomon (*clutching at his bald spot*).—Oh, these women, these women! Here's a pretty mess! My seven hundred wives are going to sue my three hundred concubines for the alienation of my numerous affections, and by the Great Horn Spoon I've got to foot the bills *whichever way the verdict goes!*

Obscure Consort of Queen of Sheba.—I s'pose it's all right for Queenie to harness up her camel and gad off with my bag of brass breast-pins I was going to peddle; and her straw suit-case stuffed with spice boxes and our saved-up cash, to hand over to old Solomon if he'll answer those hard questions she pesters *me* with; but she might have left me a handful of nickels for booze, and a few cloves on the pantry shelf for my breath!

Noah.—I don't mind being a "shut-in," and hearing the infernal racket of the live-stock, for they do shut-*up* now and then; but I'll be jiggered if I can stand the constant clank of these four women much longer!

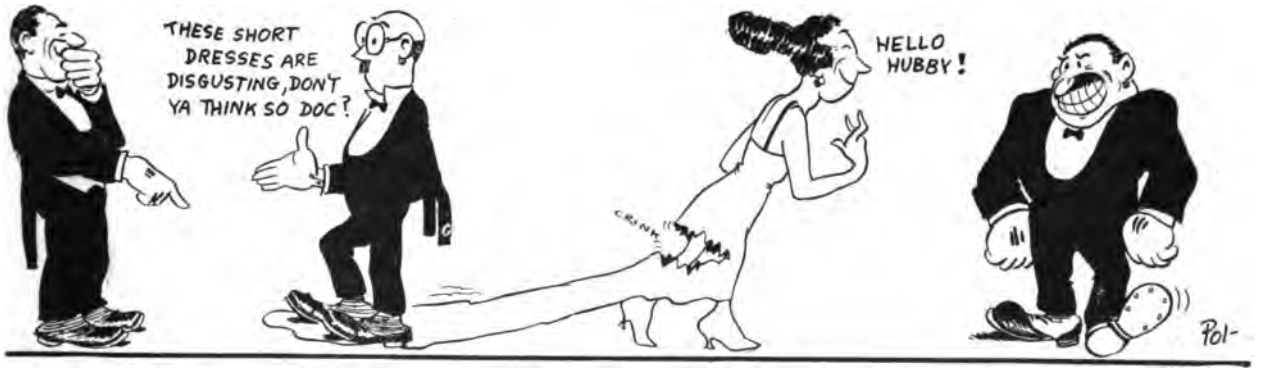
Lot (*gazing at "Pillar of Salt"*).—My poor, foolish wife! Your "head has been turned" once too often!! You were never contented with your splendid "Lot" in the old days when I thought you the "Salt of the Earth." Boo-hoo! Now all is changed, and you will always be "*fresh*" and fair to me!

ACTIVE PRINCIPLES

By RALPH M. THOMSON.

As every little shrub of earth that grows
  Contains within itself an agency
More potent than the perfumes which repose
  In dewy petals, on a moonlit lea—

So, in each human plant, looking above
  From brambled ways and meadows hedged with strife,
It is ordained, beyond all else, that love
  Shall be the active principle of life.



HIS FIRST CASE

By WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D., Ottumwa, Iowa.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.—The Sting of Moral Slander.

THE blonde young man had not tarried long in the village, but had left the next morning after his nefarious work, excusing his abrupt departure by laughingly referring to pressing business and telling the Colonel to always expect him, as he might drop from the sky at any moment for a visit overnight or longer.

And, now, Justina was compelled to face the judgment of the people, and such judgment descended upon her with mighty force. In small villages, especially, is this judgment noted for its swiftness of action and for its universal condemnation. Fred Forson thought his denunciation of professional reputation after Mrs. Everett's death was quick and decisive, but Justina Everett found that slander involving moral character, even of one's parents, was sudden; like a flash of lightning with its bolt of thunder, and as complete as the darkness that follows such phenomena. She found her popularity shattered. Young women merely nodded to her as she passed by, and some of them did not do even this, and the young men courteously tipped their hats and hurried on, in contrast to their former inclination to stop and talk. Tom Ganey attributed the action of the men to the fact that they feared the wrath of their female friends more than they cared for anything that had been said against the girl—perhaps he was right, perhaps not.

One morning, a week after the skating party, Fred overtook her on the winding road that left the village after crossing the railroad at the little red depot. She was walking briskly with Napoleon as her only companion, and the young physician stoped his car and invited her to ride.

"No, thank you," she replied. "I'm walking for the exercise, and, besides, I want to think."

"I'll promise to keep still and let you think all you want to," laughed Fred.

"No; I wouldn't get the exercise I need so badly if I should ride," she objected, "but I thank you just the same."

Of course there was nothing else to do, and Fred reluctantly drove on, musing to himself over her saddened countenance and inwardly cursing the person who started the rumor of her disgrace and everybody else in the village for repeating it.

At the little cemetery he stopped his car and proceeded through the silent, sacred spot on foot. Stopping at the grave of Mrs. Everett a moment, he removed his hat and stood with bowed head in respect to the woman who filled a premature grave.

"Why, oh why, did you not live," he sighed, "to banish with a word of denial the rumors of slander that have entangled the girl whom you and I love?"

He stood and gazed at the mound of earth for a long time, until the tears, which he made no effort to choke back, filled his eyes and rolled down over his cheek. Then, replacing his hat, he continued onward, thoughtfully, crawling through the wire fence and following an icy, treacherous path to a little shack in the woods where two children and a mother lay sick, and the fevered father struggled to keep on his feet, in order that he might attend to their wants.

As he returned and emerged from the thicket of underbrush he heard the sharp bark of Napoleon, which caused him to halt in his tracks and draw back. He peered through the protecting branches of the wild shrubs and discovered Justina sitting silently by the side of her mother's grave, alone, her dark figure outlined against the snow-white ground, her furs pulled well around her neck to protect her from the biting wind that came in gushes now and then. He could not see the tears that filled her eyes, though he knew they were there, and he could not hear the words that came from her lips, as she cried out to the mound of earth: "Oh, please, mamma, rise up and speak and tell them it isn't so. Surely, it can't be so! It's all a lie, and I know it—my dear, pure mamma."

Fred hesitated to advance and disturb her, although he knew that she had knowledge of his presence in the vicinity, for she could not help but know his car which was standing along the roadside—yet he hesitated. He stepped back farther in the shrubbery and waited, waited for half an hour until the girl had become numbed with the cold and departed, slowly, turning frequently to gaze at the mound of earth that covered the one so dear to her. He followed cautiously, giving her plenty of time to disappear around the bend in the road, and then, instead

of turning his car, he went on and returned to the village by a different route, so as not to overtake her again.

This road was much farther, because he had to ascend to the prairie road and come in past Henry Bean's house, although there was another road that came down over the bluff and entered town at the church, but Fred knew it would be impassible. He was nearly home when he saw a small figure running toward him, and soon recognized the little Henry who was waving him arms frantically for him to stop. He did so, but Henry was so much exhausted that he couldn't talk, but stood gasping, his eyes roving about as if looking at everything in rapid succession, and in his right hand there was a yellow telegram, sealed.

"It's for Julia, my wife," he said as soon as he could. "Turn around, Doctor, and take me home. I'll pay you for it. Maybe someone's dead."

"Why don't you open it and see?" asked Fred. "It might not be so bad as you think."

"Huh?" said Henry, fixing his eyes straight at Fred for a minute. "Huh?" he repeated. "No—I'll let Julia do that. I wouldn't dare."

Fred turned the car with difficulty on the narrow road and took Henry home. Mrs. Bean burst into tears as soon as she saw the telegram and her hands shook so badly that she dropped the envelope on the floor twice, being unable to open it, so Fred picked it up and quickly tore it across the end and extracted the telegram and unfolded it and handed it to her to read. Then began a search for her glasses which she had hitherto forgotten in the excitement, and, after knocking several things over in a vain search to find them, she said to Fred:

"You'll have to read it to me, Doctor."

"All right," he said, reading at once. " 'Baby boy arrived this morning. Can you come? Answer.' " Then he added: "There's no bad news in that."

"Good gracious, no!" said Julia, sitting down heavily and breathing fast. "I've been expecting it—I mean I've been expecting her to write—I didn't suppose she'd send no telegram, a-scarin' a body to death. Well, land sakes, I'll bet it's a bouncer—a boy, too. I promised to go and stay a week, so I'll have to go. I'll catch the down train tonight. My goodness, I've got to be gettin' ready—with all the things I must 'tend to before I start."

She jumped to her feet and started to carry out her intention.

"How much do I owe you?" asked Henry of Fred.

"Nothing at all," laughed Fred, starting to the door. "There's one thing you've forgotten, though."

"What's that?" asked Henry and Julia together.

He pointed to the telegram on the stand.

"It says to answer."

"Land sakes, it does, don't it? Would you mind doing it, Doctor. I never sent a telegram in my life, and Henry don't know how, and he ain't got time to go do it anyhow, for I need him here."

"Certainly, I'll be glad to send it for you," said Fred, taking a notebook and pencil from his pocket. "What will I say?"

"Dear Sister," dictated Julia. "Your telegram received and I'm mighty pleased to know you've got your boy and Henry is tickled to death—"

"But I'm not," said Henry.

"You are, too," declared Julia, "and of course I'll come like I said I would, and I'll be there tonight on the evening train, and you be sure that George meets me, and—"

Fred silenced her with a wave of his hand.

"You can only send ten words in a telegram," he explained.

"Is that so? That ain't very many. I can't never tell her all I want to in a telegram—maybe I'd better write."

"But you would get there before the letter."

"That's right," answered Mrs. Bean, puzzled, "and there wouldn't be nobody to meet me. What d' you reckon I'd better do?"

Fred wrote a few words in his notebook. "Suppose you say it like this: 'Congratulations—will come on evening train—have George meet me.' "

"That's all right," smiled Julia. That's just what I want to say—it sounds stylish. Henry, you get the wash-water in, quick. What do you mean, standing there doing nothing when there's so much to do? Answer me that!"

* * * * * * * *

At two o'clock that afternoon Fred went to his room for his hypodermic case, which had been forgotten. Mrs. Ganey was in the kitchen when he came in, so his presence was unknown to her, as he had walked from the office and his car was not in front of the house. He had barely found the lost hypodermic case when the door-bell rang sharply and he stood in his open door which led to the hallway until Mrs. Ganey answered it.

"Why, goodness me, Justina, is it you? Come right on in—you look pale as a ghost. Are you sick?"

"No—no. Oh, Mrs. Ganey, I had to come to you—there was nobody else."

She broke down and could say no more. The motherly Mrs. Ganey placed her arm around her shoulders and led her to a chair. "Of course, you should come to me if you're in trouble," she soothed the excited girl, "for who would take better care of you than I. Mrs. Darl wouldn't, I know, even if you *are* supposed to be her daughter. Now, dry up your tears, dearie, and tell me what it's all about."

The sobbing ceased, to be followed by long sighs. "Oh, you know the dreadful things they're saying about —about mamma."

"Yes; but I wouldn't let that worry me, if I was you. There isn't a word of truth in it—we know that."

The sobbing was again renewed and Mrs. Ganey again used her soothing influence to calm the girl.

"It's Mrs. Darl," said Justina, finally.

"Why; what's she done?" asked Mrs. Ganey.

"She said—oh, I can't hardly tell you what she said, but she sent Anna to tell me to come to her room and she told me—that is, she hinted at it in that sarcastic way she has when she wants to use it, that under the circumstances it wouldn't be proper for me to stay there any longer, seeing my—my birthright was questioned. She tried to be nice about it, and suggested that I leave town for awhile until the people forgot it—saying that she would be glad to have me stay, but it would be better for my own good to disappear and begin anew in a different place—and they're going to sell the house!"

"Who is—what house?" asked Mrs. Ganey.

"My house—mamma's house. The Colonel is going to sell it to pay the funeral expenses and doctor bills."

"Who on earth told you such a thing?" cried Mrs. Ganey.

"He did. He told me today. He said there wasn't anything to pay them with except that."

"Didn't your mother have any money?" inquired Mrs. Ganey.

"Yes, she did, but he says she squandered it in oil. She had ten thousand dollars in Colonel Darl's keeping, but he's got a canceled cheque to show that he paid it to her, and there's no record to show what she done with it, and I do know that she was considering buying some oil stock once. I don't know the details—I can't explain it—I'm so mixed up I don't know what to do, and I'll never, *never* step my foot in that house again."

Mrs. Ganey was again compelled to quiet her, after which she went to the telephone. "I'm going to tell Tom to come here right away. He'll straighten this thing out."

"No—don't!" protested Justina, and then she stared upward with an expression of amazement and astonishment, for Fred was standing on the stairs.

"I'm sorry to be an eavesdropper," he said, "but I happened to be in my room for a minute and the door was open, so I couldn't help hearing."

By the time he had descended the stairs Justina was on her feet and a glance told him that she was angered. Quickly he advanced to her and took her hand, and his soft brown eyes squarely met her black, angered scowl. "Please sit down," he said. "I know I shouldn't have heard what I did, but I did hear it, and now I'm going to hear the rest of it." He nodded to Mrs. Ganey who was standing at the telephone, gazing at him with surprise. "Call your husband," he commanded, "and the two of us will take this matter in hand and see what we can do."

Tom came at once, panting from the exertion of rapid walking and the two men slowly extracted the entire story from the nerve-wrecked girl. She firmly adhered to the statement that she would never enter the Darl mansion again, and Mrs. Ganey encouraged her, offering her one of the unoccupied rooms in the well-furnished house, and it was arranged that she should be one of the family.

The jolly storekeeper could get mad when he wanted to, and now was one of the times when the desire came strongly to get that way, and he did. He lost no time in seeking an interview with Colonel Darl, and Fred accompanied him. They were escorted to the library and received by the master with due formality, including handshaking, bowing and the lighting of cigars—or rather the lighting of one cigar by the Colonel, for Fred refused the proffered cigar and Tom Ganey grunted that he would rather continue with his pipe.

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?" asked Colonel Darl, after they were duly seated. "I take it that you desire to talk business of some kind, coming together at this time of day. Ordinarily I hold such conferences in my office, but now as you are both aware I am as yet unable to venture so far in the inclement weather that is ours to contend with at this season of the year. Also, before we begin, I wish to tell Doctor Forson of my gratitude to him for what he did for me on the night of the accident and to offer my apologies for not having expressed my sentiments before this. Gentelmen, again I ask what I can do for you."

"You can tell us why it is necessary to sell the Everett house," spoke Tom Ganey gruffly.

The Colonel looked surprised. He blinked at the store-

keeper several times and color crept into his face, and his thin lips opened and shut four times before he replied, and Fred could see that he was making an effort to withhold his rage. "I fail to see your motive for asking," he said, "but it is, of course, no secret. The house must be sold to pay off the expenses of burial and medical attention."

"How about that ten thousand dollars?" asked Tom abruptly.

The Colonel shook his head slowly.

"I do not know," he answered. "I have the canceled cheque, endorsed by her, showing that I paid her the money on the fifth day of last July." He rummaged through a filing cabinet and held the evidence before them. It was indeed a cheque from him to her, endorsed on the back with Mrs. Everett's fine signature, and genuine, too, for Tom had seen that signature many times. The cheque had gone through the bank and had been stamped paid by a perforating machine. "That is prima facie evidence that I returned the money which had previously been in my keeping—and that cheque, gentlemen," he tapped it for emphasis, "is a most fortunate paper for me to possess under the circumstances. It removes all questions of dishonesty on my part, which, you know, some people might accuse me of; for, do you know, this little piece of paper seems to be the last record of that money."

"How's that?" scowled Tom. "Didn't Mrs. Everett put it in the bank?"

"No; here is her bank book," said the Colonel, handing it for inspection. "It shows no entry."

"I see it don't," said Tom, "but maybe she put it in some other bank."

The Colonel stroked his chin and stared thoughtfully into space. "Perhaps she did, but I hardly think so. We can find no other bank book."

"Then what did she do with the money?" asked Tom again.

"I repeat that I do not know," said the Colonel in a stern tone, "but I surmise. At the time I gave her the money I happen to know that she was considering an oil-stock proposition and I advised against it. Justina will remember that, for I talked to both of them."

Tom and Fred knew this was so, for the girl had informed them of it.

"Gentlemen, believe me, I'm glad you have come to discuss this, for it has puzzled me greatly," went on the Colonel. "It is needless to say that I value your separate opinions very much. I will procure all of the papers I have in connection with the estate and will let you peruse them. Perhaps you can throw some light on the matter."

He arose and went into his den to obtain the papers. Tom Ganey glanced at Fred after he had gone. "There's something crooked," he mumbled.

"I think so," nodded Fred.

The Colonel returned with a bundle of papers held together with a large rubber band and handed them to Tom, who examined them one by one and handed each to Fred as he did so. This procedure occupied an hour's time and nothing was gained by it. The collection was the usual one of the insurance papers, receipts, canceled cheques and old deposit books. The ten thousand dollars could be traced to the time when it was paid to Mrs. Everett on the fifth day of July—and that was the last—it had disappeared completely.

"Well," said Tom, fastening them together and handing them back to the Colonel, "I suppose there's nothing else to do except to sell the house. I'd hate to see the furniture sold, for Justina would prize that above all things. Even the sale of the house will go hard with her. It's been her home as long as she can remember, and there's always sentimentality attached to an old homestead. But, of course, the sale of the house will more than pay expenses as I see it. There should be no occasion to sell the furniture."

"No," agreed the Colonel. "The money from the house will far more than cover it."

"What do you value the property at?" asked Tom.

The Colonel cleared his throat. "Well—er—hum—you see I hardly know. Property is hard to sell in a small village like this—that is, if it must be sold quickly, and the estate must be settled within a year. I—er—I thought it was worth about twenty-five hundred, but"—he coughed and cleared his throat again—"but I have inquired about somewhat, and two thousand was the best I could do." He stopped to relight his cigar. "So I have decided to buy it myself—giving what I consider the full value, twenty-five hundred. I thought I should do that much for Justina—I'm trying to save every dollar I can for her."

"Certainly—that's what you ought to do," agreed Tom, "but the Doctor is not so particularly interested in that. With him it is a straight business proposition. Twenty-six hundred wouldn't be too much, would it, Doctor?"

"No," said Fred, accepting the cue but puzzled what it was all about.

Tom knocked the ashes from his pipe and refilled it again while he talked. "So the Doctor wants to buy the house," he told the Colonel. "He'll give you a

cheque for six hundred dollars right now, and two thousand when you deliver the deed and clear title. Make out a receipt, Colonel, will you, please?"

He handed his cheque book to Fred, nodding his head quickly in answer to the almost frightened look that was given him by the young physician. Fred did as directed.

"You see," went on Tom, after the papers had changed hands and they had risen to depart. "Doctor Forson is going to get married some day and he wants a home of his own to move into when the time comes."

"*Indeed!*" said the Colonel, arching his eyebrows and offering his hand to Fred. "I can congratulate the young lady now, but of course I cannot congratulate you, not knowing who is to be the recipient of your favor, although no doubt you have selected one whose virtues are many."

"Thanks," mumbled the dazed Fred.

"You'll have to postpone congratulating him," chuckled Tom, "for he isn't quite ready to announce her name as yet."

They passed out of the room in the wake of Dawkins who had been summoned to show them out with dignity At the door Tom turned and rushed back and burst into the library before the awed Dawkins could restrain him and announce his coming. "Say, Colonel," he shouted, "Justina is going to visit us for awhile, so I'll send Jim for her traps this evening. Have them all ready—everything."

When they were outside Tom looked at Fred, who was still wearing a bewildered expression. "You've got an awful cheap bargain in a house and now you've got to rustle a woman to put into it," was his dry comment.

"What on earth did you mean by palming a house off on me. You know that cheque's no good and won't be paid, for I haven't a cent of money in the bank."

Tom's blue eyes twinkled.

"Well, you will have in the morning when the bank opens, for I'm going to deposit six hundred dollars to your account; and then I'm going to go to every bank in Oliva and see if I can get a trace of that ten thousand dollars."

* * * * * * * *

The reader, of course, knows the whereabouts of the money in question, but is no doubt puzzled as to why no record of it was available, for surely, when Mrs. Everett cashed the cheque she received from the Colonel, she would make some disposition of it in the form of a record—another cheque, at least, when she turned the money back to him for investment. In which case it would show on her bank book as a deposit even if the cheque should become lost.

What really happened was this: On that bright July afternoon when she visited the Colonel in his office, he had given her the cheque that now was shown proof, and she, after indorsing it, had returned it to him for investment, taking the receipt which had suffered cremation with those worthless ones in the fruit jar. The bank cashier who cashed it was so accustomed to the Colonel handling the widow's funds, and the work was done so automatically, that he never even remembered such a cheque when questioned shrewdly by Tom Ganey.

The Colonel had bought the stock in his own name, as he had agreed, and as the receipt he gave Mrs. Everett stated, and, should that receipt have been produced, he could not deny the validity of the debt, but he knew that it no longer existed, and he knew that nothing was obtainable to reveal the transaction, and his sneaking, thieving heart could not allow him to resist such a temptation as lay before him.

* * * * * * * *

The next morning Justina was unable to rise from her bed—her head ached, her limbs ached, her fever was high, she chilled frequently, and a dry, bronchial cough was troublesome.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Tom, after Fred had made an examination and descended the stairs to the living room.

"Don't you know?" asked Fred with a meaning tone. He was standing by the window, both hands in his trousers' pockets, gazing out across the river. "Don't you know how busy I've been the last few days? Haven't you heard me say that I've got whole families down? Doesn't that tell you anything?"

The storekeeper removed his corncob pipe from his mouth and sat forward in his chair as if half inclined to rise, while he looked up at the young physician with a questioning expression on his round face.

"You don't mean—it isn't flue, is it?"

"It is just that," declared Fred. "We are tottering on the brink of another influenza epidemic."

(To be continued.)

A MIND TREATMENT.

Two doctors disagreed in diagnosing the complaint of their greedy landlord. The younger doctor, whose sheepskin was but recently framed, persisted in believing that the cause was over-relaxation.

"No," his senior corrected, "this is not a physical case. It is more of a mental disorder. He's just been overtaxed. Our remedy shall be to charge him so much that he will permanently forget the taxes."

A DOUBLE MEANING.

"I wonder what they expect humans to eat," said Mrs. Staidy to her husband, who then looked up.

"This new medical book says that animal foods are meat, fish and eggs."

OVER THE LINE.

Party: "Central, what's the matter with this line? I'm a sick woman, and I've been trying to get a doctor for the last hour."

Central (to chief operator): "Better talk to this sick woman."

Chief (after conversation): "She's much worse, needs an operation, wants her 'phone taken out."

REASONED OUT.

Doctor: "What was the matter with you last night?"

Neighbor's Boy: "I had bump trouble."

Doc.: "What?"

Boy: "Well, maybe it was dent trouble. Oh, yes, dental trouble."

THIS HAPPENED ON THE FIRST OF THE MONTH.

Dr. West: Wow! At last old Boggs has paid that two-year-old typhoid bill—I never expected to get it!

BUT THIS CAME THE NEXT DAY.

Dr. West (who rents his home from his patient Boggs): Jumpin' elephants! Now I know why Boggs paid that bill!

MRS. WHITE ATTENDED SO MANY MUSICALES BEFORE THE BIRTH OF HER SON THAT SHE FELT SURE HE WOULD BECOME A MUSICAL GENIUS
MRS. WHITE'S SON AT THE AGE OF 21 YEARS— NOT A GENIUS, BUT SOMEWHAT MUSICAL
FRESH FISH
MRS. BLACK WENT TO POLITICAL MEETINGS SO MUCH BECAUSE SHE WANTED HER EXPECTED CHILD TO BE A GREAT POLITICAL LEADER AND ORATOR
HERE WE SEE MRS. BLACK'S CHILD— WHILE HE IS FOND OF POLITICS, HE IS NOT EXACTLY A POLITICAL LEADER
BIG POLITICAL MEETING TO NIGHT AT THE TOWN HALL
VOTE FOR JOHN W. BRUNNER FOR CONGRESS
MRS. BROWN WAS INTERESTED IN LITERATURE AND ENTERTAINED ALL THE LITERARY LIONS — SHE WAS SURE THAT HER NEW ARRIVAL WOULD BECOME A FAMOUS AUTHOR
LATEST FICTION
MRS. BROWN'S DAUGHTER DID NOT HAVE TALENT FOR WRITING— SHE WAS VERY FOND OF BOOKS, HOWEVER
CAN I NOT INTEREST YOU IN THIS BOOK?
NO!
PHIL MAY

How Maternal Impressions Sometimes Fall Short of Expectation.

RHYTHM, MUSIC AND EDUCATION. By EMILE JAQUES-DALCROZE. Translated from the French by Harold Rubinstein. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London. The Knickerbocker Press, 1921.

As an inspiring philosopher of rhythm for national growth Dalcroze is unique. Though his ideas have drawn countless students of the musical art to him, the practical utilization of his broad principles of education has barely found expression in public school systems. The translator has been successful in preserving the spirit and the devoted quality of Dalcroze whose every word is a stimulus to thought concerning education.

His concept of music as an educative factor embraces its intellectual, affective, volitional and muscular-neural relations. Musical sensations are essentially of a rhythmic nature and call for the muscular and nervous response of the whole organism. It is patent that there is requisite a basic training to regulate nervous reactions and to secure the necessary coordination of muscles and nerves.

The chronological development of his ideas is represented in a series of discussions that have been presented at different times, from the year 1897 to 1919. There is gradually developed the reconstructive phases of his theories that accept the variations of individual and collective existence.

In the preface to the American Edition he makes it clear that he regards education as a means to acquire the most natural expression of sensibility and temperament. For this reason rhythmics must vary according to the needs of different nations while metrics are constant.

His belief in the value of rhythmics for the esthetic and moral development of individuals leads him to demand greater attention to the feling phases of life and the fostering of a real motor tactile consciousness among the masses. The occasional musical genius does not elicit his enthusiasm, as his spiritual values are concerned with the elevation of groups in the interest of a finer spirit of democratic growth. Hence he rejects the present inadequacy of music in the schools and pleads for a compulsory form of musical development that will mobilize vital forces, while permitting the unmusical to be freed from the painful reactions of their own incapacity.

The proposed school music program, of at least two hours a week for three, preferably six years, is real and designed to function as part of daily living. The weakness of its introduction lies in the necessity of providing skillful and unusually musical teachers. One sighs to think of some of the tone deaf, self-conscious, musicless grade teachers who are trying to grapple with tone production as if it were geography, and who possess no more feeling or appreciation for music than is summed up in the conventional sense of patriotism that calls for rising when the national anthem is sung.

Dalcroze would have music taught by musicians conscious of its depth and breadth, its language, its modes of expression and its physiologic and psychologic foundations. May such a day come!

There is a wealth of suggestion in his attitude of contempt for those who regard the playing of an instrument as the end, aim, and evidence of musical ability. His objection to teaching instrumental technic before the organism possesses a sense of rhythm is receiving increasingly warm recognition by those who regard music in terms of feeling or expression rather than an as an artificially imposed conventional technic. The shades of aborted pianists and violinists bear witness to its truth.

To the average music teacher his views may appear radical, aye revolutionary, and economically disadvantageous, but nevertheless there is an undercurrent of belief in their reasonableness and potential benefits. He would have teachers who know, feel and love music because of having a conscious and subconscious feeling of its eternal values in rhythmic expression.

In his efforts to devise new expression of notation and time values he dares to be creative and threatens other traditions of musical style. These, however, are trifling in the light of his sincere expression of confidence in the helpfulness of his use of these modifications of musical language.

The relation of rhythms to gesture, to lyric opera, to choral action, the ballet or individual dancers, is excellently presented with just sufficient force to indicate the dynamic and agogic weakness of common present-day methods. To him the dance is more than graceful motion; it is the externalization of mental attitudes—the bodily representation of musical values.

The crux of Dalcroze's doctrine lies in the development of a musical soul, that breathes, feels, creates, and recreates through living the vital rhythms which form the essence of musical education. Life is to become harmony when nations are attuned to the rhythms of the universal brotherhood of man and the joy of conscious co-

operative activity. If Eurhythmics will hasten such a day, its immediate need is patent and the enthusiasm and insight of its champion should seize the educational world, upon which his influence is increasingly manifest.

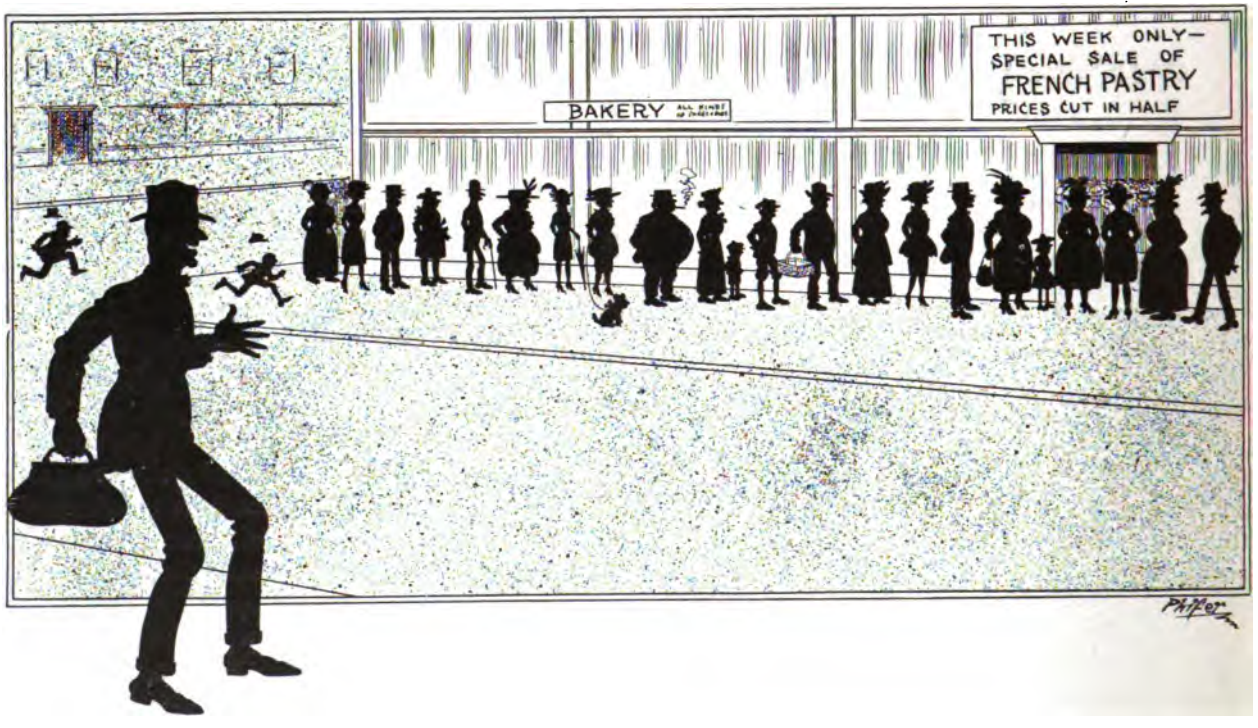
I. S. W.

SEX FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS. By WILLIAM LELAND STOWELL, M. D. The MacMillan Company, 1921.

The increasing attention that is devoted to problems of sex emphasizes the necessity for supplying information adequate for the purpose of parents and teachers. Stowell has succeeded in presenting in an excellent manner the biological approach to the problems of sex education. The brief introductory note by G. Stanley Hall comments upon the sane and sensible way in which the entire subject matter is presented and rightfully does he stress this phase of the presentation. The range of material is extensive, although the method of exposition is one of brevity, simplicity, and clarity. The illustrative material is adequate to supply parents with graphic representations of phenomena little known to the laity, with a view to aiding parents in conveying the necessary information to children.

The considerations of the Mendelian law and eugenics are briefly mentioned and their essential elements emphasized. There is rather an unfortunate lack of the consideration of sex esthetics, psycho-biology, or psychology of sex to supply the need for considerable information that is requisite to counteract the most important problems in connection with children at puberty and late adolescence. Despite this lack, however, Stowell has made an interesting contribution which should be very helpful to parents and teachers who are struggling with the problems of sex and who view it as an essential phase of the education of the young.

I. S. W.



Dr. Triggs: Ah! My business is going to be rushing—I see where I'll be kept busy for some time to come!

The Medical Pickwick

VOL. VII NOVEMBER, 1921 No. 11.

THE FIRST BLOOD-PRESSURE EXPERIMENT.

In *December* I caused a Mare to be tied down alive on her Back, she was fourteen Hands high, and about fourteen Years of Age, had a *Fistula* on her Withers, was neither very lean, nor yet lusty Having laid open the left crural Artery about three Inches from her Belly, I inserted into it a brass Pipe whose Bore was one-sixth of an Inch in Diameter; and to that, by means of another brass Pipe which was fitly adapted to it, I fixed a glass Tube, of nearly the same Diameter, which was nine Feet in length. Then untying the Ligature on the Artery, the Blood rose in the Tube eight Feet three Inches perpendicular above the level of the left Ventricle of the Heart. But it did not attain to its full Height at once; it rushed up about half way in an Instant, and afterwards gradually at each Pulse twelve, eight, six, four, two, and sometimes one Inch. When it was at its full Height, it would rise and fall at and after each Pulse two, three, or four Inches; and sometimes it would fall twelve or fourteen Inches, and have there for a time the same vibrations up and down at and after each Pulse, as it had when it was at its full Height; to which it would rise again, after forty or fifty Pulses.

The Pulse of a Horse that is well, and not terrified, nor in any Pain, is about thirty-six Beats in a Minute, which is nearly half as fast as the Pulse of a Man in Health. This Mare's Pulse beat about fifty-five times in a Minute, and sometimes sixty or a hundred, she being in pain.

Then I took away the glass Tube and let the Blood from the Artery mount up in the open Air, when the greatest Height of its Jet was not above two Feet.

I measured the Blood as it run out of the Artery, and after each Quart of Blood was run out, I refixed the glass Tube to the Artery, to see how much the Force of the Blood was abated; this I repeated to the eighth Quart, and then its Force being much abated, I applied the glass Tube after each Pint had flowed out. The result of each Trial was as is set down in the following Table, in which are noted the greatest Heights it reached after every Evacuation. It was usually about a Minute before it rose to these several Heights, and did not rise gradually, but would stand during several Pulses much lower, than what it would at length reach so that I often thought it had done rising, when on a sudden it would rise for some time four, eight, twelve or sixteen Inches higher, where it would stay for some time, and then on a sudden fall four, eight, twelve or sixteen Inches.—*Stephen Hales: Haemadynamics* (1733).

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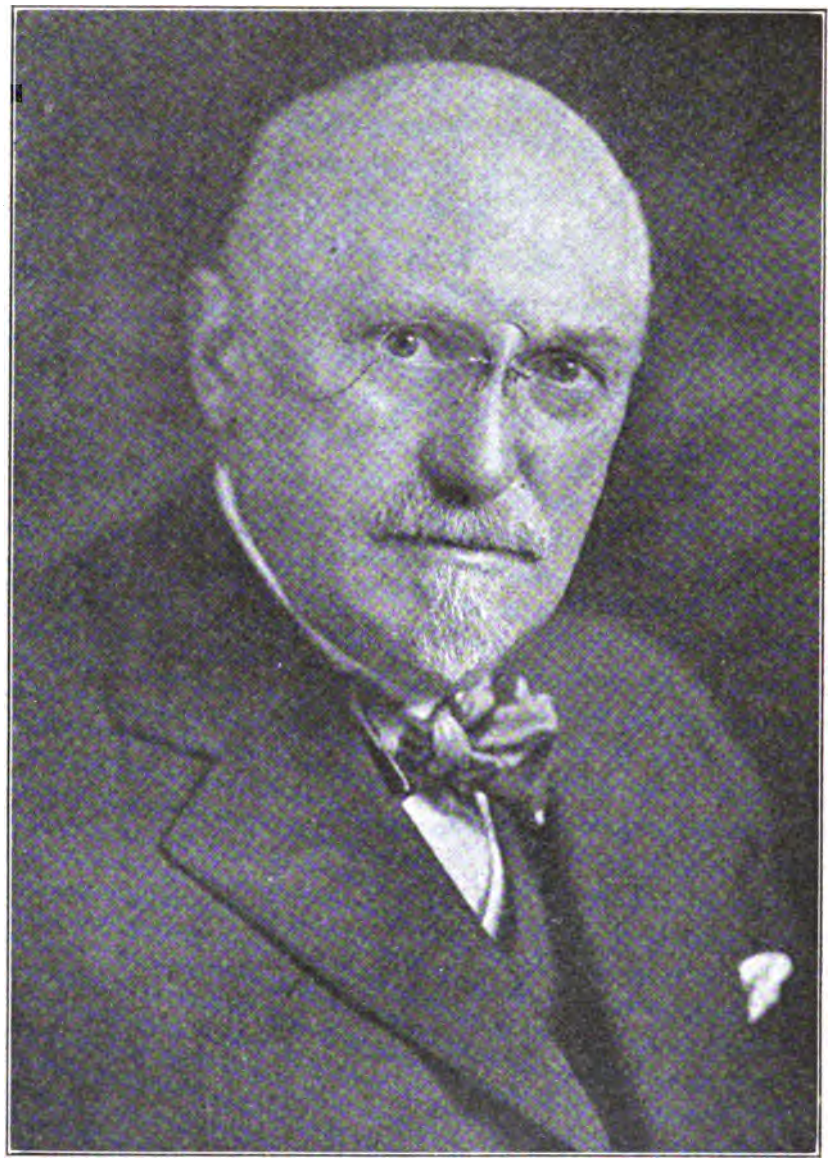
GLISSON AS A PHYSIOLOGICAL THEORIST.

Glisson has been fortunate in two generous judges, in Haller and Virchow; it would ill become me to depreciate a distinguished Fellow of my own College, and as a clinical observer Glisson had considerable merits, but as a physiologist he was sunk in realism. He was happy in the invention of the technical term "irritability," but for him this virtue was as metaphysical an essence as the vital spirit; his prime motor was not physical. As a philosopher I fear the independent reader of his works will find him fanciful and wearisome.—*Sir Thomas Clifford Allbutt.*



GEORGE F. BUTLER, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, AUTHOR, AND LOVER OF MEN.

GEORGE F. BUTLER. M. D.

By E. S. GOODHUE, Roosevelt, Hawaii.

FOR nearly thirty years I knew him as friend and correspondent. Our friendship was warm in early Chicago life amidst the inclement winds and winters of that city, and when I came West to California and Hawaii, his love and letters followed me.

Under my palms and stars I have thought of him, read his books, written my word for his eye.

Only a few weeks ago he sent me copies of all his books, and one of his last, "How the Mind Cures," has not yet been acknowledged.

It is a wholesome book like the author was a man.

To those of us who enter the sixties or over, Death seems to come to our immediate associates and friends more than it does to others, and we remain standing, as it were, in the shadow, alone.

I feel such isolation now.

I should not dare to go over the list of dead classmates and acquaintances, but of more or less intimate friends and correspondents in the last few years I have lost John R. Musick, Dr. F. M. Crane, P. J. Bailey, Th. Nast, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Bradford Torrey, John Muir, J. H. Goodhue, Robert J. Burdette, Eugene Ware, James Whitcomb Riley, Myron Reed, Jack London, Roosevelt, Butler, and others less known.

Doctor Butler was not only a skilled physician, a poet of tender sentiment, a forceful prose writer, a good speaker, an entertaining conversationalist—he was a true loyal friend.

And when one says this of a man, perhaps the highest praise has been rendered, for the capacity so to love, trust, believe in, and remain faithful to a friend, includes every quality which we admire in our ideals. I am grieved but not as one who sorrows without hope, for I share with the one just gone the expectation of another Life where we may oftener meet and joy in the untrammeled work we shall there have to do.

Many times we had planned to meet face to face, once in Chicago when I was there, once in California when he came over to the Coast, but each time something happened to prevent contact.

Then we got ready, three of us, to travel East to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws (Butler. Jack London and myself), but, at the last moment, Jack could not go and the trip was given up.

With letters, his charming books, and "Just Among Friends" each month in "*Clinical Medicine*," I have had to content myself, deriving therefrom much of the author's personality.

I may say with the closing verse of a poem I wrote some years ago, and which Dr. Butler repeated at Stanley Waterloo's funeral:

> Then will I wear bright flowers,
> And smile with the sunshine of the day,
> Good-bye, my friend, my lucky friend—
> I'll soon be coming up your way!

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND THE CONNECTICUT MEDICAL SOCIETY

JAMES G. KIERNAN, M. D., Chicago, Ill.

THE Connecticut Medical Society was founded in 1792. There had been considerable agitation covering a period of about twelve years before its foundation occurred. Dr. James Potter of Fairfield delivered an oration on "The Rise and Progress of Physic in America" at the first convention of the first medical society in the thirteen United States after their independence on February 28, 1780. New Jersey had founded the first medical society in 1766, during the turmoil of the Stamp Act.

The Connecticut Society was finally founded in 1792. Dr. Leverett Hubbard, subsequently Professor of Surgery in New Haven Medical College was the first president. Dr. Eneas Munson was the first vice-president. Prominent among the charter members were three men who, like most American physicians of the time, were active in guiding the destinies of the new republic: Drs. Elihu Tudor, Martin F. Coggswell and Eli Todd.

Dr. Tudor was Wolfe's chief surgeon during the Quebec campaign of the French and Indian War. He was highly esteemed by General Wolfe, whose deathbed gift of a silver mounted pistol is still cherished by Dr. Tudor's descendants.

Dr. Eli Todd inaugurated the movement for hospital treatment of the insane in Connecticut. He forced an investigation in 1820 of the private and county care of the insane which revealed the familiar horrors concomitant on such care. The investigation resulted in the creation of several state hospitals for the insane in New England and New York.

Dr. Martin F. Cogswell was the first Connecticut physician to institute an inquiry into the causes of deaf mutism. This resulted in the Hartford Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.

It is evident from the labors of Drs. Todd and Coggswell that the teachings of Chiarrurgi, Pinel and Abbe Sicard had permeated the American medical profession. The physicians of the era of the American Revolution (who founded the first State Medical Society after it) were men of broad minds whose foresight, skill and scientific acumen were not surpassed by their descendants.

Connecticut had more than one medical representative among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. One of these was from Connecticut itself: Dr. Oliver Wolcott. The other was from Georgia: Dr. Lyman Hall.

Dr. Oliver Wolcott was born November 26, 1726. He was educated at Yale, from which he was graduated in 1747. Immediately upon leaving college he was made a captain in the army and served in protecting the border settlements from the Canadian French and Indians until the close of the war. He then returned to Connecticut and began the study of medicine under his brother, Dr. Alexander Wolcott, a distinguished practitioner of Windsor, Connecticut. He was chosen by the legislature first Sheriff of the newly organized county of Litchfield. In 1774 the freemen of Connecticut chose him as a member of the council. He was annually re-elected until 1786. During that time he was chief county judge of Litchfield County and probate judge for Litchfield district. From Captain he rose to Major General of the militia. He settled the boundary controversy of New York, Vermont (then not a state, but called New Hampshire grants) and Connecticut, thereby depriving the British of a potent weapon for colonial disruption. In 1776 he attended Congress until he had signed the Declaration of Independence. Then by command of Governor Trumbull he took command of Connecticut regiments. This service performed, he re-took his seat in Congress and moved to Baltimore in 1777 when Philadelphia was threatened by the British. During the summer of 1777 he was engaged in organizing militia. He dispatched thousands to the aid of General Putnam on the Hudson. He took command of volunteers under Gates and served until the capture of Burgoyne. From 1781 to 1782 he served in Congress. In 1784-5 he was a commissioner who negotiated peace with the Indian Six Nations. In 1781 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut. He was re-elected each year until 1796 when he was chosen Governor. This office he held until his death, December, 1797. It is a singular instance of the breadth of his accomplishments that he should have been chosen secretary by John Adams.

Dr. Lyman Hall was a native of Connecticut and was educated classically and medically in that state. He

completed his classical and medical course quite young. He was born in 1731. He married in Connecticut and emigrated to South Carolina to practice his profession at Dorchester. He removed to Medway district, Georgia. Forty New England families joined him at Medway. He settled at Sunbury where he practiced until the outbreak of the Revolution. Georgia had a large German population who were pacifists of the Mennonite stripe and an enormous proportion of Irish and Scotch Jacobites whose reverence for the Stuarts had been replaced by one for George III, who toadied to them as tools against freedom. Therefore the state was lukewarm if not worse in opposition to British tyranny. The people of Dr. Hall's district were therefore "so much earlier determined to make common cause in opposing British encroachments on the rights and liberties of the colonists than" the Georgians generally . . . "while the people of Georgia in general were indecisive, temporizing and backwards, the citizens of the parish of St. John (Dr. Hall's district) set them an example of decision, magnanimity and patriotism which though slowly and at a considerable distance in their rear, they eventually followed."*

These St. John parish people were more exposed to Indian and British violence. A meeting of what was denominated the republican party was convened at Savannah, July, 1774. Dr. Hall attended. The measures adopted were far from being satisfactory to him or his constituents. A meeting held six months later made no progress. The resolutions adopted merely petitioned the British parliament for redress of grievances; a perfectly futile procedure. The St. John parish people then addressed the South Carolina Correspondence Committee. This differed from the St. John's parish people. The latter then united with the colonies which had boycotted British goods and resolved to boycott the Georgians who persisted in purchasing them. They then elected as delegate to Congress Dr. Lyman Hall. He presented his qualifications May 13, 1775. There was a difficulty. Some votes in Congress were by colonies. He settled the difficulty by proposing he should join in debate but only vote when the vote was taken by members—not by colonies.

Georgia was at last aroused from her unpatriotic apathy. In July, 1775, she elected five delegates. Dr. Lyman Hall was one. He had long urged the Georgians to action and was at this time a delegate from a small district of Georgia. In May, 1776, he presented his new credentials, dated the February preceding. He was present at the debate on the Declaration of Independence and when the question was settled he affixed his signature. In 1780 Dr. Hall appeared in Congress for the last time. He and his family were compelled to leave Georgia when the British confiscated his property. In 1783 he was elected Governor of Georgia. He died in 1791 having latterly resumed the practice of medicine.

*Dwight's Lives of the Signers.

TRUE THANKFULNESS

By Ralph M. Thomson, M. D., Savannah, Ga.

I'm thankful it is not my lot
To boast of more than is my need;
That I must ever plan and plot
To gain the very humblest meed.

I'm thankful that my wants are few,
And that my heart is satisfied
To share whatever revenue
Whimsical Fortune may provide.

That although thoughtless tongues may speak
Unkindly of me day by day,
I have the courage to be meek,
The strength to still pursue my way.

I'm thankful I do not begrudge
A single neighbor his success;
That I am disinclined to judge
A man by what he may possess.

And that, while some may undertake
To prove I've failed, I am content
To do the best I can to make
Another's life a sacrament.

I'm thankful that my course is set
Where truth and love are in accord;
For, otherwise, I might forget
Some things for which to thank the Lord.

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

Personal Reminiscences.

By H. C. Coe, M. D., New York City.

"I confess without shame that I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine." Thus wrote the great soldier in a personal letter to a friend in the spring of 1865. Compare this with the cruel remark of Napoleon, that to him the lives of a million of men were a matter of indifference! Yet there are still living men and women who cannot gaze upon St. Gaudens' statue of General Sherman without bitter feelings, kept alive by their fathers and mothers who have never forgotten the march through Georgia. Such is the legacy of hatred, the worst aftermath of war, which survives several generations.

I have no such remembrance of my hero of boyhood days and friend of later years. To me he was the knightly soldier and the gentle, lovable old gentleman, who died as he had lived "every inch a man."

I remember how, when I was a little child, he used to visit his sister, who was our next-door neighbor during the early years of the Civil War, and to take me on his knee. He was erect and stern and soldierly, but "Uncle Cump" ("Uncle Billy" the soldiers called him) was the friend of children, who are no mean judges of character.

I did not see him again until many years after the war, when he was at the head of the army. He was too sane and level-headed ever to be drawn into politics, though with his wide popularity and immense influence at Washington, doubtless he could have had the highest gift of a grateful people.

During Hayes' administration, just after my graduation from college, I happened to visit friends in Detroit who were entertaining the President and his family, and was invited to accompany them on a short yachting trip across the lake. General Sherman was in the party, so that I had the pleasure of meeting him familiarly as a friend of his family. He was then a spare, grizzled veteran, full of fun and good humor, and without the least bit of style. In fact, I remember that he wore rather a shabby suit of clothes, in spite of the august company, and an old-fashioned high collar and stock.

In the midst of the jollity the yacht drew up to a small landing where the local military company was waiting to pay its respects to the General. He made a wry face, deliberately took off his civilian's coat and donned a dress-uniform coat somewhat the worse for wear and without the insignia of his rank. In this nondescript attire (which nowadays would be decidedly "contrary to regulations") he stepped out on the pier, greeted the rustic soldiers cordially, and as soon as this ordeal was over, he returned to the cabin and before his amused audience shed his brass buttons with a sigh of relief, and became an ordinary citizen again. So simple and unaffected was the veteran of an hundred battles, to whom the marks of rank were only externals, necessary on official occasions, but otherwise distasteful.

Years passed and the General slipped quietly into retirement, leaving his old friend, "Fighting Phil," to wear the four stars which have been borne by only a few of our eminent soldiers. He made his home in New York, where he became a familiar and most unmartial figure, welcome in all gatherings and a famous first-nighter at the theatre.

The "good gray head which all men knew" was recognized even by the newsboys, as he mingled with the throngs on the street and, full of the joy of living, sought the company of the young and gay and so kept his own heart young. I recall one evening at the Casino, when the graduating class at West Point was enjoying its long-coveted freedom. At this time General Sheridan was suffering from a lingering illness, which terminated his brilliant career. General Sherman sat in a box and the boys in gray called upon him for a speech. In blunt, soldierly fashion the fine old fellow arose and made a few apt remarks, alluding in a touching way to his dying companion-in-arms.

I was destined to know him more intimately, in connection with my professional relations with both his brother and sister in their last illnesses. It is pleasant to recall his familiar reminiscences, though he disliked to talk of the war, for he frankly acknowledged that it made him sad to think of the terrible experiences which he had had. The world would never have believed that he had such a tender heart, but he was a living example of the verse:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

He retained no enmities and his former foemen were all his friends. War was with him a stern duty, and the

well-known phrase in which he characterized it expressed his own sincere belief. His affections were warm, and he was not ashamed to express them in word and act. In sorrow and affliction he maintained a stern self-control, but late one winter's night, as I was coming from his sister's deathbed, I met him pacing up and down in front of his house, weeping quietly. Such grief was too sacred for another's gaze, and I passed him without a word.

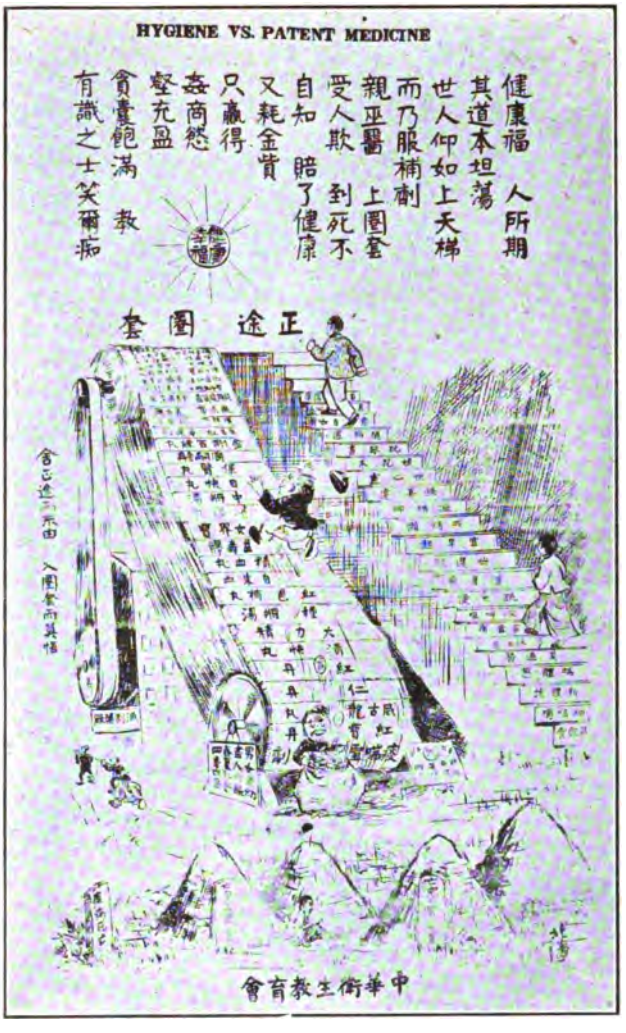
He lived a peaceful and honored citizen, enjoying life to the end, undisturbed by political strife, avoiding publicity and keeping aloof from military affairs. In his last illness he was the same dignified, cheerful gentleman, happy in the consciousness of duty well done, and in the love and respect of his countrymen. Neither wealth nor titles would have added to his position, and he certainly would have refused them (as he did political preferment) if he had lived in a foreign country where such are the rewards of eminent military services.

The equestrian statue in which the artist has pictured Sherman as pressing on to victory is more than lifeless bronze. It is a revelation of character, a symbol of resistless force, of the on-rushing of a will before which all obstacles must yield. The idea of *motion* communicated to this work of art is surpassed only by the immortal Shaw memorial, before which we sit spellbound, following the young martyr to victory and death, as he presses on surrounded by his marching men with the pathetic veiled figure hovering over him.

A rich legacy to the younger generation are these two undying symbols of the onward march of the Republic.

FOR COMFORT AND RELIEF

He had just undergone a serious operation. Then the surgeon discovered something had been neglected. Another operation. Three times this occurred, when the patient wearily asked, "Why don't you sew a button on it?"



A CHINESE POSTER.

Posters are used to teach health principles in China by the Yale in China Hospital. This poster is an argument for hygienic living versus patent medicine. The escalators represent the "subverted means," or patent medicines, and the "right way," or hygienic principles. At the bottom of the picture is a row of tombstones which serves as a warning to patent medicine fiends. The American Red Cross, to hold its Fifth Roll Call November 11-24, distributed these posters for the Yale in China Hospital.

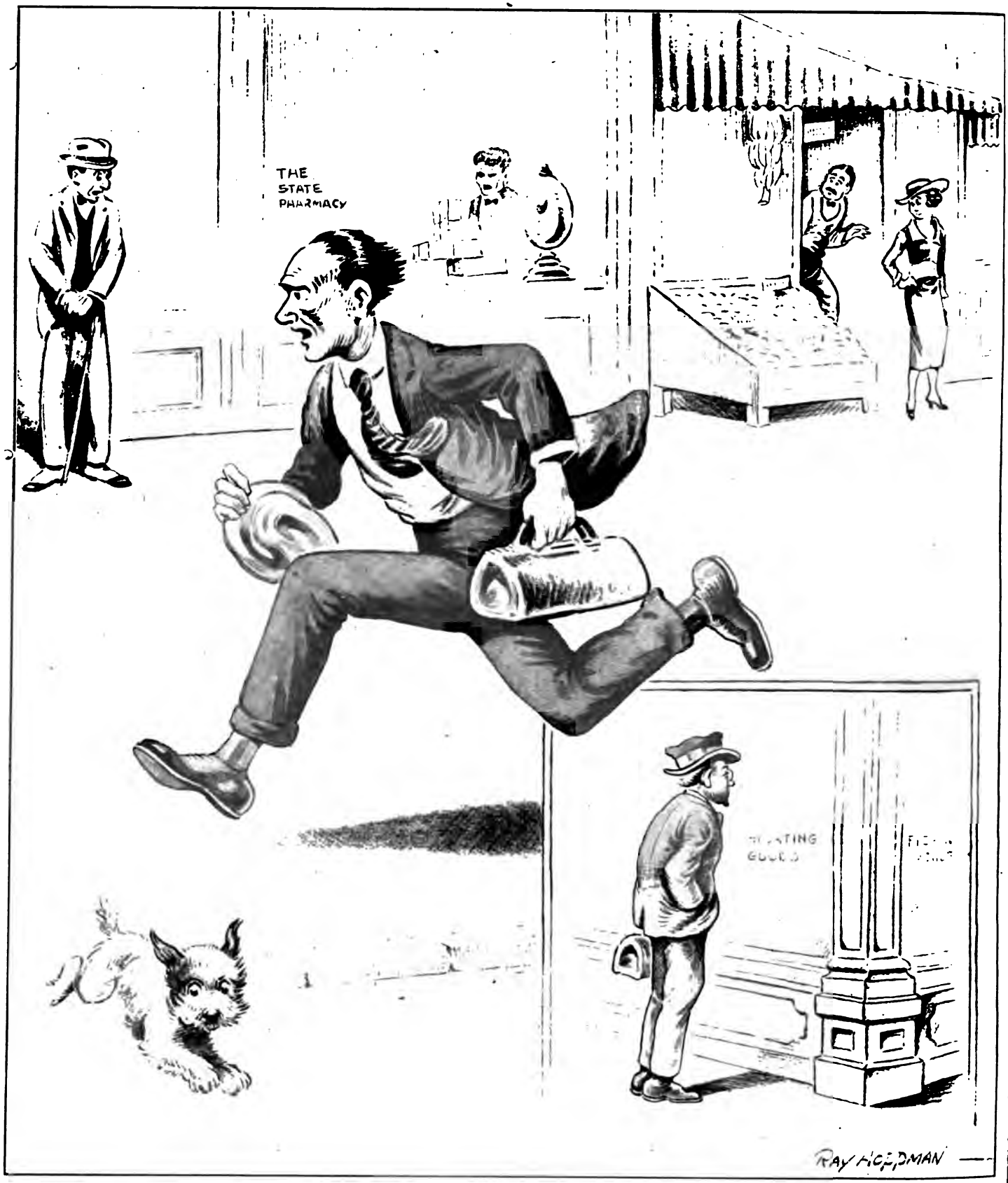
GET AN ELECTRIC.

J. B. D.

Widow Murphy: "Ye'll give Moike a foine hearse, will ye not?"

Undertaker: "Yes, ma'am. An automobile hearse."

Widow Murphy: "No indade, none uv thot. Moike niver could stand the smell uv gas'leen."



AS DR. BINKS MADE HIS FIRST CALL AND AS HE GOES TODAY.

AN AUTUMN DUCK SHOOT ON LONG ISLAND SOUND

SPRING and Autumn to the Field and Stream fraternity are overhauling times, during which all paraphernalia must be hung out in the sun, cleaned, varnished, oiled or retied, according to their respective requirements. Frequently there is shaken out of an ancient coat pocket a picture, or an old diary, on whose leaves we have inscribed long ago the tale of a trip almost forgotten, and as we read it there extends before us a bridge, built by the genii of memory spanning the deep abyss between our youth and our present days, and we cross over for a brief space into that wonderful land of long ago.

This autumn, as I was shaking out an old, battered ducking coat, there fell from its pockets an ancient pipe and a small notebook, on the pages of which were recorded certain details of a Broadbill expedition made to a little harbor east of New Haven, and a letter from Captain Charles which started Jim and I on it, one stormy Tuesday night twenty odd years ago. The letter stated that the cove was jammed full of Blue Bill, and if we expected to garner a proper harvest it was time to start. Hence we found ourselves, after a long trolley ride and a longer hoofing party, a bit damp as to clothes, seated about Cap's cheery kitchen stove, our stomachs pleasantly distended by broiled live lobster, striped bass. roast Broadbill, two or three cups of coffee, and large sectors of apple pie. Our pipes are drawing well, and within easy reaching distance are glasses containing hot water, lemon peel, brown sugar and an alcoholic substance, the name of which escapes me, for that was long ago and the Demon Rum was frisking merrily over this fair land.

What ducker can't recall such evenings, and the yarns that were spun concerning miraculous shots made at incredible distances, of marvelous fowl killed, amid various perils by land and sea, until the talk died down and all drifted away to bed, there to dream the rich tales all over again.

Morning finds us out on an ice covered rock in the middle of the cove. It is dark and bitterly cold. Somewhere out in front of us are fifty Broadbill decoys, and farther to the right are six Black duck stool waiting to work their nefarious roles. From time to time we hear wedges of fowl going over, or by us, but it is too dark to shoot. All waiting has an end, and finally the east begins to lighten and our decoys can be seen dipping their wooden beaks in the waves. The wind is dropping fast. So is the tide, and there is a slight haze, a perfect morning for our purposes. About daylight ten fine birds came in from the west, and with a whish of wings set their black legs over their false wooden friends, and four of them pay the penalty of over-trustfulness, splashing into the water with a mighty splash. Thus the day begins well. The storm of the past thirty hours had apparently broken up all the big rafts of ducks, for as far as we can see are small bunches flittering about, waiting for the tide to fall, and feeding to begin. As daylight brightens, Black duck leave the marsh up in the head of the cove and wing their way to sleeping quarters far out on the Sound, usually too high in the air for a shot, but as Jim remarks, "Sort of cheering to observe."

One of us keeps an eye peeled in their direction and finally our caution is rewarded, for a pair of these Duskies rise close to the marsh's bank and keeping near the water, bear down straight for us. They see our stool when about half way and flare up a bit, then drop directly into them. I shoot to the left, and Jim to the right, and I regret to recall that J'm collected two large dollars from my old pants, that being our time honored penalty for an eye wiping. During the next two or three hours our bag increased by pairs and singles—adventurous spirits come to spy out the land and to beat their fellows to the food. The tide is almost dead low now and shooting really starts. By singles, doubles, four, fives and flocks Broadbill come into us in a manner most satisfactory to even the most exacting gunner. Remember, they haven't fed for thirty hours, our rock was right in the midst of good feed, and this was all in the evil days of spring shooting.

True to tradition, each time we shoved off to pick up cripples we lost many chances, and on one of these chases I remember looking back toward our rock and to my jaundiced eye our decoys seemed like lumps of sugar about which flies were buzzing, so great was the congestion of ducks about them.

Noon on our rock finds the tide dead low, flat calm on the face of the waters, but birds still coming in. Shooting by this time was difficult, because our ledge was several feet above the water and most of the shots were

downward and at a considerable angle. Nevertheless the harvest was good and our bag was assuming large dimensions. By one o'clock the fight had stopped, the tide coming in fast, the Sound like a millpond, and worst of all a rick of birds forming out in the entrance of the Cove to which all incomers were stooling. So there we sat, watching the gathering of the clans of the Aytha Marila, until certain gentle but insistent reminders from our stomachs called our attention to the necessity of food. No thermos bottles then, so a small fire was necessary to heat the coffee. Two dozen oysters to open, and lunch is ready. Raw oysters, Mallard duck sandwiches, coffee and apple pie still sound good to me even from the pages of a shooting diary. After lunch a sort of a siesta, sitting in the sun with our pipes, and a discussion going, the latter concerning the devastating effects of matrimony upon certain of our erstwhile gunning companions.

While thus busied we hear a splash amongst the stool and looking over we see two mystified Butter Ball swimming about the decoys and tangling their feet in the cords. A hoarse whisper from Jim, "Five simoleons you don't get them both." A "You're on" from me, then a yell to make them rise, and as they did so two reports from my trusty fowling piece, and—two absolutely unharmed ducks winging their way elsewhere. Loud and ribald jeers from Jim, and again my old pants are forced to produce dollar bills.

It was now nearly four o'clock, the raft of fowl off the cove is enormous, and our chances for further sport mighty poor, when behold! a ray of hope pierced the gloom of our prospects. Coming up from the west a Heaven sent oyster boat appeared and, what was more fortunate, headed straight for the big raft. Great excitement on our rock, bets freely offered and taken, when with a loud roar the great bunch rose, and for the next five minutes the air about us was filled with ducks, and our guns grew hot in our hands. I remember that when the smoke of action cleared, we counted thirty-four dead and wounded birds, the latter giving us some long chases before we picked them up.

Another interval of "watchful waiting" followed during which time Jim regaled me with a tale of a man named Triumphant Beebe who fell off the deck of a duck boat, in zero weather, and Jim had to take off his (Triumphant's) clothes with a bit of firewood, they were frozen so hard. Triumphant was afraid to trust Jim with an axe or even a hatchet. Here the story ceased for at that point a Whistler calmly swam in among our stool on Jim's side, and I collected a two dollar bill from him for one wiped eye. Probably his active mind was still busily disrobing his friend with a chunk of wood; anyhow, it wasn't on his shooting and I profited thereby.

Twilight was falling, and far out on the Sound the lights of vessels began to twinkle. Black duck began to return from their sleeping grounds to the marshes inland, and we waited for a shot at this wariest of wild fowl. We could hear them going over, far up, and whistling as they came, but giving us no chances at all, and we had almost given up hoping, when suddenly three black shapes loomed out of the dark directly above the stool, and two streaks of flame illumined our rock. The day was well finished, for two birds fell, and fell dead, and there remained to us only the task of picking up decoys, during which finger freezing job Cap's dulcet voice boomed out of the dark, "If you two duck hounds want to eat your supper while it's hot, now is the time to do it," and so we did, finding in that hospitable kitchen of fragrant memories, clam chowder, roast Mallard, clam fritters, coffee, squash pie and cider.

Then we sat around the cheery old stove once more, and listened to a long winded yarn from Cap about a prodigious man of great strength, a friend of his, named Licenious Clemons. To Jim and me, after a day in the open and a copious meal, only fragments of this tale could penetrate our drowsy brains. "And then the city feller says to Licenious, 'I got a five spot which says it can't be did,' so Licenious picks out the biggest hard clam in the basket and holding her in his right hand at arm's length he squeezes and smashes that clam into fifty pieces."

Sleepy but polite murmurs of astonishment from Jim and me, then another short nap through which, at length, Cap's voice penetrates. "So this city feller planks down another five spot, and Licenious chooses the biggest potato from the box, and remember, gents, she was a raw potato fresh dug, and he holds that potato in his left hand and begins to squeeze, and by fish hooks, the water ran out of that potato like juice from an orange." To which Jim, thinking, I suppose, that common courtesy demanded some reply, drowsily murmured: "Did you say potato or tomato, Cap?" An angry snort from Cap and, "You two is about as useful to talk to as squinch owls in daytime," mumbled over his shoulder, as he takes his candle and stumps his way upstairs and to bed.

CURTENIUS GILLETTE.

New York City.

THE BEST TONIC

By Ray Hoppman.

Oh, give me the laughter
That reaches the rafter,
The deuce with the fellow who wallows in woe.
A toast to the giggle
That makes your sides wiggle,
For laughter's a most healthful tonic, you know.
Away with all sorrow,
Postpone till tomorrow
The drear discontentment, the sob and the tear;
Be happy and chuckle,
Rap gloom with your knuckle
And show it no quarter—it's not wanted here.
We ought to be fistic
To folks pessimistic,
They're nothing but barrels of tears in disguise;
Oh, show them no mercy,
You—John, Jane and Percy—
They ought to be feathered and tarred, darn their eyes.
Why make a wee trouble
Swell up like a bubble?
Why saunter through life with a sad, mournful song?
Why act so darn caddish?
Why feel so blamed saddish?
To peddle your gloom to your fellows is wrong.

Oh, give me the fellow
Whose laughter is mellow,
Who toddles through life with a satisfied smile,
Who basks in contentment,
Who bears no resentment,
Whose life on this fertile old stool is worth while.
Why wear a map dreary?
Why make your friends weary
With tear-sprinkled, worrysome songs that you chant?
Why keep on repeating
That teardroppy bleating?
Thou sluggard, consider the gay little ant.
So laugh long and roundly
And hearty and soundly,
And smile and chuckle and giggle and grin;
Say, friend—on the level,
Just laugh like the devil
And let the laugh come way down deep from within.
Throw on the joy lever,
Don't shut it off—never!
Oh, laugh till you're shaken from headpiece to heel.
Laugh quickly! Get in it!
Laugh loudly this minute,
And let it ring gayly for peal after peal.

SEA SICKNESS

By William Pennell, M. D.

It's a yearning,
Strong and burning,
It's a craving,
Madly raving;
All the world's a-jiggle like a distant twinkling star.

It's a whirling,
And a twirling;
It's a sounding
And confounding,
Like creation's motors in a swift and mighty jar!

It's an illness,
Limp and stillness;
It's a deadness,
All abedness,
Of enjoyment or of comfort, all a perfect dearth.

It's a rising,
Not sufficing;
It's a rolling,
Unconsoling;
Everlasting wishing and a looking for the earth!

It's a heaving,
Not relieving;
It's a retching,
Far from fetching,
Till you wonder where Old Neptune's barque is flying!

It's a thirsting
That is bursting;
It's where hoping
Goes a groping;
Mid the woes of earth it's ev'ry horrid thing but dying!

"THE NEW GAME LAWS OF CONSTABLE HOPKINS."

TOGETHER

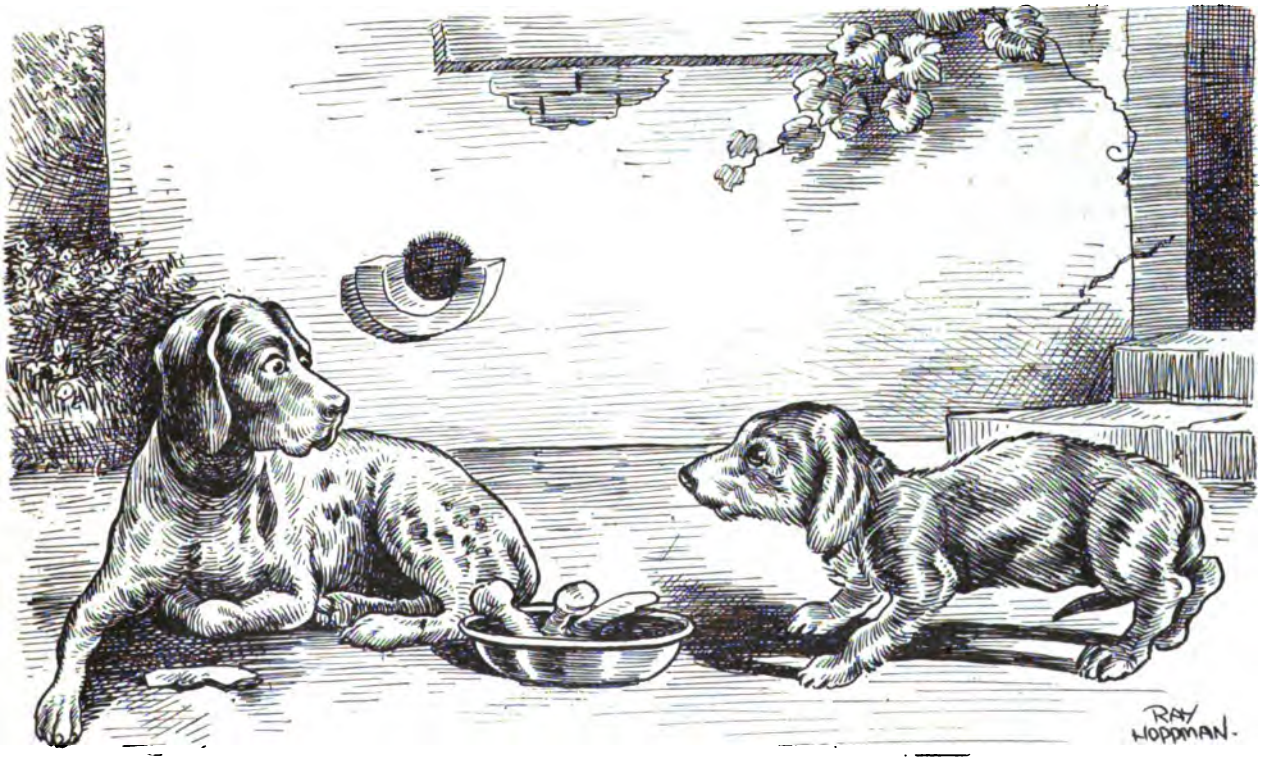
By Evelyn Cushing Campbell, New York City.

I saw a blue bird yesternoon; it flew across my way,
But as it winged to heights above, its colors turned to gray.
Do you remember *our* blue bird? O heart of dearest love!
One sunny day, with blue undimmed, we watched it soar above.
But then—we watched together!

Last night the stars shone clear above the quiv'ring poplar trees,
But as I gazed their light grew dim, and chilling blew the breeze.
Do you remember *our* starlight? O dearest love of mine!
The moon and stars with tender warmth seemed in our hearts to shine.
But then—we walked together!

Today I watched at sunset time, the surging, foaming tide,
Like jewels at first the colors gleamed, then dimmed and slowly died.
Do you remember *our* sunset? O sweetheart dear of mine!
The molten glow touched every crest, like dreams of golden wine.
But then—we dreamed together!

Tonight my thoughts are of the days we passed in joy and sorrow;
When disappointments came, we planned for happier times tomorrow.
Do you remember all our hopes? dear heart, so true and loyal!
Keep strong your faith, for this alone will guard a love that's royal.
And then—we'll trust *together!*



AN ATTEMPT AT BONE GRAFTING.

A DOUBLE FEE

THE beams of the setting sun had given a golden glory to the altar cross in the twilight of the Sanctuary at the Font, with the red and blue of the robes of our Lord, who seemed to be looking down on them from the window above, as our Rector, holding in his arms the four weeks old son of John and Nancy Hanks, said "Name this child," and I, his godfather, answered, "Jason."

Jason, however, soon became plain Jay, and plain indeed was our little Jay with his bright red hair, freckled face and turned up nose.

With all these defects, Jay's mother loved him still, and usually the stiller the better, for underneath that red thatch was plenty of good gray matter, urging him to deeds of most ingenious mischief for which she found it difficult to punish him. When he looked at her with roguish blue eyes so innocent of any wrong doing, even when caught in the act of dissecting his playmate's doll to find out how it closed its eyes when put to bed by its little mother, she could but forgive him and consider it one of the harmless pranks of a child.

John Hanks was a plain man, a plodder, whose only ambition was to provide a home, clothing and food for his little family. But his wife had ideas far different. Her one dream in life was to give her son an education, of which she had been deprived, and to this end she bent all her energies.

Almost as soon as Jay could talk he was sent to kindergarten and Sunday School, where he became at once the teacher's pet and pest, for that keen mind of his enabled him to master all lessons so quickly that much time was afforded for his favorite pastime, the invention of some new and unheard of prank.

Martha Davis, who was Jay's Sunday School teacher, often told with much merriment his reply to a question of hers; Jay was six years old at the time. The children had just finished singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" when she asked little Jessie Turner, "What do you praise God for, Jessie?" After a few seconds of thought she replied, "I praise God for the beautiful brown curls, blue eyes and the dear mamma and papa he gave me." She next turned to Jay and repeated the question. He promptly replied, "I don't praise him at all, he nearly ruined me."

At the age of sixteen Jay's father died very suddenly, leaving his family with nothing but the home. Mrs. Hank's dream of the future for Jay seemed over, as he was obliged to give up school and look for a position to help support himself and his mother.

He obtained a humble position in a railroad office but quietly determined to make himself so useful to the company that his small pay would soon become a salary sufficiently large that he might in time return to his studies. He had fully decided that, as his name implied "A healer," he would take up medicine.

When the superintendent of the road, a burly codger, learned of his ambitions, he said to him one day, "Well, boy, you'll be a success. I suppose some day you will try to resurrect old Julius Caesar."

Early and late Jay labored for that sheepskin, and no student ever matriculated at M whose classmates and teachers felt more reluctant to part with than his. Of course, there were subjects he did not take to, anatomy for one. One day a session had to be practically suspended; Jay was asked to describe the Sartorius muscle. Its origin from the anterior superior spine of the ilium and half the notch below was given correctly, but when he inserted it into the orbicularis oris the building simply vibrated with the laughter of the students. "Yes," the professor joined in, remarking "That muscle has lost its reputation; it was the longest in the body till now."

After two years of internship in a large city hospital, he located in a thriving town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants. It was here that I some years afterward found my godson, and true to his name as a healer, he had certainly made good.

I found him alone in his office, and after we had visited for a while he said, "This night reminds me of another night in June, just a year ago. I was reading and smoking when the 'phone bell rang—it was the cause of making a great change in my life. Do you want to hear it?" I answered in the affirmative, being most anxious to know all about Jay. . . . .

It was a rough voice that inquired over the wire, "Is Dr. Hanks in?" I replied that he was, and I was then asked if I would come to Cuban to see a patient with a broken ankle. Surgery was the line I was trying to follow, so I promptly replied "I'll start at once."

Cuban is a small hamlet some five miles from town and in a sort of rough district. I decided to drive in a buggy rather than try my car. I had proceeded about three miles when I was stopped by a man who asked if I was the doctor called to Cuban. I replied that I

was and he told me he was the man that had called me, and would ride back showing me the best and easiest road to the patient's home.

After we had driven some time in utter silence, the man at my side said, "Drive into that shed and leave your rig, we will go the rest of the way on horseback."

He brought out two horses while I was preparing to leave mine and said, "I'll have to blindfold you and I'd advise you to do just as you are told without any fuss. You will be unharmed if you keep quiet and you will be well paid for your trouble."

I realized that I was in for a dangerous trip, and the only hope I had was that I might be able to relieve some person in distress. With this thought uppermost in mind, I mounted the horse and rode along the steep road, so rough that the horse stumbled several times, nearly throwing me off.

Finally my companion said, "Get off and come with me." He led me a short distance, then up some steps and into a building or room where I heard some person breathing heavily. The cloth was removed and as soon as my eyes became accustomed to light, I saw another man, and a bare desolate room with a cot in one corner on which lay the patient. She—for, to my surprise I saw it to be a woman—was completely covered with a blanket. In a surly voice the man said, "She fell from her horse this afternoon and hurt her ankle; get busy now and see what you can do."

There was something decidedly wrong, I said to myself as I began to examine the injured ankle. I noted the fine silk stockings and high heeled dainty slipper on the other foot, so utterly out of keeping with her surroundings. Another strange thing that attracted my attention was the stertorous breathing and seemingly complete insensibility to the pain that I certainly must have caused her, for she had a Pott's fracture to which I applied a temporary splint, ordering cold compresses to reduce the swelling.

When I told the man, who stood close to my side as I worked, that it was only a temporary splint, and that a permanent one could not be applied for three or four days, or until the swelling had become reduced, he became quite excited and assured me I would gain nothing by not fixing the thing now. Suddenly realizing that I had the patient's welfare in mind, and that I probably knew my business, with something like a growl he said, "Come again, if you must, but mind you keep quiet about this night's work if you value your life." He handed me five five-dollar bills, blindfolded me and led me to the horses, which we mounted and rode back over that fearful road to the shed, where my rig awaited me.

Unblindfolded, I was surprised to find another new face, but just as tough as the others, and with the same admonition regarding talking, he said, "Now off with you and forget it."

Instead of forgetting, I could think of nothing else. Was the girl or woman unconscious from an opiate, or was she suffering from concussion? I chided myself for not making an examination of her head, or at least making an attempt. How had she received that fracture, and how was she in such an out of the way place alone with those rough men? These and many other questions kept running through my mind for the next three days before I was called again.

It was the same voice as had called previously that on the third night summoned me to come to the same place. I was instructed to tell no one of my going and to bring no one with me.

Arriving as before at the patient's bedside, what was my surprise on being unblindfolded to see a woman with bleached hair and a face that might have adorned some rogue's gallery. She stood close by me to prevent any word with the patient, whose face was covered as before. Her breathing was not so labored, but surely she could not have been conscious, or she would have given some sign to the pain I must have caused as I applied the plaster bandage.

Outwardly calm, I was raging within to think that I must leave this helpless girl with the hardened woman at my side, who handed me twenty-five dollars with a look that plainly said get out Of course, I had to go and could only urge her to keep the patient quiet and to send for me if she was in any pain.

"Don't worry, we'll send for you all right." Once more I was led in that absurd way to my rig and allowed to go home with a brain full of schemes for the rescue of an unknown woman who might not want to be rescued! First of all I must find some way of locating the house where the patient was confined. As hunting was one of my hobbies, I decided to hunt for this private sanitarium until I found it. I took my hunting boots to a cobbler, who put a valve in them to which I could connect a bag filled with anise seed. This scent my hound would follow. I was most impatient for them to call me again to the sick bed. The call came, all went well and I left a trail of anise seed that I was sure would guide me to the place later on.

Did I hear someone singing as I entered? What was

the tune, I had certainly heard it before. Then I remembered it was the favorite song of the Billy Sunday Campaign, and if the person humming it was my patient, she was conscious and would be able to hear what I might say to her jailer. I wished to convince her that I was her friend.

Finding the cast in good shape, I told the rough-looking woman to keep her patient out of doors as much as possible, get her some crutches or let her go about with one knee on a chair as she needed the air and exercise. In about three weeks she would be able to walk as well as ever and at that time, if all went well, I would remove the splint.

Driving home, I racked my brain for a guide to her identity, of course, using the song I had heard as a slight clue. Had she learned that song as a member of the Billy Sunday choir, or had she simply caught the catchy air from hearing others? I was well aware that it had become popular and had been sung in many public places.

Bright and early the next morning I started out with dog and gun to hunt rabbits, that is, if anyone should see me, that was my purpose. It was an easy matter to find the barn, and once Major, my hound, had his nose to the scent, it was not hard to follow, though how the horse ever travelled the path was certainly a mystery. After walking for some time, I came on a shack in the clearing, all around were prints of horses' hoofs; yes, there were the prints of my boots. This was certainly the place where we had left the horses and walked to the patient's room. I quickly retraced my steps, blazing a trail on the trees as I went. I did not want to go wrong on the day that I was to make the attempt at rescue.

My next step was to visit G——, to locate, if possible, any missing girl. I visited every minister that had been active in the Sunday campaign, but found that no one taking part in the meetings was missing.

Two young women who had been members of the choir were away from town, but accounted for. A third girl, Lyda Stewart, daughter of the well-known and exceedingly well-to-do Edward G. Stewart, was visiting her friend Florence Booth about eight miles from my own town. Although her family had not heard from her in two weeks, they were not alarmed, as the small place where she was camping with a party of young people was out of the line of direct communication.

Just to satisfy my own curiosity about this girl's whereabouts, I called the Booth town house on the 'phone, being informed that Lyda had received a wire from her father to leave at once as her mother was ill; she had started for home the same day.

If this girl had left for home, where was she now? No one had seen her. If her father had not sent the message, who had?

By the time I had reached the Stewart home I could pretty easily answer all the questions to my own satisfaction. When I told Mr. Stewart that his daughter had left for home upon the receipt of his telegram, informing her that her mother was ill, he said that he had never sent any such telegram and was greatly alarmed. When Mrs. Stewart was informed, she could not be comforted; she insisted that if Lyda had not been murdered she would certainly have found some way of letting them know where she was.

When the parents had regained composure, I told them of my mysterious patient, and of my belief that she was their daughter. I assured them that she was perfectly well, and with their permission I would rescue her from her unpleasant surroundings as soon as she could walk.

When the time came for the removal of the cast, I was asked to come out and attend to it. I told the men that I could not go that evening as I had an emergency case in which I must perform a difficult operation that night, but I would be at liberty to go out on the following night. He agreed to this, saying, "I will meet you at the usual place." I smiled as I thought of where he would be at that time, if my plans did not miscarry.

With six plain clothes officers, whom I had arranged for previously, we would start early next morning on a little hunting trip. I felt sure that my patient's captors would soon be captives. I wired Mr. Stewart, who arrived by motor that evening, and before daylight we all started, passed the shed and in single file soon reached the clearing. Two men stopped there, while the others crept close up behind the house, hiding in the thick underbrush.

Behind a small shed, where I suppose they kept their horses, the officers built a roaring fire, hoping that the blaze would attract and bring out the men in the house. Our hopes were not in vain, for soon out rushed five men and the woman, all with pails of water to put out the fire. It happened more quickly than I tell it to you, but out jumped four of our men, and with drawn revolvers ordered, "Hands up." Mr. Stewart and I, not showing ourselves at once, made our way toward the house, which Mr. Stewart at once entered. I was right, or, at least, judging from the sounds coming from within, he at least knew who it was, as many shrieks portrayed the meeting of friends if not relatives. While the men were being

searched, Chief Detective Morton came to me with the joyful news that we had rounded up a most notorious gang of criminals for whom we had long been looking.

His good fortune was nothing to me. I was anxious to go into the house and see my patient face to face. On ascending the steps I heard convulsive sobs which I found to be coming from my former patient, who was in the arms of Mr. Stewart.

"It's all right, doctor, these are only tears of joy at the sight of her Daddy whom she says she never expected to see again." Turning to Lyda, he said, "Daughter, dry your eyes and look upon the face of your deliverer."

Evidently she was not nearly so anxious to see me as I was to see her, for it was some time before the sobs ceased and she allowed me to look upon her face, very flushed from weeping, and a nose that surely needed what it would certainly get, no doubt, a dab of powder.

We left her alone to repair the damages. Again outside, Mr. Stewart told of how Lyda, when she received the wire, had quickly packed her trunk and started for the station in the Booth roadster, with their supposedly trusty chaffeur. When they came to a bit of lonely road with a dense wood on either side, with a few jerks and thumps the car suddenly stopped. The man got out, opened the hood, looked the engine over and coming back said, "I'll have to ask you to get out, I want some tools that are under the seat." As he turned to the engine with the tools, something was thrown over her head and she was quickly tied, being placed in a closed car that stood in a little clearing in the woods. She could hear the sounds of men's voices quarreling about something and finally the chaffeur said, "I know that she is old Stewart's daughter, for she had been visiting my folks and is on her way home now in answer to the telegram I sent her; when you let him know we have her, he will offer plenty of cash and ask no questions. The girl will not be hurt, no one will ever suspect me."

Suffocating and frightened, she thinks she fainted. Anyway, she remembers nothing of the ride until she was taken out of the machine and placed upon a horse, from which she fell and broke her ankle as the man had told me.

As soon as possible we left the place and drove to B——, where Mrs. Stewart was anxiously waiting. While the reunited family were asking and answering questions, I telephoned Mr. Booth, asking him to come to my office on very urgent business.

The bell rang before it seemed possible that he could have driven the distance and when he was told of his driver's perfidy he could hardly believe it. We sent for an officer, who arrested the man who sat, all unsuspecting, in the car outside waiting for his master.

With a pat on the shoulder I said, "Well, Jay, old boy, I think, you missed your calling; you ought to have been chief of the U. S. Secret Service. But say, what of Lyda, have you seen her since?"

"Oh, yes, several times; in fact, I am expecting she may call this evening. I'd like to have you meet her."

Scarcely had the words been uttered when the door opened and a lady entered, removing her gloves as she stood in front of the hall rack. He informed me that it was his wife, and that she had been to the movies with a friend, assuring me that she would be in presently.

After visiting a while longer and no one appearing I told him that, although I was very anxious to see the heroine, I would have to go. I heard some smothered laughter going on when suddenly he turned to me and said, "Look at the heroine; do you blame me for accepting the second fee for the same case?"

I fairly gasped, too surprised for words at this unexpected bit of romance in the life of the Jay that I had so long known as a matter-of-fact child, boy, student and man. I took one more look straight into his eyes and said to him, "You don't mean it." "But I do," he interrupted, "And this is the anniversary of the day on which I delivered her from her captors. In other words, I just captured the captive."

"Just another question and I am going. What became of the gang, did they get what they deserved?"

"It's too long to tell you now. You know I was always interested in subconscious mind action; sometimes that mind will give away the secrets of the conscious mind, if you can get it to work. Of course, I was a witness for the people, but I went further. I found that they were all susceptible to suggestion and I employed so well that I got a full confession from two of the gang and they all received terms of state's prison for a long time to come."

J. HENRY DOWD, M. D.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Josh Billings says there is no medicine like a good joke; it is a silver coated pill that frolics and physics on the run.

The incomprehensible bent of women's minds appears to lead them to see nothing but weak points in a clever man, and the strong points of a fool.

SOME PHYSICIANS AS AUTHORS

WHEN we think of physicians who are known to fame, we usually have in mind those who have achieved success in medicine or surgery; but many have become famous as authors, and in many cases the reputation of the author obscures the worth of the physician.

Thus John Locke (1632-1704) is best known as the author of the Essay on the Human Understanding, although he prepared for the practice of medicine at Oxford. We are told, in this connection that poor health prevented him from entering upon active practice.

Oliver Goldsmith tried his hand at the practice of medicine, but without success. His fame rests on his literary works, of which The Traveler, The Deserted Village, and The Vicar of Wakefield are as household words.

Among modern medical writers may be mentioned Oliver Wendell Holmes, a graduate of Harvard University, and once an instructor in anatomy at its school. Although his works are so widely known to the world of modern culture, readers are not apt to think of him as the physician, but as the poet.

His poem, Rip Van Winkle, M. D., is probably little known to those outside the medical profession:

"Old Rip Van Winkle had a grandson Rip,
Of the paternal block a genuine chip,—
A lazy, sleepy, curious kind of chap.
He, like his grandsire, took a mighty nap.

* * * * * * * * * *

The times were hard when Rip to manhood grew,
They always will be when there's work to do.
He tried at farming—found it rather slow—
And then at teaching—what he didn't know.

* * * * * * * * * *

Till Dame Van Winkle
Exclaimed, "I have it! Now, then, Mr. V.!
He's good for *something*—make him an M. D.!"

Holmes' knowledge of ancient lore is revealed in his Elsie Venner. This novel, which deals with pre-natal influence, furnishes many dissertations, moral, psychological and physiological, as:

"Relations are very apt to hate each other just because they are too much alike. It is frightful to be in an atmosphere of family idiosyncrasies; to see all the hereditary infirmity of body, all the defects of speech, all the failings of temper, intensified by concentration, so that every fault of our own finds itself multiplied by reflections like our images in a saloon lined with mirrors! Nature knows what she is about. The centrifugal principle which grows out of the antipathy of like to like is only the repetition in character of the arrangement we see expressed materially in certain seed-capsules, which burst and throw the seed to all points of the compass. A house is a large pod with a human germ or two in each of its cells or chambers; it opens by dehiscence of the front door by-and-by, and projects one of its germs to Kansas, another to San Francisco, another to Chicago, and so on; and this that Smith may not be Smithed to death and Brown may not be Browned into a mad-house, but mix in with the world again and struggle back to average humanity."

Later he says, about conscience:

"When the nervous system is depressed by any bodily cause, or exhausted by overworking, there follow effects which have often been misinterpreted by moralists, and especially by theologians. The conscience itself becomes neuralgic, sometimes actually inflamed, so that the least touch is agony. Of all liars and false accusers a sick conscience is the most inventive and indefatigable. The devoted wife, daughter, mother, whose life has been given to unselfish labors, who has filled a place which it seems to others only an angel would make good, reproaches herself with incompetence and neglect of duty. The humble Christian, who has been a model to others, calls himself a worm of the dust on one page of his diary, and arraigns himself on the next *for coming short of the perfection* of an archangel.

"Conscience itself requires a conscience, or nothing can be more unscrupulous. Our libraries are crammed with books written by spiritual hypochondriacs, who inspected all their moral secretions a dozen times a day. They are full of interest, but they should be transferred from the shelf of the theologian to that of the medical man who makes a study of insanity.

"So subtle is the line which separates the true and almost angelic sensibility of an exalted nature, from the soreness of a soul which is sympathizing with a morbid state of the body, that it is no wonder they are often confounded."

* * * * * * * *

"Do you think there may be predispositions, inherited or ingrafted, but at any rate constitutional, which shall take out certain apparently voluntary determinations from

the control of the will, and leave them as free from moral responsibility as the instincts of the lower animals? Do you not think there may be a crime which is not a sin?"

He quotes from numerous ancient writings as well as from medieval and modern philosophers, weird stories of men who "took on the nature and aspect of wolves"; the story of the girl fed on poisons, who was sent by the king of the Indies to Alexander the Great. [Nathaniel Hawthorne uses the same theme in his story of "Rappaccinis' Daughter."]

He quotes from Sir Kenelm Digby, a seventeenth century philosopher, and mentions the fact that King James was afraid of a naked sword, this fear being the result of pre-natal influence.

Again: "Parents notice the trivial movements and accents which betray the blood of this or that ancestor; they can detect the irrepressible movement of hereditary impulse in looks and acts which mean nothing to the common observer. To be a parent is almost to be a fatalist. This boy sits with legs crossed, just as his uncle used to whom he never saw; his grandfathers both died before he was born, but he has the movement of the eyebrows which we remember in one of them, and the gusty temper of the other."

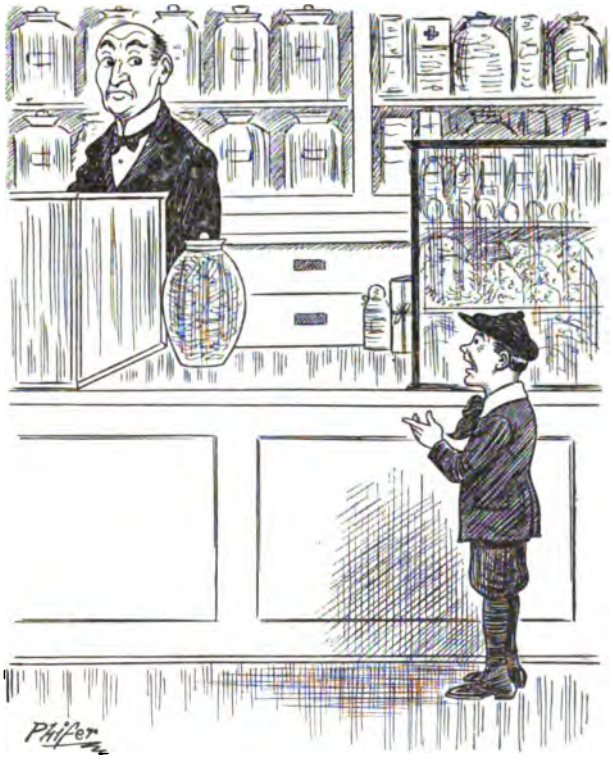
"The worst of all diseases of the moral sense and the will are those which the Bedlams turn away from their doors as not being cases of insanity."

Another book of Holmes which has for its theme pre-natal or early influence is The Guardian Angel. The heroine of the story, who has an Indian ancestor, displays the Indian characteristics in many ways.

SIDNEY HOPE.

Passenger: Did you find a bottle of rheumatism liniment when you made up my berth, porter?

Porter: Lawd yas, Boss—I thought you done left dat fo' me. It sure was de best liniment I ever drank, suh!



Mother sent me for 50 cents' worth of Castor Oil, an' if Ya want to do a little profiteering on th' amount Ya put up—I'll agree to take th' blame if she gets wise, see.

A man succeeds in proportion to the compliments he pays to women.

MICROBIC TALES IN VERSE No. III

EDWARD WILLARD WATSON, M. D.

The microbe sat on the doctor's brow and gazed in the
doctor's eye,
But the doctor never knew he was there,
For he'd sterilized his face and his hair,
Till the microbes had to die.
For this was the age when microbes died,
When they took to the woods and tried to hide,
When sterile and clean was the wide, wide world,
And disinfectants through space were hurled,
Till there was no place they could show their face
And point to themselves with pride.

Now this one that sat on the doctor's brow
Was fat and round as the moon I trow,
And in it its nucleus you could see,
Like a ring in a cake or a bird in a tree,
And the microbe that owned it was sad but proud,
As it sang in a voice that was not very loud,
"I am the only one that is left,
Of every relation I'm now bereft,
The only fish in the worldwide pond;
They've killed my relatives, fair and fond,
They've killed my kin, sextillions three,
And no one is left of them all but me.
Yet we were a family known and old,
Ere Adam was made or Abel was cold.
I am one of the microbes that saw that day,
'Tis no idle word that now I say,
For none of us ever laid down and died,
When we wearied of life we'd just *divide*.
I am a part of the first-born germ.
The original, infinitesimal worm
That fed on the buds ere Eden's bowers
Bent low with the dew of the morning hours.
My name is COCCUS, an ancient name,
And all of us wrote it just the same.
A C and an O and a double C,
A U and an S and there you be.
Some it is true, in recent days,
Prefixed to it, strepto, as one who says:
'My name is Burk, but they call me Pat,
I'm an Irish germ, let it go at that.'
Anyway, none of my ancestors died,
No funeral rites and that's our pride;
No coffin for us, no wreath of flowers,
No corpse, no grave and no mourning hours.
But we just divided and passed away,
And yet we still with the living stay.
When millions of us died by germicide,
'Tis only our relatives, we've not died,
And I keep living the ancient strain
That will still live on while the worlds remain!"
The Coccus ceased as a gentle breeze
Blew in at the window; it could but seize
The lucky moment and with it fly
Right in the doctor's open eye.
There it rested, you thought it "canned,"
But it just divided to beat the band.
In an hour it was thousands and after two
It was millions and billions, creeping through
The delicate membrane that covers all
The organ of sight. And they deeper crawl,
Till soon they have entered the eye so far
That one doctor called it Diphtheria.
But they took a culture and gave it a name
That was just as bad but not the same.
His glands swelled up and his nose was sore,
His blood was poisoned and what was more,
The toxins that followed depressed his heart,
For the germs had gained a terrible start,
And all the serums they stuck in his skin,
Didn't neutralize them the worth of a pin.

They took out his eye, though it was no use,
But for operating a grand excuse.
And when he succumbed an autopsy made,
Before his remains in the ground were laid;
First, carefully taking his brain so great,
To keep in a jar in awful state,
Where it could float, like a derelict boat,
In saline solution; "they got his goat."
But the brain it grew, and still it grew,
While the whole world wondered, the thing was new,
And the only feeling was regret
That his other organs they did not get.
And the doctors said, "Alas, alack,
What a man he would be could we put it back,
But this we can do; let us find another
Willing fool, but a man and a brother;
Open his skull and take out his brain,
Put this one in and let it remain."
Simple! (You see it was long after now

When Dr. Carrel is beginning to show
How a leg or an arm or a nose, perchance,
Can be grown, quite outside, and then sewed on your aunts
Or your uncles or cousins or anywhere put,
If all its dimensions appear to suit).
So they did it. An idiot, with a great head
And tuberculous brain, was as good as dead,
So they took his away and put in its place
This wonderful brain, still growing apace,
And soon, ere they realized the wonder began,
They had made though they knew not, THE GREAT SUPERMAN!

ACTIONS NOT WORDS

ORLO LANUS.

You may tell me
That you love me;
You may tell me
That you care.

You may tell me
That you scorn me;
You may tell me
To beware.

But your actions
Say no falsehood,
Speak much louder
Than all words.

Thus I trust you
Thus I warn you;
Actions only
Will be heard!

SOME PROSPECT

Two women met on the street, one a bride of a year or more was pushing a carriage containing three fine baby girls all of an age; the other woman had been married only a few weeks.

"These your children?" asked the newly married one.

"Yes, and let me tell you the funniest coincidence. At our wedding supper the boys in the band serenaded us and played 'Three Little Maids' from 'The Mikado.' Wasn't that funny?"

The young bride turned pale. "Mercy," she gasped. "At our wedding the boys serenaded us and played 'The Sextet from Lucia.' "

A single quiet hour is often more fruitful than a whole week of social intercourse.

TO MY NURSES

WILLIAM BREWSTER, M. D., Lake Villa, Ill.

Miss Stiles nurses us in the daytime,
Miss Patterson haunts us at night,
They bring us ice-water and matches,
And don't make a kick 'bout the light.

We can smoke until after eleven,
They never look tired or bored,
A dear girl stands and holds our hands
While we say, "Now I lay me, O Lord!"

How grateful we are to these ladies,
Who strive so to lighten our trials,
Not for all the fair women of Cadiz
Would we part with Miss Pat or Miss Stiles.

We know we shall meet them up yonder,
Where halos and harps they'll be given,
Where doctors don't go, you'll find them below,
There are no amputations in heaven!

THE SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE APPENDIX

The following letter was recently received by the head Deaconess of a prominent hospital:

Dear Sister A.:

I want to tell you how well I feel since my operation. I can do more than I ever could before and I think it is all due to the good attention I received while at your hospital.

Thanking you for this.

Truly yours,

(Signed) Mr. and Mrs. ————

We are democrats all living in the golden age of the people. We must be prepared to offer up our Iphigenia on their altars.

OBITER DICTA

Religion, with some people, is a Formula for getting Pleasure after Death as a Reward for Privation during Life—and vice versa.

Law is a useful set of conventions which relieves us of the unpleasant obligations of Justice.

Medicine is a Science in which knowledge of disease supplants ignorance of health.

WORLDLY WISDOM.

I'll try anything once, said the Optimist. He sat down in front of a locomotive.

Don't start anything you can't finish, said the Skeptic. He never took a step.

Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, said the Spider. By keeping at it, I shall, some day, be an Eagle.

ENDOCRINE IMPLICATIONS.

People who can't eat this, that, or the other, are also apt to have prejudices and whimsies in human relations, and to be as finicky with folks as they are with food.

I admire a Civilization which invokes the Sermon on the Mount, Hamlet's Soliloquy and the Declaration of Independence, to consummate a Sacrifice of Gents' Pants or a Slaughter in Ladies' Lingerie.

PROGRESS AND PROGENY.

Next time anyone quotes the Survival of the Fittest as a proof of the Biologic Necessity of War, remind him that the Dinosaur has disappeared, while the Rabbit remains.

I know of Lovers of Music so devoted that they will allow the Performance of a Masterpiece to interrupt a Conversation about Clothes—sometimes.

Bitter Principles add Zest to Food; and Criticism, nay Opposition and Revolt are, at times, the saving Vitamines of Social and Political Conditions.

JUXTAPOSITION.

I see by the posters that Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour makes griddle cakes which are delicious, palatable, unequaled—and then some. Just below, a highly ornamental card reminds me that Bell-Ans will cure, instantly and completely, the most terrible stomach-ache and cut short the most violent attack of indigestion.

AESOP UP TO DATE. THE FOX AND THE CROW.

We all know the fable, up to a certain point. The denouement is supposed to come where the crow, led astray by the cheap flattery of the fox, opens her bill to sing, and drops the cheese, with which Reynard at once decamps. But there is another version! A few minutes later, the fox was seen writhing in fatal cramps, and the wily crow soliloquized: "When I swiped that bit of poisoned cheese from the rat-trap, I kinder thought it would come in handy for some smooth tongued grafter." Moral: Look out for them when they fall *too* easy.

CONVENTION AND COUNTRY.

We all know that morals are largely a matter of geography, and good form is a national variant. It is beastly bad form, in England, to eat with one's knife, but not at all bad form to stare out of countenance the "ill-bred" mortal who does so. The Jap bases his gentility on consideration and with true courtesy accepts the manners of his guest or host or companion as his own, for the time being.

The Knocking Soul of Man under Capitalism has made Boosting the supreme virtue, and Knocking one of the seven deadly sins. It succeeds in identifying patriotism with the immediate purchase of knee-pants, and waxes eloquent for freedom of competition while practicing the gentle arts of the thug and the blackmailer in restraint of trade. The eventual essence, the fine flower, is seen in pragmatic philosophy, the worship of quantity, efficiency, and success without regard to the kind of product, human or material.

APPARATUS AND PARAPHERNALIA.

Some folks cannot throw a ball, pull an oar, or swim a stroke without elaborate, carefully chosen, and expensive costume and equipment. The scientific shopkeeper knows this and plays upon it. Dressing the part is come to be the most important and the most characteristic manifestation of our times. If you wear the right clothes you must do the thing well, whether it is sport, charity, culture, or business. In other words, have a good label.

In a line with these, there are other externalizations and mechanical accompaniments of existence; photos, diaries, anniversaries, printed invitations, which help keep folks who have no inner life, reminded that they are not quite dead.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

I wonder what has become of the wonderful argument that military preparedness is an insurance against War. Judging by the way the newspapers are tumbling over each other to urge dis-armament, the best Fire Prevention consists in burning up all the Insurance policies, and ripping out the fire-proofing.

BEITRAG ZUR SKULPTUR DER SAMEN-KOERPERCHEN.

"The ultimate responsibility in securing for man the attribute of physical immortality therefore falls upon the delicate shoulders of those marvelous, but little understood, organisms known as spermatozoa."—*Amer. Medicine*, Vol. XVI, No. 2, p. 85.

Not the only little things with delicate shoulders that are misunderstood.

TEMPERATURE AND TEMPERAMENT.

Cold hands do not necessarily mean a warm heart. They mean a passion below par. The hot palm, as noted among others by Shakespeare, shows the hot inwards of sex desire. Those who do not stand cold, want much loving. Those who are bothered by heat and stand Summers badly, cannot stand being petted and made love to. Ask the endocrine man. He knows.

CONTACTS AND COURTESY.

Rubbing up against people smooths off the rough spots and angles and produces polish—up to a certain point. Beyond that, it makes raw spots and irritation. The "good mixer" has to have a thick skin and great tolerance; also a cheerful readiness to establish close contacts promiscuously.

SPIRITUAL VITAMINES.

When a thing becomes quite pure, it is apt to lose all zest and some special saving quality, like polished rice that causes beri-beri. I think this is so with people as well as food-products. Angels must be deadly dull. I'd even prefer devils.

The connotation of white with goodness, and of black with sin—the powers of darkness—suggests that pigment and power go hand in hand with evil, and are the moving, positive forces. Things blanched and bleached lack life and strength, however much they may appeal to a moralized aesthetic. It is rather significant that so much of our ethics consists in a determined renunciation of action, a denial of desires and their satisfaction. In a word, in passivism and negations.

Like the products of Big Business, which are for Export only, some folks supply courtesy everywhere but in the home. The grace increases directly with the distance.

WHOM THE HAT FITS.

But some folks insist on jamming the hat, however irritating, down on their heads, whether it fits or not, and swearing that a malicious hatter made it to order for them.

THE SOUL OF MAN UNDER CAPITALISM.

The deification of success, meaning established profit, puts a premium on a bastard individualism which finds its finest expression in evasion or disregard of law and life, except where it suits the selfish purpose of profit to follow the law of health, or of human relations. Hence, rules for efficiency, prolongation of life, military service, and protection of property for business purposes, but little or no protection of life or health which is not being applied commercially and profitably.

Ubi Solitudinem faciunt, Pacem appellant, was said of the old Romans, but might well apply to some Married Couples I know, who are not quarreling only when they are not on speaking terms.

DREI SCHRITT VOM LEIBE.

This was the old admonition of respectful approach in Prussia, "befoh de wah." To some people close contact, mainly physical, is part and parcel of companionship. But they forget that Intimacy and Familiarity are Poles asunder.

SHIBBOLETHS.

Free competition is the breath of life for business, and the foundation of our splendid economic system. But have you ever noticed how this wonderful principle becomes unnecessary and a nuisance when it interferes with Somebody's profits, prestige, or pride, and how vigorously the entrance of a competitor is fought in the field of railroads, public service, or even medical charity?

P. H. F.

THE SPORT ALLURING

By JOHN D. POLLARD, M. D., Chicago, Ill.

A MAN is unfortunate, indeed, who has not a hobby for some outdoor sport. I believe that a good, healthy tramp who has a love for the great out of doors is better off than a millionaire who has none. To my notion the king of all out-door sports is trap shooting, especially for the man who lives in one of the larger cities. There would be a great many more men interested in trap shooting if they only realized that they were welcome to shoot with any gun club in the United States without being a member. Speaking for the club that I belong to, The Lincoln Park Gun Club of Chicago, all any man has to do is to come out to the grounds and let it be known that he is interested in trap shooting. Anyone of the four hundred members will extend to him the right hand of fellowship and bid him welcome to the privileges of the club.

While we generally speak of trap shooting as clay pigeon shooting it has been many years since the real clay pigeon has been used. The target used now is made of a composition of pitch and plaster paris, saucer shaped about four and one-half inches in diameter and about an inch deep. These are thrown from a trap worked by a powerful spring; the trap throws them from fifty to sixty yards, and also gives them a whirling motion which makes them easier to break. While there are a number of experts who think nothing of breaking a hundred straight, the average shooter feels pretty chesty when he manages to break twenty-five straight. Almost all expert shots shoot with both eyes open. This would seem like a difficult matter to a person who has not tried it, but a little practice will show that one can aim better and quicker with both eyes open. Making good scores requires perfect co-ordination of the eye, the brain, and the finger—granting that you have normal vision, either with or without glasses.

Then the main factor is nerve control, and practice in trying to make good scores plus right living will go a long way toward acquiring the necessary nerve control. Regular practice at the gun club will make a poor shot good and a good shot better. The ability to make good scores at the trap will not only increase your own confidence in yourself but will also increase the confidence of others in you. Trap shooting is a substitute for game shooting, and for the man who lives in a city and cannot spare the time necessary to go to the places where game may be found, while the game season is closed, it is a most satisfactory substitute. I do not know of a more pleasant or healthy way to spend an afternoon than at the gun club. It takes you out in the open, gives you a reasonable amount of exercise, quickens the eye, and makes you forget all your troubles for the time being.

Trap shooting has many advantages over most of the other sports, either in or out of doors. One is the length of time a man can follow it up. With the exception of golf, a man is done in a few years, but in shooting there is no age limit. We have shooters at the trap from ten years old up to eighty years of age. Andy Meaders, of Tennessee, who took part in the last Grand American Handicap in Chicago, is over eighty years of age and is still shooting and shooting well. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Iowa, broke the world's record a few years ago, after he had been shooting as a professional for the Dupont Powder Company over a quarter of a century. His score was 589 straight. Another pleasant feature of trap shooting is the class of men you meet at the traps. The men that take up trap shooting are all on the square with their fellow-men. In over a quarter of a century of trap shooting I have only met two men at the traps who were dishonest. It is a sport with a past, present, and future.

A shooter spends many a pleasant hour thinking and talking about shoots that he has been to, spends many pleasant hours at the traps, and is always figuring on those to come. Once a man is stung by the trap shooting bug he is doomed to be a trap shooter as long as he lives, or until he is blind in both eyes. The loss of an arm or leg means nothing in a trap shooter's young life, for at nearly all the shoots you go to, you will find some man taking part who has lost a hand or a foot. George Maxwell, a professional shooter, and one of the best shots in the world, is a one-armed man, and the arm he lost was shot off.

By shooting at the gun club and going to an occasional tournament you will soon have a circle of shooting friends scattered all over the United States, and it will be a source of great pleasure to you to read their scores in the various sportsmen's journals.

Every physician should join a club and take up the sport alluring. Trap shooters never commit suicide; they never die; they just keep on living until they dry up and blow away.

FOR INSTANCE, THERE'S THE NERVE CASE WHO COMES TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE T-B-GERMS SHE IMAGINES ARE LURKING IN THE MILK SHE USES IN HER TEA— IS THIS LACTO-PHOBIA?
"HM-M-M"
"EVERYTIME I GO TO HER HOUSE I SHAKE ALL OVER— AN' I'M SO NERVOUS, DOCTOR!"
M.D.
AND THE CALLOW YOUTH WHO SUFFERS MENTAL TORTURE BECAUSE HE DOESN'T DARE PROPOSE TO HIS "BEST GIRL"
"GOOD MORNING, DOCTOR— SAY, I JUST WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING— I HAVE QUEER PAINS IN MY HEAD— ETC.."
?
M.D.
A CASE OF COLOSSAL NERVE— THE FELLOW WHO'S ALWAYS AFTER A "SIDEWALK DIAGNOSIS!"
"I OUGHT TO ASK THE BOSS FOR A RAISE— BUT—"
"WHAT YOU NEED, HENRY, IS A NERVE TONIC"
HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES—
CLIFFORD KNIGHT + DR. CARL VERNLUND—

NERVES.

WHIZZERINKTUMS

SING LO.

MY LADY NICOTINE.

A number of years ago, good old Doctor Fletcher, of Indianapolis, wrote an interesting pamphlet relative to tobacco and its effects. We would like to find a copy to bear on more modern arguments of the so-called ill effects of tobacco. Dr. Fletcher was a neurologist and his monograph was a defense of the weed. If memory serves correctly, he asserted that cigarettes were wrongly blamed for venereal disease effects which the Lucys of his day attributed to cigarette smoking; that the pipe was perhaps the most dangerous; cigars contained enough nicotine to kill provided the smoker got the nicotine—which he did not, because some of the drug remained in the bitter, short end which was thrown away and other toxic substances burned in the smoke; that cigarette paper no longer was whitened by the use of arsenic and was not poisonous and that the tobacco used in cigarettes was the mildest tobacco known. Cigarettes might cause bronchial irritation in inhalers because particles drawn from the cigarette could get into the air passages.

In an article, "The Effect of Tobacco on Man," by Gies, Kahn and Limerick, is the following:

The sequence of the potency of the different forms in which tobacco is generally used runs as follows, in the order of greatest degree to least: Chewing, smoking pipe, smoking cigar, smoking cigarette. It can thus be seen that, contrary to the prevailing belief among laymen, the cigarette is, in fact, the least harmful form in which it is possible to habitually use tobacco. There is not the slightest foundation for the popular notion that the paper or the tobacco used in the manufacture of the cigarette contains any substance that is especially injurious to the human organism. Emphasis on the relative innocuousness of the cigarette is deemed justified by the persistence with which the misinformed strive to convey a contrary impression. It is equally deserving of mention that analysis of tobacco does not indicate with any degree of preciseness the actual toxicity of, say, a cigar or a cigarette made of it, for a great part of the volatile constituents of the plan is completely destroyed in the burning, hence does not enter the body.

Collins made tests for carbon monoxide, basing his argument of the danger of cigarette smoking on the fact that cigarette smokers were mostly inhalers and that the continuous inhalation of one-fifth of one per cent. of carbon monoxide for a period of six hours is sufficient to cause death. Limerick answers Collins (*N. Y. Med. Jour.* for July 20, 1921) by saying that carbon monoxide is not the most toxic constituent of tobacco smoke and says the inhalation of tobacco smoke is not confined to cigarette smokers. He says further that persons habituated to the cigarette usually exhibit the more profound symptoms of acute tobaccoism after having smoked a cigar or pipe, which fact proves the greater potency of the latter forms of smoking tobacco.

We are getting somewhere on the tobacco question. *A bas* the moral bunk—let's have more on the toxicity of the weed. In the meantime, we shall light a large, fat, long Havana and wonder more and more over the bias in the so-called human race.

ANUSOL.

Manufacturers who give coined names to products often select an elaborate, pseudo-scientific, unpronounceable name. Money is lost advertising it, because no one can remember the name. Schering & Glatz (who owe us nothing for putting them in the lime light!) have had an inspiration on naming Anusol Suppositories. The name is downright clever and we hereby offer a plate glass douche cabinet, and a hand-knitted whirling-spray syringe cover for evidence of a name more apt.

Whizzerinktums believes that bobbed hair is no sign of decadent morals, but on the other hand is indicative of a clean scalp and an independent personality. Those who object to bobbed hair are quite likely Main Streeters.

MODERN AND ANCIENT CARVINGS.

The carvings in St. Thomas' Church in New York are again receiving comment, having been described a year ago by Ernest Peixotto, according to an editorial in the *Chicago Tribune.* We quote: "There are portraits of American and foreign notables, some money bags labeled J. P. M., allegories of Bacchus being knocked off his barrel by prohibition, the consumer being crushed between capital and labor, etc. . . . Over the bride's door a dollar sign has been carved."

We need not comment upon the aptness of this modernized form of an old art. When we first read of the

vagrant fancies thus permitted the modern artist, we recalled the wonderful old church in LeMans, France, which all Americans made a pilgrimage to see, if they were within a day's journey, during the war and afterward. Here was hidden under the roof a series of carved figures. One had been made in revenge and cannot be described. It was not uncovered until just previous to the ceremonies of dedication. In later years, cement was used to cover the most of this figure which had shocked even the delightful French. Nevertheless, if you have not seen the LeMans Church, the trip to see the "figure of revenge" is still worth while, if you are not too much of a prude!

Andy Mellon, a disturbing person of Washington, who is Sec. of the Treasury, gave one hundred million, more or less, persons who own autos the shock of their lives when he suggested a $10 tax on all autos, regardless of make, wear and tear, or previous condition of servitude. The garage and battery men are collecting all the tax the traffic can bear, as it is.

Why not tax Mormons for extra wives? They're luxuries.

AVOID THE TRUTH, MY SON, IF YOU WOULD PROSPER.

If old Diogenes were living in these times and were to sally forth seeking Truth he would land in a jail in durance vile before he could get his lantern lighted. The more we become civilized the more we lie about things. Barnum died too soon.

Good strategy requires that we capitalize the other fellow's knocking. The best way usually is to give him enough rope and he will hang himself. Merely to keep quiet, say nothing and saw wood is the hardest job there is, but it makes the other fellow spill the beans.

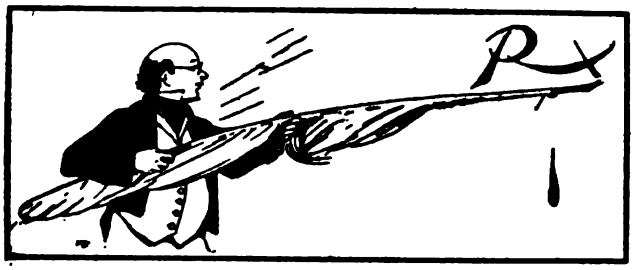
DISARMAMENT NOTE.

By all means, let's disarm. We are attracting all the gold there is in the world, but gold is heavy and awkward to handle and it is unlikely that any foreign nation would care to trouble about taking it away from us. Then, too, you all remember Bryan's "million armed springers."

CONFLICTING STATEMENTS.

The nurse Mrs. Jones ordered for her hubby after getting an eyeful of

The nurse Mr. Jones ordered from the registry.



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IRA S. WILE, M. D., Editor-in-Chief.

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NOVEMBER, 1921.

TREATING BLEEDERS.

THE autumnal colors clothe the woods and a frosty shadow foretells the coming of winter. The huntsman seeks his game and finds joy in the effort to shoot his personality along the muzzle of a gun.

It is the month of November with "surly blast" that brings a day of Thanksgiving. The struggles of the pioneers, imbued with faith, began to bear fruit after the hardships of wrestling with the soil and the wearying strain of being both hunter and hunted. There was a reality in the life of the early explorers, discoverers, and colonists that is not to be found in the simple lives of this urbanized generation.

The world is coalescing. The seas that separated men from their homelands now join them. The air is no longer a lifeless bearer of portents, but a live wire of communication. The relativities of time and space play a significant part in welding together the electric conductors of national thought and judgment.

Despite the rumblings and eruptions of world unrest, there are evidences of a subsidence of the stresses and strains of international conflict. The consciousness of the futility of human destruction is manifest throughout the world. Thrones have fallen; new leaders have risen; the voices of the long suffering peoples are heard above the tumult of militarists who would make scientific savagery the instrument of commercial conquest and civilization's magic wand.

November brought a welcome day of armistice. This year it offers a larger opportunity to humanity. A conference on disarmament is gathering in Washington. The representatives of many nations are to meet for the purpose of attempting to settle some of the sharp and dangerous questions of the age. The peace of the immediate future is to be decided. There is to be a determination of the weight of metal that can be carried safely by enervated, overtaxed peoples.

Is a spirit of amity and honest good intentions to prevail? Is national ambition to threaten unprotected lands? Will desire for commercial exploitation overcome the wish for equal commercial opportunity? Is frank diplomacy to be tinctured with duplicity? Humanity, politics, and commerce will strive for a hearing and for domination.

The meeting possesses more significance than the one so recently held at Versailles, as it will represent an effort at calm, dispassionate judgment on a situation that war created but peace would adjust. The basis of disarmament lies in the disarming of suspicion, distrust, jealousy, and ruthless national selfishness. What is to be the result? There will be no public discussions. In executive sessions there will be a verbal battledore and shuttlecock until a compromise, satisfactory for the present, develops. The mass of tax bearers will not be heard. Public opinion will be transformed into the phraseology of nationalists, thinking in terms of the organized governments they serve.

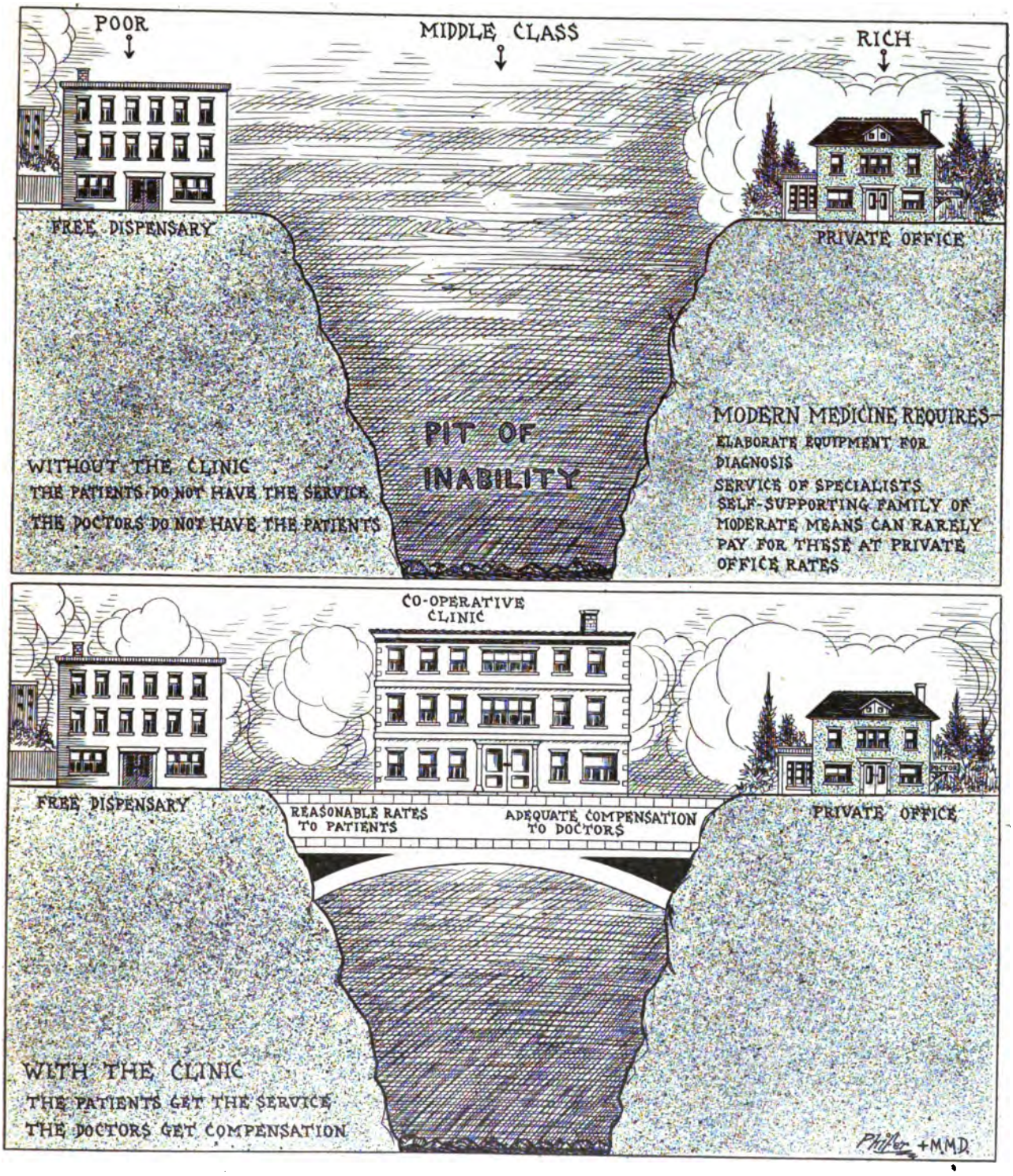
The armaments of land and sea, the future of China are the real topics of the Agenda, but no one can foretell what other related subjects will be given prominence or even priority. The world awaits the outcome with hope and prayer. If expectations are conservative, it is because of disappointing experiences with previous conferences in which less vital issues were at stake. Possibly the economic status of the world and the social crisis may offer a new point of departure for the discussants and lead to a successful solution of the most serious problems of the age.

This is to be a large group consultation over the sufferings of a sick world. Will a remedy be found to alleviate or check what has been regarded as a chronic malady? The days of bleeding have passed. Human blood must not be spilled nor thinned needlessly. May the doctors agree on the diagnosis and treatment of the World's hemophilia.

A NOVEMBER THOUGHT.

AT this time MEDICAL PICKWICK advises its readers to read "The Next War," by Will Irwin, in connection with their serious thinking upon the general subject of the disarmament conference. The able presentation of the subject, the forcefulness of exposition, and the lurid prophecies of future destruction must stimulate every thinking man, whether he agrees with the constructive suggestions of the author or whether he dismisses the argument as a foolish pacifist's propaganda.

Very rarely does a subject come so close to the medical profession as does war. No group of public servants is more able to understand the massed horrors of warfare than the profession, whose services are required to salvage the human wrecks, to ease the dying, and to rehabilitate those physically and mentally impaired in martial conflicts. Physicians, at least, are conscious of a blood unity of all men and have a deep understanding of the physical Brotherhood of Man.



A CO-OPERATIVE, SELF-SUPPORTING CLINIC WOULD BRIDGE THE GAP.

THE LOLLYPOP JADE

DEAR MIN: I like it hear fine since pa got both eyes and hands blowed off. He's getting along purty good nood now. Ma lights his pipe and puts it on the table by the bed and he draws at it just as good as if he was holdin' it and slappin' flys with the other hand. Glad we didn't have to berry him for then he wouldn't get to hear no new jazz records which we'd be buyin' after the casket, palm leaf fans, extra meat and stuff, etc., etc., was paid for. His gag about not bein' able to find work gets acrost now for Pa'll never see hisself hold a shovel again. Retirin' early would have suited him better if he could of had his hands left on to whack us kids with and his eyes to see where to lay the punches.

I got this job in the hospitul comin' in to visit pa. I see the sister who was boss of the ward once over "in" me awful hard. Her eyes was just beatin' it from my No. 9 hands to my bobbed hair and down or up rather to my fashinabul length skirt. "Are you 16?" she ast me and when I said "yes" she wanted to know if I didn't want to lift some of ma's burdins and pa butt in right quick and said I was a good worker. "Yes," I says, squarin' accounts on the spot, "I take after ma there." Then the sister said I would get $35.00 per month and bed and eats and tipps, which get me right now, Min, ar enot many. Am mighty glad she didn't spring no questions about my bobbed hair for that is something sacred between the kerosene can and myself. It was pretty near noon and as there was a heck of a lot of work and they was so awful glad to get me they fed me my dinner right off so I could start in. It ain't often you begin a meal ahead. You're generally took on after the grub's all cleared out and fired after you have pealed the potatoes and stuck the roast in the oven. After the missis sees the last of your hat goin' 'round the corner totin' your telescope and umbrella she makes the gravy and serves the meal thinkin' she's square now for the egg beater you busted the week before. She'd cuss if she knew the spavin' under your vegetabul silk hose was from her best box of French face powder.

My job here in the hospitul is sweepin' and dustin' 20 pashunts' rooms every day; scrubbin' corridors, takin' care of the Internes' dinin' room and handin' them their grub and keepin' out of the sister's way if I don't want to do nothin' else. Internes is really and truly doctors, but newly hatched and wantin' to learn more tricks from the old dogs before startin' out on their own. They shine around the staff M. Ds. totin' their bags and instruments, learnin' how to get the coin and appendixes out of folks. There are 8 he ones and 2 females here. Anything that's decent and fit in their work they talk about it at meals. Internes ain't much on tipps but they're awful long on pills, salve, bone settin' and such as that. I am out of luck bein' so healthy when I could get myself and 11 kids treated free if I had 'em to get sick on me. I believe hell is a deffinut place. I got two tipps since I been here. One old guy gave me 15c for pretty near spittin' in my eye and another o. g. told me I could keep all the old newspapers I toted out of his room and sell to the rag man. He takes one daily so I am savin' for a shetland pony for my furst grandchild. Well time for bed, Min.

P. S. If you still ain't wearin' that yellow princess slip I'll take it off you.

FLOSSY.

DEAR MIN:

I'm on my job here like a raisin is on the market—steady and more active every day. If these darn internes would be more prompter to their meals I could get to my scrubbin' better. One is doggone pokey—Dr. Hughes—cause he's married. He's the only one of the bunch what is. His wife works across the alley from the hospitul in a cremery where they make ice cream. She is a bookkeeper and he allus chins with her while she has her noon hour. It's awful romantic with them. After they was married she worked in a cloak and suit store to help him while he learned to be a doctor cause he was awful poor. She didn't get no engagement ring outa him or no other grand presents like girls get when their fella has a job before they get married. She worked in cloaks and suits four years and then when he got to be a doctor he advised her to keep off her feet. All good doctors tell the women that and Dr. Hughes is nobuddies fool, and he laid the corner stone of his career by givin' his first woman pashunt that advice. It's nobuddys business if she was not a payin' pashunt—the noble words was spoke. So Miss Hughes got a job as bookkeeper in the ice cream factory. Never heard if she got her hand on much ice cream there but don't s'pose she did. They probably have a sister in charge of it with a big key and good ears and eyes. At din-

ner Dr. Hughes allus leaves me his puddin'. I ast him why once and he said puddin' was too fattin' and he couldn't afford to buy no new clothes. I guess it costs lost to deck out a doctor's office—get a sign painted and everything. You'd like her, Min, she's good lookin', only sorta tired appearin'. She acts like she'd be glad when the silver weddin's over, but perks up wonderful if Dr. Hughes comes along. I don't blame her for likin' him cause he is dead swell. Got a tipp today. A lady pashunt gimme a quarter for holdin' up the mirror for her so she could see if she got any blackheads when the nurse wasn't lookin'.

P. S. Thanks for the princess slip, but I would have bot it off you.

FLOSSY.

DEAR MIN:

Most of the pashunts here is women. Men don't get much the matter with them unless they're too stingy to get married and try to do their own cookin'. Sometimes they comes in here all sliced up by the husband or gentleman friend of some skirt they have been foolin' with. Then some let a flivver run over them while they're figgrin' how they can stay down town with their pay and put in a nite of it at Kelly. Generally when you see a man 'round a hospitul it's one dickerin' with the M. D. to let his woman out so she can go back to fryin' pork chops, sewin' buttons and wipin' the kids' noses. You don't see many of them dinkey little platinum two-breakfast-a-week weddin' rings, all did in orange blossoms. It's them what wear those big heavy old fashion gold bands that get took in here mostly. The bigger and heavier the ring the worser the operation seems like. I never count on no tipps or treats off a tray before they've been operated on a week. They feel too rottin'. They never know I'm 'round unless I bump their bed with my mop and don't I get called then.

Hell is a very deffinut place. There is one pashunt what makes me tired even if she did tipp me a dime and a piece of gum. Her name is Mrs. Horner and she's got lolly popps or polly wogs or what you call then in her nose and did till she had them took out. My Gawd, Min, if she don't have a special day nurse and a special nite nurse for them lolly popps and she up and dressed in her french heels, georgette waist and hair net on Dawdlin on a shays long in the sun parlor or exercisin' in the corridor with her arm around her trained special like she had rings on her thumbs. Honest, Min, it would make a pig sick, but that ain't all. This Horner woman is stuck on Dr. Hughes and is tryin' to break up his home and he not got one yet but hopin' to have one when he gets thru bein' an interne and his wife never workin' him for no engagement ring or nuthin' and her keepin' books in a ice cream factory and buyin' her own at the drug store. Min, you work in a pickel factory and of course know a lot but take it from me men is bad enough but women's devils. This Horner woman has a man of her own if he is about 70 and lives in Philadelphia, his checks is good. She has Dr. Hughes up to see her 'bout every hour and 15 minutes and you know, Min, they can't be talkin' about those lolly popps all the time cause if her lolly popps is out they can't be botherin' her and she sure ain't talkin' about some one elses. If Dr. Hughes *is* good looking I thought he had a little sense to think his wife worked four years in cloaks and suits and now must keep off her feet. I'll keep you posted with the worst.

FLOSSY.

DEAR MIN:

I ain't got the heart to do nothin' much when I see the way old lolly popps is carrin' on after Doc Hughes. She oughta be ashamed of her self and stick to her old guy in Philadelphia even if his checks wasn't good and let Miss Hughes have her own man. I heard old lolly popps tell her day special nurse that no perfect lady could react to a marridge that was not tasteful to her. I thought it was ladies like Mary Pickford and Pearl White that acted but only livers and kidneys that reacted. You see I pick up lots besides food at the internes' table. By the way, Dr. Hughes speared the raisin outa his puddin' this noon and that means somethin' I betcha anything. He seems awful thoughtful and quiet like. He was in her room three times this morning. I heard her tell him about a man who was comin' here from Philadelphia to live and was going to buy a house. Isn't she brazin braggin' about one gentleman friend to another. She's been telling about the house buyin' friend now for two days. Old men make big mistakes marrin' women 40 years younger 'cause even if their checks is good their wife will get stuck on some one else or take to readin' high brow books or a "carear" whatever that is. I ain't had no tipps for a coupla days now unless you'd call half a box of cough drops a tipp, cause, Min, I hain't had the heart to look anxious or fish much since that lolly popp woman started vampin' Dr. Hughes. Glad I didn't mail this till I writ the sheet full for Dr. Hughes took his wife to a Movie right after supper and dolled up for fair for her. Ain't that just too deceetful for words. He has stuck around that lolly popp jade all day and now when her house buyin' friend comes he

squirts perfume on hisself and goes out with his wife. He is heartless smirkin' away and kind of singin' to hisself. His wife should be put next, but I'd drown myself in sloppy water before I'd do it. It's heck, Min.

FLOSSY.

DEAR MIN:

Things is goin' on shamefull as ever. Dr. Hughes is stickin' round old lolly popps even with that house buyin' friend stickin' round too. I'd like to spill my scrubbin' water on all of them except the special nurses who can't up and say nuthin' to Doctors and payin' pashunts. At first old lolly popps called Doc Hughes but now he neglects his other pashunts all he dares to go in without being called. You would think the house buyin' friend would wanta fight him or something, but they all act friendly like. If the internes gets ice cream instead of puddin' today I am going to sneak a dish over the alley to Miss Hughes. Tipps picked up a little today; got two dimes and a handkerchief which will be O. K. after it's washed.

FLOSSY.

DEAR MIN:

I spilled my scrubbin' water and the head Sister pretty near fel in while I was gettin' this for you but what do you know that dirty dog whose wife was in cloaks and suits four years and now is in a ice cream factry for him went to the hospitul office and asked for the six hundred dollar liberty bonds what they was keepin' for him, and Min he had his yachting suit off and his least shiny other clothes on so I know he and old lolly popps are goin' to flee together somewhere. I took a quick sneak up to her room after parkin' my bucket where no sister would see it and the wicked jade was lollin' on her favorit shays long in the sun parlor while the house buyin' friend was readin' want ads to her about houses in Squirrel Hill or Mt. Siani as they sometimes calls it but not in the paper. She was gettin' him off the cent while Doc Hughes was out buyin' the Railroad tickets. What is the world comin' to. It's awful, Min.

FLOSSY.

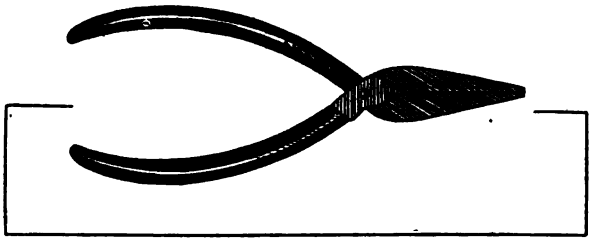
DEAR MIN:

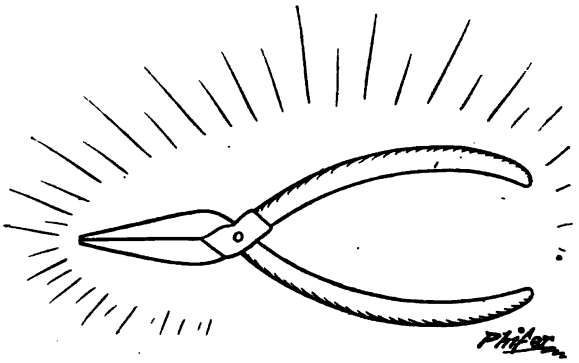
He done it in his wife's maiden name. Doc Hughes is nobody's fool. Didn't I tell you how he advised his wife to keep off her feet just as soon as he got to be a doctor. She's left the stool in the ice cream factry and ison 'em again treadin' rugs in her own apartment what ain't sacrifice sale stuff nor bought on no dignified credit either. They've got everything latest style except I didn't see no twin beds. No payments has to be made on nuthin' cause with six hundred dollars in Liberty Bonds and three thousand dollars cash you can by an awfull lot of furniture if you don't get many pieces and then have a lot left for deckin' out an office and paintin' a sign. Yes, he done it in his wife's maiden name. You see his intrust in old loly popps was purely Profeshional cause hers was sorta an odd case till he heard her stepson was going to make up with his wife and move here and he was going to by her a swell home and like a chump tells his business so Doc Hughes listened till he found out what house he wanted and then took the Liberty Bonds and bought an opshun so Mr. Stepson had to pay three thousand dollars more because he told his business to strangers what was tired of having their wife in cloaks and suits and on a stool in a ice cream factory. There is a swell picture at the Grand called "Passion" and I think I'll take my tipps and by myself in early this evening.

FLOSSY.

FLORENCE BREWSTER WIKINGSSON.

Langeloth, Pa.





WHY IS IT?

When this is sold in a Hardware Store it is called a "Tool"

But when it is nickel-plated it is called an "Instrument."

She: I'm afraid you don't like my singing.
He: It isn't that—but you make such a draft when you sing, dear, and I'm subject to colds.

IT OUGHT TO BE GOOD

By PAUL F. CRAIG, Springfield, Mass.

A physician of some note, whose large practice confines him very closely to an Eastern city, takes recreation whenever possible by motoring through the country. He takes keen delight while on such trips in quenching his thirst at wayside springs. Driving along a dusty stretch one hot afternoon, he espied a crystal stream splashing from an iron pipe at the foot of a steep, wooded bank into a weathered rustic trough at the side of the road. With exclamations of joy he halted his car with the motor still running, unlimbered a folding drinking cup and quaffed heartily of the cold water.

As he drank, a native approached driving a very restive horse hitched to a farm wagon. The animal, frightened by the sound of the doctor's motor, refused to approach the trough, whereat the native wrathfully demanded that "thet durn machine be kept quiet."

The doctor obligingly stopped the motor, and then, loath to leave anyone feeling angry toward him, he attempted to engage the wagoner in conversation.

"That's fine water," he said, wagging his head toward the stream.

"Drink some, did ye?" inquired the native.

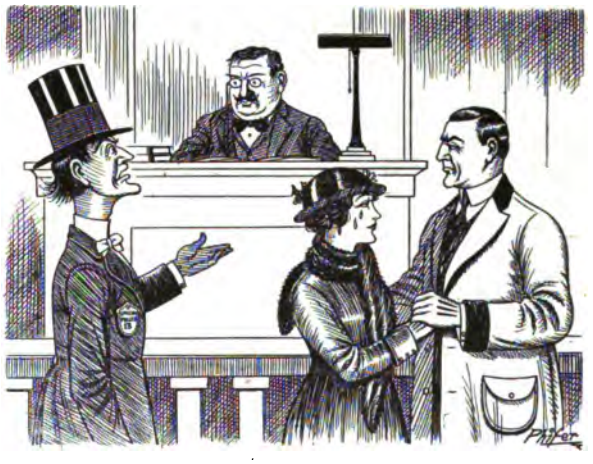
"You bet. It was great."

"Yeah. Well, it ought to be good, comes right outa the cem'tery."

BOSTON BAG

ROBERT H. SELDEN, Cleveland, Ohio.

Boston Bag! Boston Bag!
Carried with a wiggly wag
On a little string.
Just to you I sing.
Guard that little silken nighty
That you hold within you tidy.
Is it blue or is it pink?
Give me time and let me think.
Do you hold that powder puff
Fuzzy, woozy, soft enough
For a skin of silk
White as cream and milk?
Lipstick, pencil for the brow
To be used just then and now
When it's really needed
And she'll say, "Please beat it."
Slippers for a dainty footie
Just to fit the cutest cutie
When for morning dip
In her bath she'd slip.
Boston Bag! Boston Bag!
Carried with a naughty wag,
Keep the secrets that you know
When you wiggle to and fro,
Boston Bag!



IN THE DAYS TO COME?

"What is the charge against this young married couple, officer?"

"Breaking Blue Law No. 9,672,541 against osculation and endangering each other's health by the possible spreading of germs, your Honor!"

HIS FIRST CASE

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.—When the Epidemic Struck the Village.

JULIA had only been four days at her sister's house when the big transaction of life loomed up suddenly. It was at one of the neighbors that she saw a violin reposing on a stand where it had been carelessly thrown by the young hopeful of the household. Formerly she had taken no interest in violin construction, but recent education had caused her to keep a vigilant eye, and so, when she picked it up and peeped through the scroll opening, her heart thumped heavily against her fat chest and she gazed at the magic words in amazement—there, printed on a small white label which was stuck to the bottom of the instrument, was the information she sought, the fulfillment of the hopes that had been with her for months, the modest words: Stradivarius Model.

She laid the violin down almost reverently. "That looks like a good fiddle," she said to the woman whom she was visiting.

"Charles, our boy, thinks so," answered the woman, "although I don't know anything about such things."

"I wonder how much it cost?" asked Julia.

"I think he paid nineteen dollars for it, although I ain't sure but what it was twenty-one."

"I wonder if he'd sell it?" inquired Julia. "I'd like to have it for my Henry. He had one like it and it got destroyed, and I'd like to have another one just like it. I'd be willing to give—" she thought awhile over the amount and decided to make the margin of profit considerable, so that the sale might be completed at the moment, without undue delay which might result in investigation, for she knew from sad experience that the value was far beyond the wildest imagination of the owners—that word Stradivarius meant a thousand dollars at the least possible calculation—"I'd give forty dollars for it," was her final declaration.

"Well," exclaimed the woman, "that's reasonable, I must say. I'll call Charles—maybe he'll sell it to you."

She went to the door and issued the call in a shrill voice, several times. Finally there was an answer and in a moment the lanky Charles was brought in, introduced and told of the offer.

"Sure, I'll sell it for that," he said with a grin. "I can get another where that come from—they've got a hundred of 'em."

The ponderous Julia smiled knowingly to herself, for she knew that a hundred such instruments did not exist in the whole world. She wrote a cheque with trembling fingers and hurriedly departed with the precious violin to her sister's house, where, in solitude, she packed it carefully in a box that she found in the closet and, making an excuse that she was going to the post office, carried it to the depot and sent it by express to the New York firm whose name was implanted on her memory—a firm of musical dealers who dealt in rare old violins—the same firm that had offered Lem Hardesty such a fabulous sum for his Stradivarius instrument.

Then she did proceed to the post office and wrote a brief letter to inform them that she was sending the violin and requesting them to immediately return a cheque for its value.

Writing a letter was laborious work for her, but she persisted and finally finished it to her satisfaction. She gave her own home address and signed her name: Mrs. Henry Bean. But her writing was poorly done and *Mrs.* looked like *Mr.* and was so recorded in the office of the New York firm who received it.

* * * * * * * *

The dreaded epidemic had struck with terrific force and Fred was overwhelmed with calls. It is difficult for the outsider to understand the physician's burden under such a powerful antagonist as Spanish influenza. To sight an instance: One morning before he had finished his breakfast ten calls came in from various places in the village and surrounding country, taking in the complete scope of the territory to which he administered in all directions, and each party who called asked him to come to their place first.

Obviously, such a thing could not be done, and also he could not take them in the order in which they came, for perhaps the first one would be five miles north and the second seven miles south. Therefore, it was necessary to collect and classify them, making a definite route to cover all in the shortest distance of travel. Then he would start out, and at each place there would be from two to commonly five or six people to examine and prescribe for, and one place he found eleven sick in one house of two rooms, with nobody to care for them ex-

cept the least afflicted member of the family—a boy of twelve—and his fever was 102.

A recent thaw had cut the roads to pieces and they had frozen solid again, and he could not complete this work before midafternoon. Then he would call Mrs. Ganey from some telephone along the line and receive another list of calls that had come in during the day, and another route would be mapped out, perhaps retracing the first one for quite a distance. At the end of the day his head swam from the continuous bumping over the rough roads.

Seldom did he get a chance to eat, and many nights did he return to his fireside at midnight or later and eat the only meal of the day since morning, which the motherly, patient Mrs. Ganey always had ready for him.

Always there were calls left over, which, in his exhaustion he could not make, and, throwing himself on the bed with his clothes on, he would catch a few hours of sound sleep and go at his task again, making up his route so that the left-over calls would be first on the list.

Justina's attack of the disease was quite severe but without complications. The first three nights of her illness found Fred at her bedside several times, for he would set his alarm clock and force himself to awaken and administer to her wants, as he knew that Mrs. Ganey had not the strength and vitality to keep up at nights and also answer the calls that poured in during the day hours.

On the third day of the girl's illness Mrs. Ganey herself took down, and Justina, although still running fever, arose and cared for her, and Fred did not know of it until he came home at one o'clock in the morning and made the discovery that the girl whom he loved had prepared the hot, steaming meal that awaited him. He flew into a rage and forced her to retire to her bed, and the next day Tom Ganey closed his store and acted as nurse and cook and telephone girl.

However, within three more days Fred permitted Justina to get up and attend to the telephone calls, after making sure that she was free from danger of complications, but insisted that Tom still do the cooking, and the jolly storekeeper did so, grumbling cheerfully the while. It was on this day, or rather early the next morning to be exact, for it was half-past twelve that the young physician staggered in and sat down to the meal that faithful Tom had ready for him.

"Is Justina up?" asked Fred.

"Yes; she's with Alice."

"You go stay with Mrs. Ganey and send her down here—I want to talk to her."

Presently she appeared—as beautiful as ever, though her face showed pallor to some extent, and she had lost weight, but still the lustre in her well-arranged, black, wavy hair was there, and the penetrating power of her wonderful eyes was not faded in the least.

"Talk to me," he said—"for heaven's sake talk to me like you did that night when Mrs. Johnson nearly died—even if you don't want to do it. Talk to me—talk to me and cheer me up before I go wild. I've seen nothing but sick people for days and now many of them have pneumonia and are delirious—wildly so—and some of them are dead—dead. It's more than I can stand. I've just now come from the bedside of Virginia Donon and—"

"Is she sick?" cried Justina in alarm. "Is she—"

"She's dead."

For an instant there was silence, profound and intense. Then Fred cried out again: Talk to me—say something! God knows I can't stand this strain forever without a woman's help—without sympathy from someone who can understand. I see them sick—I see the delirious ones calling out to me—I see them in my dreams—and I know the worst is yet to come, for the epidemic is not at its height. Everybody else has gone to pieces and I'm supposed to stand up and work—work—work; and see my friends die— and keep on working and working, as if it were all part of the day's game. I've a notion to give up and quit."

The girl took a chair and sat down beside him. "Eat your supper," she commanded. "You're nearly famished."

"But I'm not hungry," he protested.

"Eat!"

Her hypnotic eyes were fixed upon him as she muttered the words, and he obeyed with implicity.

Then she placed her hand on his arm as was her habit, but her hand shook perceptibly, and she continued to look at him, but her eyes were moist. "Tell me," she said slowly, "was Virginia anything to you but a friend?"

He dared not return her look, but kept his eyes on his coffee which he stirred as he spoke. "No. I thought she was once. I tried to make myself think she would be—that she should be—but I couldn't. No—she was only a friend, but the truest friend I've had."

Justina removed her hand and let it fall limply in her lap, while Fred drank his coffee, refusing the other things, and spilled much of it on the table, for he was shaking.

"I'm going to quit," he said, setting the cup down and pounding the table. "I'm going to quit. Do you hear me? I'm going to quit."

He jumped up and Justina arose and confronted him. His eyes were glassy, his face flushed. She took both of his hot hands in her own. "No; you're not going to quit," she stated with the same firm tone that a mother uses with a rebellious child. And then—was it coincidence, or did she remember? "You must not falter, *never*, on account of death!"

Fred's tense form relaxed. He looked at her foolishly—then an amazed expression came over his countenance. He tore his hands from hers and held them out. "Justina, I love you. I love you. Don't you believe it? Tell me, won't you marry me? Please."

"Don't ask me that," she said drawing away from him fearfully. "You know I can't."

"Why?"

"Because, well, you know why."

"Don't—you—love—me?" he asked through chattering teeth.

"I don't know," she said, glancing away from him. "But even if I did I wouldn't marry you, because of—well," she endeavored to laugh gayly, "I told you I would ask you when the time came." She turned her eyes toward him again and found him seated, having dropped into a chair with a violent chill. "Doctor, you're sick," she cried, stepping forward and taking his arm. "Come, let me help you upstairs. You must go to bed at once."

A half hour later she stood by the side of the table, reading the thermometer that he had taught her to use during the pleasant days of their first acquaintance. Then she glanced at the bed where his blanket-covered form was quiet after many minutes of the hardest chilling one can undergo.

She tip-toed to the bed and listened to his fast breathing, and, laying her small white finger on the pulse in front of his ear, counted the rapid heart beats while keeping her eyes fixed on her wrist watch. She shook the thermometer down and again placed it in his mouth and he went to sleep before the time elapsed to remove it, which she did gently, again stepping to the table and holding it under the reading lamp. It read the same as before—105.

Not many minutes thereafter a big car was bouncing over the rough road from Oliva to Astuna. The darkness was intense, but the bright lights shone a half mile ahead and the chauffeur who looked through the windshield, viewing the sea of ruts before him, objected and made known his intention of turning back.

"We can't make it," he explained.

"We're going to make it," mumbled a voice from the rear seat.

"It'll tear the car to pieces," was the insistent reply.

"Well, we'll go until it falls apart—then we'll walk," growled Doctor Lants.

* * * * * * * *

And at the same time a letter that Fred had written in the lonely hours of the night before, after he had come home from his round of toil, was speeding from Chicago, through the darkness of Indiana, to a detective friend of his in the City of Philadelphia.

* * * * * * * *

"Chief, cast your eyes over that."

The head of the large detective agency glanced up, and recognized one of his local men standing beside his desk, holding forth a letter, written with a pen.

"What's this?" he asked, laying down the letter he was reading and reaching for the one that was offered him.

"Read it and see, and then say I'm not a good detective," laughed the young man, dropping into a chair while his superior read the hurriedly written words:

DEAR HARRY:

I wish you would do a favor for me. There's a girl here—yes, I'm in love with her, so don't laugh—that's in a peck of trouble. Some scoundrel has started the rumor that her parents were never married and that her father is a former judge in Philadelphia.

It's just about ruined her reputation here and I want to learn the facts if there are any. The party who started the talk told her rather flippantly the name of her father, but she did not believe it enough to take sufficient interest to remember his name, although it was some queer foreign name.

I know you can locate him if there is any truth in the rumor, and I want you to do it and if so tell him to write to her and clear up this mess of lies. Keep my name out of it or I'll come East gunning for you.

Thanks in advance,

FRED FORSON.

P. S.: I forgot to tell you the girl's name. I don't know whether you will need it or not, but it's Justina Everett. Remember, lay low on where you got this information.

F. F.

The chief grinned broadly. Then he laid the letter on his desk and looked at the young man who had presented it. "Yes; you're a pretty good detective," he mused. "I'll give you credit for finding people quickly

when somebody knocks you down with the information as to where they're located. But I'd like to know what's the matter with our Iowa men. I suppose they must be hanging around Des Moines, playing pool. You know, yourself, how long the case has been in our hands and I had just about given up all hopes. Then you, a local man, spring this on me. By the way, who is this Fred Forson fellow?"

"He's a young doctor who used to live here. His father lost all his money and his girl married another fellow, so he went West to seek his fortune and forget."

The great detective snorted.

"He forgets like all the rest of them do, doesn't he?"

"Well," defended the young man with a shrug of his shoulders. "You can't expect a fellow to remember forever—he's been out there since June."

The great detective smiled sarcastically and reached for the telephone without further comment, calling the number of Ronaurd B. Zeay. "Hello, Judge; this is Joe Hattinson. We've found your daughter—no; our information so far is rather meager, so we can't give any concerning the mother—she's in—wait a minute until I look—the town's name is Astuna—What?—Oh, I know you never heard of it, it's in Iowa—out West. Where's Iowa? You ought to know your geography better than to ask a question like that, Judge. Why, let's see, where the devil is Iowa? I passed through there when I went to California—It's—I think it's on the other side of Nebraska, next to Wyoming."

"You're way off," said the young detective.

The great detective clapped his hand over the telephone transmitter so that his words might not be heard in the instrument. "Where is it, then?"

"It's this side of Illinois, between Illinois and Indiana."

"Hello, Judge—it's this side of Illinois, between it and Indiana—Yes, I'm sure of it—well, maybe you'd better look at a map if you think we don't know where it is—we've got men out there working and we get a daily report from them, so it stands to reason that we would know where it is. By the way, Judge, the girl's in some kind of trouble and our informant asks you to write to her and prove beyond doubt your relationship. Yes; I expect that would be the best way; you can catch the Chicago train tonight—oh, sure; I'd telegraph first. Why, I suppose so. I think they've got telegraph stations scattered all through the country—they must have, for they've got a few railroads. You could telegraph to the nearest place and they could send a messenger on horseback. The Western Union agent could tell you. Telephone!—oh, I don't suppose they've got very many except in the big towns like Des Moines. No; I don't think you'd have to ride very far on a stage coach. What?—Oh, certainly, I'd take a gun. Of course, that country is pretty well civilized now, but the West is filled up with a lot of rough characters."

"No; we can't divulge the nature of our information," he said to the Judge, laughing, "but you can always bet that we get what we go after. It took us a long time, I'll admit, but the trail was a hard one to follow, even after we got a clew, and you can bank on the fact that you'll find her right where we say she is."

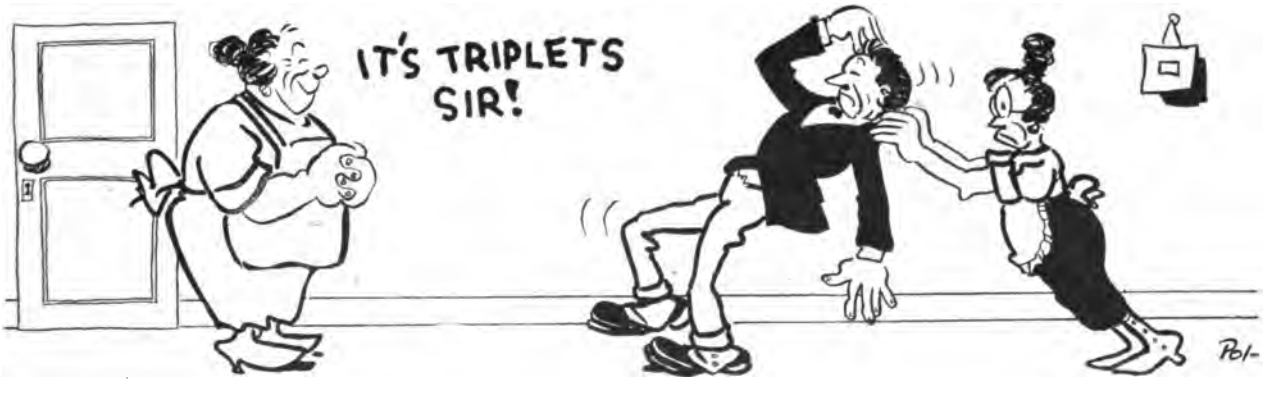
He listened for awhile.

"No; they won't hurt you," he assured his listener. "Most of them are tame and they keep the wild Indians under government supervision."

(To be continued.)

WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D.

Ottumwa, Iowa.



Physician about to introduce stomach pump: "I am afraid, sir, that this operation calls for a plumber instead of a doctor. Driving a 3-inch pipe into a 2¾ man-hole is beyond the power of medical science."

THE NEXT WAR. An Appeal to Common Sense. Will Irwin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1921. Price, $1.50.

Washington is prepared to welcome the representatives of many foreign lands to the most important conference since the World War ended, after the completion of a treaty that was rejected by this country. It is a strange idea that nations can sit around a table and determine the future welfare of the entire world. This meeting to discuss the problems of disarmament will be of unusual historical significance as an attempt to end the urge to warfare.

Irwin has forecast the value of these measures that bring nations together and has indicated in a frank, thoughtful manner many other plans that appeal to him as necessary for the salvation of the world from the strains of future conflicts. In words of one syllable simplicity, he draws the prophetic picture of death, destruction, and racial degeneration that should make any thinking person realize the futile wastefulness that a future war promises.

His presentation of facts, his contrasts of the past with the probable conditions of future wars, his martial array of figures carry conviction to one who seeks to think in terms of world progress and human happiness.

Gas attacks, submarine conflicts, tank invasions, and aeroplane bombings afford a series of measures that are merely in their infancy as far as destructiveness is concerned. The means of defense have not progressed as rapidly as the weapons of destructiveness. War has become a problem of machinery and the human element has been reduced to a secondary position. The glory and glamor of warfare has departed. The old line militarist can find little to command in the wholesale slaughter that now involves non-combatants. Nations fight and die, though in theory the armies bear the brunt of attacks. Old men and weaklings form the reserve forces that are charged with the responsibility of caring for the women and children, but they are all subject to the frightful hazard of modern warfare. Flame, gas inundation, starvation, slavery, economic desolation, together with the increase of pestilences and the devitalization of the racial stock reduce the power of victors as well as the vanquished, so that even those who win must lose. And all that was true during the last world war will be magnified in extent and degree in any war that the future may present. The picture of extermination is not marked by beauty.

Mr. Irwin has written with a background of accurate knowledge and a careful consideration of the point of view of those most qualified to give authoritative opinions concerning the progress of military and naval invention. There is a judicial humanitarian attitude that commands attention and a serious appeal to the highest ethical sense of individuals to aid in restoring international confidence and morals and in raising them to a more rational level. Even the most arrant blind follower of Mars will find it difficult to meet the charges against the military possibilities of the days of war that they talk of all to glibly, as though it were a pleasure to be gained or, at most, a difficulty that nations must encounter with only a sense of loyalty and national honor. The war that Sherman knew was elementary in type compared with the struggles of the last few years, but the future will be in the category of universal Hell.

Here is a book to be read by members of Congress and emissaries from all the nations now assembling. It is a volume for ministers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, all taxpayers, and all others who pretend to possess that measure of common sense that makes the appeal of humanity of primary importance.

"Fair Prime of Life! Were it not Enough to Gild"

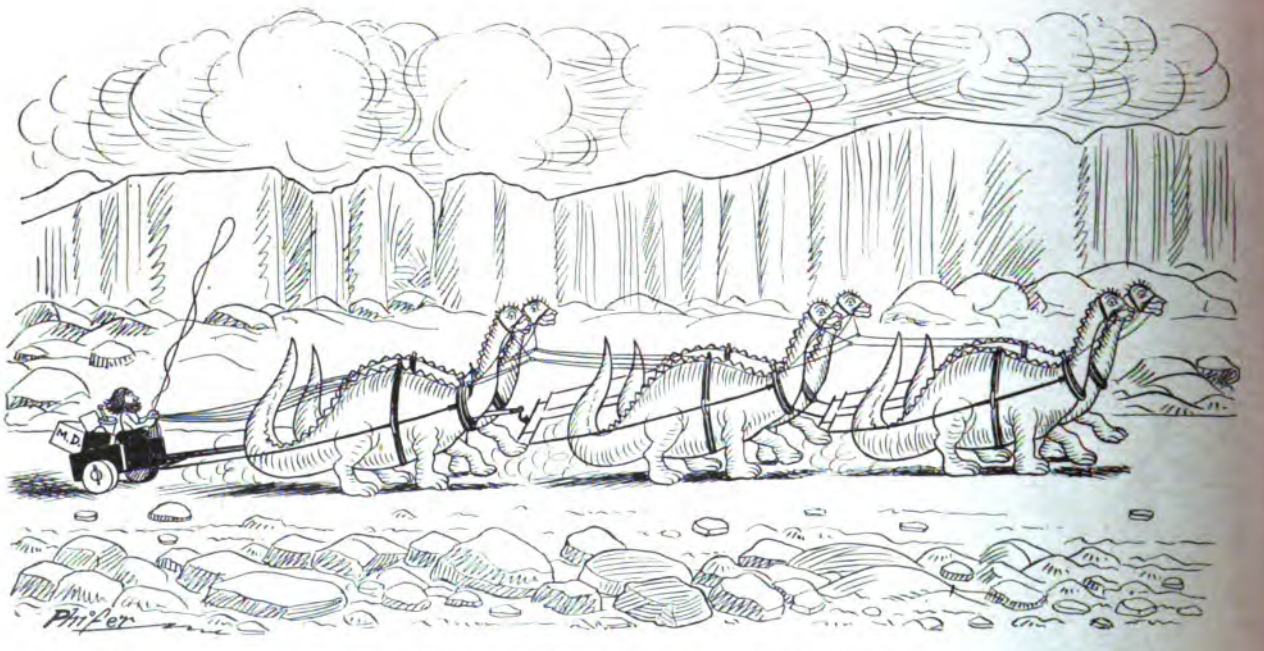
Fair prime of life! were it not enough to gild
With ready sunbeams every straggling shower:
And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,
Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build
For Fancy's errands—then, from fields half-tilled
Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy flower,
Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant thy power,
Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled.
Ah! show that worthier honors are thy due;
Fair prime of life! arouse the deeper heart;
Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursue
Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim;
And, if there be a joy that slights the claim
Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Society has usurped so many rights over the individual that the individual is compelled to act in self-defense.

Things That Try Our Patience.

Too Expensive for Most of Us.



MEDICAL SUCCESS IN THE STONE AGE.

Holiday Greetings

The Medical Pickwick

Dec. 1921

We'll have a Jolly "Old Time"

℞

Syr. Cocillanae Comp.
P. D. & Co.

SYRUP COCILLANA COMPOUND is an efficient prescription for the irritating cough of dry bronchitis, the cough of phthisis, the croupy cough of childhood, and in general in any condition of bronchial irritation in which the cough is excessive or the secretion and expectoration scanty. Each fluidounce contains:

Tincture Cocillana, 40 minims.
Tincture Euphorbia Pilulifera, 120 minims.
Syrup Wild Lettuce, 120 minims.
Syrup Squill Compound, 24 minims.
Cascarin (P. D. & Co.), 8 grains.
Diacetyl Morphine Hydrochloride, 1/8 grain.
Menthol, 8/100 grain.

Syrup Cocillana Compound does not disturb the stomach. It has no constipating effect—in fact it is slightly laxative, due to the cocillana and cascarin. It is adapted to administration to persons of all ages.

"℞ *Syr. Cocillana Comp., P. D. & Co.*"—write it in the prescription and your patient will get an efficient, attractive, palatable cough syrup.

Parke, Davis & Company

The Medical Pickwick

VOL. VII DECEMBER, 1921 No. 12.

DR. KING.

In "Evelyn's Memoirs," we find the following account of Edmund King, knt. M. D., physician to Charles II.

This gentleman was originally a surgeon, and, at a critical moment, saved the king's life by bleeding him.

"1655, 4 Feb. I went to London, hearing his majesty had been, the Monday before (2 Feb.) surprised in his bed-chamber with an apoplectic fit, so that, if by God's providence, Dr. King (that excellent chirugeon as well as physician) had not been accidentally present, to let him blood (having his lancet in his pocket), his majesty had certainly died that moment, which might have been of direful consequence, there being nobody else present with the king, save this doctor and one more, as I am assured. It was a mark of the extraordinary dexterity, resolution, and presence of mind, in the doctor, to let him blood, in the very paroxysm, without staring the coming of other physicians, which regularly should have been done, and for want of which he must have a regular pardon, as they tell me."—*Ana of Medical Literature*, 1825.

MEDICINE AS SCIENTIFIC DISCIPLINE.

My own original inclination was towards physics; external circumstances compelled me to commence the study of medicine, which was made possible to me by the liberal arrangements of this Institution. It had, however, been the custom of a former time to combine the study of medicine with that of the Natural Sciences, and whatever in this was compulsory I must consider fortunate; not merely that I entered medicine at a time in which any one who was even moderately at home in physical considerations found a fruitful virgin soil for cultivation, but I consider the study of medicine to have been that training which preached more impressively and more convincingly than any other could have done, the everlasting principles of all scientific work; principles which are so simple and yet are ever forgotten again; so clear and yet always hidden by a deceptive veil.

Perhaps only he can appreciate the immense importance and the fearful practical scope of the problems of medical theory, who has watched the fading eye of approaching death, and witnessed the distracted grief of affection, and who has asked himself the solemn questions: Has all been done which could be done to ward off the dread event? Have all the resources and all the means which Science has accumulated become exhausted?

Provided that he remains undisturbed in his study, the purely theoretical inquirer may smile with calm contempt when, for a time, vanity and conceit seek to swell themselves in science and stir up a commotion. Or he may consider ancient prejudices to be interesting and pardonable, as remains of poetic romance, or of youthful enthusiasm. To one who has to contend with the hostile forces of fact, indifference and romance disappear; that which he knows and can do, is exposed to severe tests; he can only use the hard and clear light of facts, and must give up the notion of lulling himself in agreeable illusions.

I rejoice, therefore, that I can once more address an assembly consisting almost exclusively of medical men who have gone through the same school. Medicine was once the intellectual home in which I grew up, and even the emigrant best understands and is best understood by his native land.—*Hermann von Helmholtz*, 1877.

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WISHING YOU THE SAME.

JES' A'RAMBLIN' 'ROUND

By G. Frank Lydston, M. D., Chicago, Ill.

"MY!" sez the wife, "it certainly is warm!"

That was in Lakeland, Florida.

"B-r-!!!" sez I—That was later, in "dear old Chi."

A month or so of ramblin' 'round and feeling "too strong to work" and here I am at home again—where I've just gotta work and make myself like it. And, as the feller sez, I picked some pointers "en root" and saw a few things which I fain would share with such of our fellow members as may care to read these rambling notes of our rather aimless rambles.

We made New Orleans our travel "base," which gave the wife the opportunity for the first time of giving the town the "once over." Full oft had I descanted to her of the quaintness, the antiquity, and the beauty of New Orleans. After several days of "checking up" on my glowing accounts of the town, the wife summed up the whole thing by saying, sententiously: "It *is* old—which does not commend it—it *is* quaint, but not beautiful, and as dirty as it is old and quaint. It really has some beautiful cemeteries, though."

Well, perhaps the wife was right—she usually is, you know. Conceding this, therefore, I will hereafter in my descriptions of New Orleans concentrate on those wonderfully artistic and costly tombs and sarcophagi. If the quaint old southern city shows half as much regard for the living as she does for the dead, the town should be a wonderful abiding place for one who wants to be loved by his neighbor.

Oh! I forgot the Mardi Gras: That's because I never was in New Orleans in festival time. But I wonder how a procession can move around in some of those funny old streets. And where do they house the foolish ones who flock into town to see the sights—and suffer discomfort? Just waist until the Mayor of Chicago gets *our* Mardi Gras going! We're going to have one, you know. We'll show 'em a thing or two—but, you may safely bet that we won't pull it off in February.

A very dear friend of mine told me that San Antonio, Texas, was a "perfect paradise"—and so hitherward we rambled. I haven't seen my friend since our return, but I'm going to as soon as may be—and I'm going to talk to that man—and find out just what his ideas of paradise are.

Now, to be just and fair, I will venture the remark that the average tourist's opinion of any given climate is as variable as the wind—and far less reliable.

The Eastern tourist who takes in California, usually goes there to escape the rigors of our winter. He leaves during our worst season, enters California's worst season—and then he reports in this wise: "This California stuff is all bunk. Why, it was *so* cold and *so* rainy! I just *couldn't* keep warm," etc., etc. What does he know of the delightful Fall and Spring weather in California.

The Florida tourist tells us that he, too, experienced some bad weather. He also says that "nobody can live in Florida in Summer."

When will the tourist learn that every climate must have its seasons?

It's mighty lucky for the world that the tourist has not the power to "turn off" or "turn on" the climate. We wouldn't have any crops—which means that the race would disappear from the earth.

But, to return to San Antonio (I mean, of course, in my story). The people out yonder haven't a lot to brag about and needn't take much credit to themselves, for even that. They have some wonderful old Missions—thanks to the early Mexican Fathers. The Alamo is one of these old missions and the credit for putting it on the map is due to that bloody cut-throat, Santa Anna. And they have pure air and nice weather—part of the time—for which they can thank the Lord.

All the same, when one of San Antonio's "Northers" hit us, we thought of Chicago—and felt quite at home.

One of the most interesting sights of our ramble, was a party of Mexicans wandering through the Alamo. Were they "gloating?" I wonder. Dear old General Sam Houston had the opportunity of taking the "gloat" out of some of the old-time "greasers" at San Jacinto, and didn't grasp it—of which more later.

They have one thing in San Antonio that made me ashamed of Chicago—and of some other large American cities. With a County Medical Society comprising less than 200 members, the doctors own their own building and pay $25.00 per year dues. We groan when we pay $6.00.

Well, we finally shook the "dobe" mud of that "paradise" off our footsies, and "back-tracked" to Houston, which the same is "some town."

Why is it that we hear so much of San Antonio and

of Galveston and not a word about Houston? Really, that town needs a press agent. Houston is one of the most beautiful spots on the American map, and, I am credibly informed, is a mighty fine place in which to live for the greater part of the year.

Mayhap I am prejudiced, but in my opinion the biggest thing in Houston is my good friend, Judd Mortimer Lewis, author of "Patsy Kildare—Outlaw." Judd is that *rara avis*, a successful author. He has put himself—and Houston—very much "on the map." He is a poet of high rank—and that's how he puts the "verse" into versatile. Both his prose and his verse are not only good, but, glory be! they sell—and profitably.

Judd and his charming wife motored us out to the battlefield of San Jacinto. The park is beautiful and the mortuary tablets interesting, but there is one "rift in the lute." Sam Houston should have hanged old Santa Anna and every other Mexican survivor of the battle. Thus only would the Alamo have been rightly remembered.

Regretfully leaving Houston we "trekked" still further back to New Orleans.

"Shall we stop?" sez I.

"Nay, nay," sez the wife; "we'll just amble through."

"To Chicago?" sez I. "I don't want to work," sez I.

"All right, we'll go South," sez she. And we "compromised" by taking the route her highness selected.

We next stopped at Gulfport and spent a couple of days looking over the "American Riviera"—the Mississippi Gulf coast from Pass Christian to Ocean Springs. This was my second visit to the "Riviera"—my former visit was in August last, hence I feel that I have a fair idea of its climatic and other conditions. The people of the North will wake up some day. Men with energy and money will go down yonder and make the "Riviera" what it pretends to be—and isn't. Nature has been very, very kind to the folks down there—she has done everything for them—and they have done mighty little for themselves. There are thirty-five miles of "boulevard" overlooking the Mississippi Sound—paralleled by an excellent trolley line. This boulevard is Mississippi's "front yard," but half of it looks like the backyard of a city "patch."

Before asking a Northerner down there, even for a brief visit, those folks ought to clean up their front yard. Tumble-down fences and shanties should be removed, weeds, brush and stumps grubbed out and replaced by grass, flowers and shrubbery. Finally, a concrete wall should be built for the protection of the boulevard—which is damaged by storms from time to time.

More and better hotels should be built. Above all (and this applies to the whole South) the Northerner should be asked to co-operate with the South, not merely to bring down his energy and money to be "dumped" into the lap of the Southerner. Give us a "run for our money," Mr. Southron, and you can "jolly" us into almost anything within reason, but you must help to "tote" your own load.

And here's something else again. Don't play us for "suckers." When we do go down among you, don't be so jealous of any reward we may get from our investment and enterprise. The leech is a very unhandsome animal, and, in the last analysis, is hungry more often than surfeited.

If about twenty or thirty enterprising Northerners with from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, should form a syndicate and build homes on the "American Riviera" it could be made the beauty spot of this country. A Winter Resort in Winter and a Summer Resort in Summer—and there you are. Anything can be made to grow there—and to grow all the year 'round.

We stopped off at Pensacola to visit my distinguished friend, Dr. S. Mallory Kennedy of the U. S. Public Health Service. Dr. Kennedy was one of the chief factors in stamping out the bubonic plague when it hit our coast some months since. His account of the work was especially interesting to me, as I chance to be the first American to study the plague in Australia, some years ago, reporting upon it to the Chicago Medical Society on my return from the Orient.

Speaking of Dr. Kennedy, he is about the bluest blooded specimen of a Southerner that I know. The Mallorys and Kennedys are intermarried with so many of the old-time southern families that his family history reads like a romance of the "Old South."

Pensacola is a charming and most interesting place. One of the oldest cities on this continent, it has many points of historic interest. As to climate, Dr. Kennedy says: "I have been all over the world and have lived in Pensacola for nineteen years. There may be climates as good as ours, but I know of none better."

On to Jacksonville—Florida's metropolis: How Jacksonville has changed since I saw it last! I was encamped there (Camp Cuba Libre) with my regiment in '98. The place then was a typic sleepy, hospitable old Southern town. Later came the fire and the rebuilding of the city. It now is a busy, up-to-date Cosmopolitan city of a hundred thousand inhabitants. Its hospitality remains, but the good friends around whom cluster my fond memories of twenty years ago all are gone—and so, too, are many

of my good comrades among the Yankee "musketeers" whom the city entertained.

And, by the way, speaking of '98, here's a story for you: As a Major in the 2nd Illinois Infantry, I participated in the most remarkable parade ever heard of: A division of U. S. troops, headed by the ex-Confederate General Fitzhugh Lee, was turned out on Jefferson Davis' birthday (always a holiday in the South) to assist in the unveiling and dedication of a monument to four Confederate generals. At the head of some of the regiments were men who fought against Lee during the Civil War. Leading our brigade was General Andy Burt—rest his soul—"Fighting Andy"—who had fought against Lee and all that he represented and had served continuously in the U. S. Army for over forty years.

In the parade were Confederate flags in profusion. The bands were playing all sorts of tunes, but had received orders not to play certain airs which might ruffle the feelings of the Southerners. Just when things were "going fine," a fife and drum corps swung around a corner playing "John Brown's body," etc.!

As one of the verses of that old song referred to suspending the late Hon. Jefferson Davis upon a tree of the genus "sour apple," there was the deuce to pay for a few minutes. But before people began to "throw things," the musicians grasped the situation and began to play "Dixie" "for further orders."

Mighty near got into trouble myself after the parade was over and the various organizations were dispersing. I stood upon a corner looking on. Near by stood a group of young Southern officers. A squad of Confederate veterans passed by. The group of officers to a man saluted the Confederate flag—I did not. The Southerners looked daggers, and bowie knives and things at me; whereat I declared myself:

"Not officially my flag, gentlemen, therefore no official recognition."

The situation finally was saved in this wise.

Around the corner and past us, rolled a big hay wagon, full of pretty girls, waving a conglomeration of flags—Stars and Stripes, Stars and Bars, Union Jacks and some other varieties.

One of the Southerners, who evidently had a keen sense of humor, looked at me quizzically out of the corner of his eye and called out: "How about it, Major?"

I removed my service hat, laid it upon the ground, took off my coat, laid it on top of the hat and held up both hands—and then I got the "rebel yell" and two dozen or so lovely smiles from those girls on the hay wagon. Thus was re-established the *entente cordiale* between the North and the South.

Beautiful St. Augustine—age has not withered thine infinite variety of charm nor impaired thy beauty. Balmy breezes and golden sunshine, tropic silver moon, and resplendent stars, wonderful palms and gorgeous flowers, history, old and new—all can be found in this beautiful place. It is a world of dreams. One should be willing to swallow without a grimace the lies about the "slave market" and the "tortures of the damned" which the cruel Spaniards inflicted on their helpless prisoners in the dark and noisome dungeons of old Fort Marion. But why do they try thus to "paint the lily?"

Away down on the beautiful Caloosahatchee River, about a dozen miles from the Gulf of Mexico, is Fort Myers. For a long, long time this was a place that God only remembered, of late years the place has been coming to the front by virtue of the efforts of a few Northerners who have succeeded in demonstrating the fact that there is no better citrus land in the world than around Fort Myers. Sooner or later the town is going to be a thriving place. The Dixie Highway from Miami soon will be completed—which will help some.

Some day there will be a west coast railroad and the traveller will not have to cross the state of Florida twice to get to Tampa or Fort Myers and back—and that will help more.

The "Jacksonvillains," as the people on the West Coast sometimes call them, are very narrow-minded in some ways, and would sooner see the rest of Florida "go hang" than be cheated out of their present commercial monopoly. But the car of Progress will roll on, just the same, and sooner or later the "Jacksonvillains" will have to take their medicine—then be on your tiptoes, East Coast—the West Coast 'll catch you if you don't watch out.

The flora of Fort Myers suggests to me Honolulu. Nowhere on this continent is there a greater variety and profusion of tropical plants, trees and flowers. There is excellent shooting and fishing all over Florida. Nowhere better, perhaps, than at Fort Myers.

What I have said about the South in general applies especially to Florida. The folks down there—the "Crackers"—need us and cry for us, but they must do something besides "pluck" us. Too much paraphrasing Holy Writ, down there: "Come unto us, all ye who are foolish and money laden, and we will do you good and plenty."

Once upon a time a friend of mine wrote satirically in this wise: "I once went down to Florida to get some

change and rest—the bellboys got the 'change' and the landlord got the 'rest.' "

Wake up, South, "land of sunshine and of flowers." You have great opportunities, but there are some things you must do before we Northerners can consent to "put the crack in the 'cracker,' " viz.: Clean up your front yards, buy some paint for your buildings and apply it. Give your visitors a "run for their money" and show the stranger who comes to settle among you that you care more for *him* than you do for his money. Then set your press agent at work.

Next spread the propaganda—and it is the truth—that Florida is *not* a three-months "pluck the sucker" proposition, but in the main an all-year-round pleasant place in which to live. Florida summer days are no hotter than we often have in Chicago—and nights sleepless from the heat are almost unknown. As for mosquitoes, the North Shore district of our own city has "nothing on" Florida.

Finally, Mr. Southerner, heat your houses, so that when a cold wave hits your country, the Northerner will feel quite at home.

"The South has settled the negro problem," quoth a fellow passenger from Georgia. "We keep the nigger in his place."

"Indeed, and do you keep the white man in *his* place?" I asked, pointing to a negress who was passing with five small children.

Four of the kids were black as a coal—the fifth was a lemon "yaller."

"Granting that you have settled the negro problem," I continued, relentlessly, "how do you account for the 'breeds' here in the South?"

"Well, you see—ah—that is—oh, please excuse me, I must take my wife into dinner."

And that's the last I saw of my Southern friend, hence I failed to add to my biologic lore. The which leads me to remark that there's a heap of human nature in humanity.

I struck up a conversation with that negress later on, as she was about to board the Jim Crow car of our train "fo Georgy, sah." She told me the names of the pickaninnies. When she got to the youngest—a girl—she said: "An' dis yeh one is Fertilizer, sah."

"Fertilizer!" I exclaimed. "How come?"

"Well, sah, yo' see it's dis a way. Her pappy's name is Fertinand, an' mine is Liza, so we alls jes' natchully called dat chile Fertilizer. Yassuh."

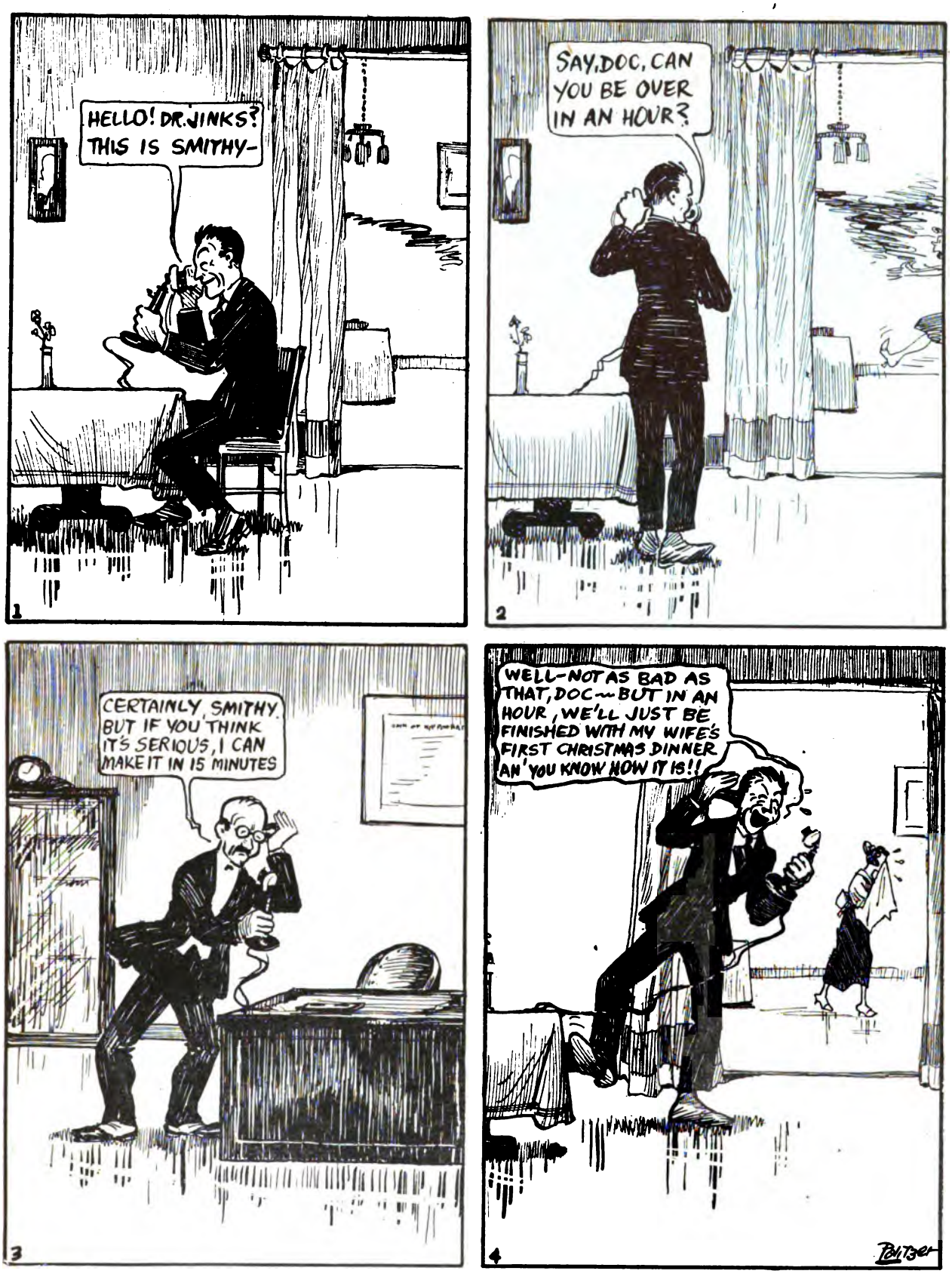
"Fertile Liza is right," thought I, as I counted the kids.

And here endeth my rambling story of our rambles.

IN THE NIGHT

EDWARD WILLARD WATSON, M. D.

In the night—in the night,
When the sharp electric light
Puts to flight all the dark,
'Tis so bright,
Till the sun hates to rise,
Looking gray with surprise,
And we creep back to sleep,
Dream again—slumber deep—
Till the noises begin
And the horrible din
Of the street cleaning van
And the loud-swearing man.
Trolleys run—madly run—
Motors fly, one by one,
Shriek away, honk away,
Fiendish sirens loudly play,
Dogs bark, as we hark
Two drunks on a lark,
Staggering home,
Singing loudly as they come,
And the sweepers now sweep,
Till the dust makes us weep,
Rustling soft, brushing soft,
As the dust flys aloft;
Then the day breaks at last,
And more noises come fast;
Ice wagons crash by,
Motor trucks fly,
And the milk laden van,
Makes the best speed it can,
While the milkman steals
With the milk for our meals,
And his bottles he clinks,
And with boxes plays jinks,
But the Sun,
To arise has begun,
And the Day breaks the Night,
And our slumbers, quite.
We must wake,
And the Day undertake,
And weary with Night,
With stern Day we must fight!


HELLO! DR. JINKS? THIS IS SMITHY-
1
SAY, DOC, CAN YOU BE OVER IN AN HOUR?
2
CERTAINLY, SMITHY. BUT IF YOU THINK IT'S SERIOUS, I CAN MAKE IT IN 15 MINUTES
3
WELL-NOT AS BAD AS THAT, DOC-BUT IN AN HOUR, WE'LL JUST BE FINISHED WITH MY WIFE'S FIRST CHRISTMAS DINNER AN' YOU KNOW HOW IT IS!!
4
Pelt Zer

A Four-Reel Drama Entitled
"Out With the Indigestion Tablets," or "The Hardships of Being an M. D."

HUSH!

By Dr. W. W. Arnold.

Lilil burd, stop yo'r singin',
  Startin' all the bells a-ringin'!
Fillin' all the round airth,
  With songs of joy an' mirth!
Mighty queer am some peeples,
  Livin' way up in church steeples!
Their ears never catch the music below,
  Right on the airth where yo' an' I go!
Why, the wind whistlin' in the trees,
  Disturbs their comfort an' eaze!
An' the singin' waters of the stream,
  Riles them till they scream!

And, Good Lawd, let them hear a baby cry,
  An' dey jes double up an' mos die!
What the Good Lawd made such foks foh,
  Allus puzzled my ol' maw!
Yo' noisy burds, stop yo'r singin'!
  Dey's noise 'nuff with the bells a-ringin'.

Some foks' ear drums mighty tender,
  In dis happy ol' month of December,
Day won't hardly 'low the chilrun sing,
  When ol' Santa hiz presents bring!
Yo' dandy Lark cut short yo'r song,
  'Tis way too loud an' long!
Mr. Canary, yo'r far too merry,
  Pourin' out songs so sweet an' cheery!

Now, Miss Linnet, stop this minit,
  Foh don't yo' know you're not in it?
An' yo' chatterin' black bird,
  Don't let us hear another word!
Yo' ol' Magpie stop yo'r crazy refrain,
  An' come in out of the rain!
Mr. Owl, stop yo'r hootin' an' a-tootin',
  Or some one will go to shootin'.
An' yo', ol' black Crow, better go,
  Foh as a musician you're too slow.
Now stop yo'r noise, Mr. Blue Jay,
  Foh a common burd you're pretty gay.
Quit yo'r gobblin', Mr. Turkey Gobbler, blue,
  Or else "the goblin's will git you."

Ol' Bumble Bee, better quit yo'r bumblin',
  Foh it sounds too much like grumblin'.
Hyr you' Cricket on the hearth,
  Yo'r 'dulgin' in too much mirth!
Better put up yo'r fiddles
  'Fore the broom yo'r body riddles!

* * * * * * * *

Lilil burd, go hide yo'r purty head,
For mighty soon yo' will be dead!

THE BROMIDE FAMILY

By Z. E. House, M. D., Cars Lake, Minn.

There is a little family and bromide is its name,
No matter where you meet them they always act the same.

While others are excited and fuss from day to day,
They act just like a sedative to smooth life's weary way.

And when we get all ruffled up and will not even serve,
It's nice to meet these gentle folk, they seem to brace the nerve.

LEGAL ITEMS FROM THE CROSSROADS

By J. R. McCarthy, Los Angeles, Cal.

OUR town council, at Bizzybody Crossroads, had a very poor meeting last Tuesday night. Although they stayed in session until everybody else was in bed, and even the Mayor didn't get home until ten-thirty at night, they succeeded in passing only seventy-eight new laws. The usual weekly budget of nine hundred laws was held over until next Tuesday. When seen this morning, the President of the Town Council stated that hereafter they would not adhere so rigidly to their old rule of reading every fiftieth law introduced. They are going to adopt the more efficient system of placing all the new laws on a table in the middle of the council room. When a member rises, he automatically votes for all the proposed laws. As all the members must rise before they can go home, this new method will insure unanimity.

Solomon Lentz, one of the older members of the council, who is economical by habit, has an odd idea that nine hundred new laws every week for a town of sixty-four inhabitants is too many. Solomon knows all about statistics and things like that, and he says that taking the town laws and the county laws and the city laws and the state and national laws, all together, one billion seven hundred and eighty-four million one thousand four hundred and two new laws were passed last year.

Solomon thinks perhaps this is all right, since the American public is not happy without a few thousand new regulations each day, but he figures the increase will cause trouble presently, on account of the paper shortage and things like that. Mr. Lentz has an idea that he is going to send to Mr. Harding and Mr. Hoover. This idea is that every ten years all the laws in the country should be made null and void, the slate wiped clean and everything made ready for a new start. That way we can have all the new laws we want all the time, and nobody the worse trying to remember them.

Solomon is pretty sensible sometimes.

Dentist: "Why did you scream; did I hurt you?"
Obliging Patient: "No, an ingrown toe nail is bothering me."

TAKING A BRODIE

By J. B. Bowles.

Father Murphy built a church and was very proud of it. The Bishop came to dedicate it but said not a word of praise, which hurt Father Murphy. As he was seeing the Bishop off to the city, he could not resist asking:

"Ye haven't said whether ye like it?"

The Bishop replied that the next time he built a church he should send the plans to him for approval.

Returning home meditatively Father Murphy met a parishioner who had just dug up a potato which had grown through a ring.

"Will ye let me have it?" he asked.

Taking the freak potato he wrapped it up and mailed it to the Bishop with the following note:

"Another Murphy in a tight hole."

WHAT NEED?

Doctor: Well, my good lady, did you take the medicine I left? And how do you feel?

Patient: No, I didn't take it yet. And I feel just fine.—I. S. M.

THE CHRISTMAS VISITOR

By RALPH M. THOMSON, M. D., Savannah, Ga.

It was early Christmas morning,
And the Man of Galilee
Had gone forth from Heaven's portals,
To seek human company;
And while strolling down a highway,
Where forerunning sunbeams smiled,
His attention was arrested
By the pleading of a child.

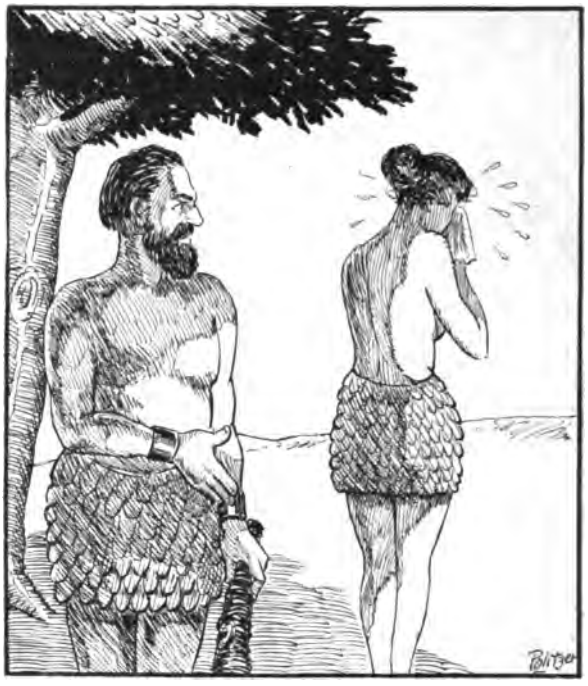
Having paused, He heard the baby
Ask its mother, not for bread,
But about its absent father,
And if Santa Claus was dead;
And He listened as the woman,
Far too miserable to stir,
Wildly begged the Lord to answer
Why He had forsaken her.

Then His thoughts at once reverted
To the ashes of a home;
To the reign of desolation,
To the cannon-furrowed loam;
And He did not blame the victims
Of man's inhumanity,
That His birthday seemed forgotten,
And the scene on Calvary.

But, instead, He stood in silence,
With His hands before His eyes,
Flanked by little wooden crosses
With their arms stretched to the skies,
And recalled how men still glory
In war's welter, in war's slain,
And, ashamed, He all but reasoned
That He must have died in vain.

While He mused thus, disappointed,
While the woman prayed aloud,
Strangely sweet and glad hosannas
Echoed from a Christmas cloud;
And the gist of every carol
Was, before earth's sun is set,
That the mothers, and the children,
And the Christ, shall triumph—yet!

A man needs an independent fortune or the sublime cynicism of poverty for the slow execution of great work.



Eve: Boo-hoo, I'm going back to mother.
Adam: All right! Go back to your mother, but before you go, give me my rib back!

BRIDGET'S FAITH

By E. A. WILCOX, Sugar Run, Pa.

While making calls one morning, Dr. H—— had an exciting experience with an old Irish lady, who had been sick with the grippe, and also had a light touch of fever. Seeing her so much better that morning he did not think it necessary to take her temperature, and only left her a few tablets as a tonic. After getting down the road a short distance a small boy came running down the road. and all out of breath requested the M. D. to come back immediately. Thinking perhaps the old lady might possibly have had a relapse, the Medico hurried back as fast as possible. Going into the old lady's room she surprised him by asking, "Shure, Docther, and didn't you fergit somethin'?"

Doctor: "Why no, not that I know of. Why?"

Old Lady: "Shure and you fergot to put thot little tube undther my tongue, thot did me more good than all the medicine you left me."

Money is always forthcoming for our caprices; we only grudge the cost of things that are useful or necessary.

THE LIGHT

By HAROLD HAYS, M. D., New York City.

ARTHUR ALLEN and Frank Demming had been overseas together and had been as intimate as two Buddies could possibly be. They had braved dangers without any thought of the morrow and, if one could hear the blarneying they gave each other, he would think both should have had the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Other than in their affection for each other they were about as alike as a pea and a bean. Allen was fat and pudgy with light blue eyes and a care-free way which made every man like him. Demming, on the contrary, was tall and lanky and had the luminous, violet eyes, most attractive to the female sex. Allen was a straight-laced, dyed-in-the-mud misanthrope or anti-feminist and therefore never "fell" for a woman, while Demming was a sentimental dog who had wallowed in puppy love and had had himself hitched and anchored to a new girl every year.

The two men had found fairly lucrative positions on their return to civil life and had arranged their vacation in one of the out-of-the-way places where the summer sunshine could allow them to slumberously talk over all their good times together.

"Want to get away from female society," said Allen. "Want to get to a place where I see nothing but corduroy pants and feel that suffrage ain't got to be reckoned with."

"Say, Bo," answered Demming, "why not go on an island in the great South Seas? I don't want to see a skirt either, now that I've got Virginia to think of."

"Be sure you hold on to Virginia," said Allen cryptically.

"Wha'd you mean?" inquired Demming.

"Nothing, nothing," chirped Allen. "You're a queer guy, Frank. You're the faithfulest friend I ever saw, but when it comes to women—why, the Lord only knows where's the kink in your noodle. You've had enough girls to fill a harem—if you ever married 'em all. Virginia's a peach and I'd like to see you hold on to her. You know me, Frank. I'm not much on women, but Virginia's different."

During the first few days of their vacation, the men roamed the fields or else cast their bait into the small stream where trout were supposed to swim. But the fish didn't bite well and Demming began to get fidgety. Allen noted the symptoms and awaited the outcome. One night, soon after dark, Demming disappeared. Toward midnight he returned. Allen was asleep. But if he had been awake he would have noticed that all the ill-humor of the other had disappeared. In fact, Demming woke up the next morning as cheerful as could be. He never said a word to his friend of his whereabouts of the night before.

Allen was left alone many times after that. Still he said no word, but began to snoop around a bit and find out things for himself. It did not take him long to find out who was receiving Demming's attentions.

One night Demming came in rather late but Allen was still awake. He looked tired. After taking off his coat and shirt he sat down in a chair heavily.

"Gee, Art," he said to his friend, "I'm as lonesome as hell for Virginia. Haven't heard from her in quite a few days. Wish she were up here. There isn't a single girl round here who can hold a candle to her."

"Been trying to find one?" asked Allen.

"What do you mean?" asked Demming, his face flushing.

"Oh, nothing. But how about the skirt you've been flirting around with?"

"You haven't got anything against her?" asked Demming defensively.

"Not a thing against her, Frank. It isn't her fault that you are a softy. I don't know what to make of you sometimes. You've been in the habit of associating with decent girls. There's that much in your favor. But just think of this girl you're floating around with. As far as I know she's a cow-herder or something of the sort and has an education like a chicken—she knows which way to run when she sees an automobile tearing along the road. She hasn't got sense enough to keep out of your road. You wouldn't dare introduce her to a friend of yours, not even to me."

"Well, what's a fellow going to do?" Demming asked querulously. "I'm not a fossilized piece of granite like you. I wouldn't be if I could be. Virginia wouldn't mind a little bit of fooling. I don't mean anything by it."

"That's just it," interrupted Allen. "You don't mean anything. There's a saying about where there's smoke there's fire or if you touch a stove you get your fingers burned or something about the danger of playing with

matches. You don't mean any harm and the girl don't mean any harm, but somehow the harm is done to somebody some time. Now, take that girl you were parading around with. What kind of English did she use?"

"Dunno," sulkily answered Demming.

"I do and so do you. She talks the kind of English that makes an educated man shudder. She kills the language so that you don't know your mother tongue. Won't get mad if I ask you another question?"

"Fire ahead," said Demming.

"Did you kiss her?"

Demming turned red to the roots of his sandy hair.

"What if I did," he asked defiantly. "It's my business, isn't it?"

"Yep—and Virginia's."

Allen had no more to say. He picked up his package of cigarettes, opened it and held the package out to Demming. After his friend had taken a cigarette, he lighted one himself. Silently they smoked and as silently went to bed.

The next morning they got their fishing tackle together and wending their way through the stream near their boarding house, they rowed four miles out on the little lake which was noted for its small-mouthed bass. The sun was broiling hot before noon and, at Allen's suggestion, they pulled off their clothes and swam in the cooling waters. Thus they spent two or three hours in and out of their boat.

* * * * * * * *

The whirring blade of a propeller as the giant aeroplane grazed the ground gradually slowed down. The pilot cautiously pulled himself out of his seat, and stepped gently on the delicate framework. Gaining the ground he approached Demming, mutely pointed to his machine and then gradually dissolved into nothingness.

Demming arose vacantly from his cramped position on the ground. His face and hands were immaculately clean, his sandy hair neatly brushed. He was neatly dressed in a well fitting serge suit. He silently walked towards the vacant, massive, bird-like machine. For a moment he stood undecided. He looked around him, but he neither heard nor saw any sign of life.

In another moment he was in the pilot's seat, manipulating the flat wheel and trying the pedals. Somehow the machine seemed familiar to him. He touched a button. Suddenly there was a drumming sound and he felt the puffs of air as the propeller began to whirr around, slowly at first, then faster and faster until it outlined a circle in the air which it disturbed.

Demming leaned back in the pilot's seat.

"On what upward journey do you wish to go?" asked the Propeller. "I am master of the air and can take you where you will. Sometimes we fall, but when we fall, we fall together. It hurts when you bump too suddenly."

Demming thought a moment. Then:

"Where can you take me?"

"Take you over there, take you anywhere," sang out the Propeller. "I'm man's best friend or man's worst enemy. Which shall I be to you?"

"If you're a friend of mine," said Demming, "get busy. I'm longing for love and gaiety. Is there any place above the earth where we can get them?"

"Sure thing," laughed the Propeller. "Sit still and work the mechanisms—I'll do the rest. Remember, the higher we go, the longer we fall. Keep me supplied with gas until we reach the heavens and then shut off the motor. We'll volplane down the other side. I'm going to take you to the land of Love and Gaiety."

The aeroplane began to move forward bumpily over the uneven ground. Gradually the small rubber-tired wheels lifted themselves a short distance from the earth's surface, then more and more until the machine suspended itself in the air. There was no vibration, no disturbing sensation except the splitting noise of the motor which was settling itself into an even purr. At the farther end of the field the aeroplane lifted its nose above the trees which seemed to shrink away affrighted. Demming, lazily holding the steering wheel with both hands, felt himself buoyantly lifted. How glorious it was to be in the free air! Anticipation filled his soul.

By the gauge on the dashboard he could tell that they had reached the first ten thousand feet. Looking over the side of the machine he could see the blocked out fields studded with clumps of trees. There were little moving dots here and there which might have been men. He saw the thin lines of a river, the dark blot of a lake, the pin-pointed steeple of a church, the flat, irregular, patchy roofs of houses. At twenty thousand feet it seemed to him he was looking at the earth through the wrong end of an opera glass. Everything seemed so far away—so small. He began to feel damp, but not chilly. The machine dashed through a cloud, then above it, mounting, mounting, mounting until the gauge passed its highest mark. Still they mounted. The earth had disappeared. Below him was only a willowy vapor which rose and fell like the waves of the ocean but more irregularly.

A million feet or so in the air he hung suspended in his machine, which lazily swung back and forth like a hammock suspended between trees on a summer's day. They seemed to make no progress.

"Shut off your motor," called the Propeller.

Demming did as he was ordered and at once the nose of the machine pointed downward and leaning gracefully to one side, it began its swift descent. Gradually, with straining eyes, Demming could make out a vast shining body which grew larger as they approached. Soon he could discern the outlines of houses and trees. But they were not like houses and trees on the earth's surface. For the houses had a luminous, golden hue and the trees were a radiant, emerald green set neatly in stately rows like the jewels in my lady's ring. The streets between the houses were paved with pure silver.

The aeroplane descended until it hovered over the tops of the trees like a bird trying to find a suitable landing place, and then Demming saw that the houses were of gold, the leaves of the trees were crystallized into jewels. One house, more pretentious than the rest, its windows studded with precious stones, stood out prominently.

"We shall alight in the garden of the Queen—the Queen of Love and Gaiety," called out the Propeller. "She is thousands of years old, but very beautiful. She hasn't a wrinkle on her face although she's on to every wrinkle." The machine jerked as the Propeller laughed. Quietly again it nestled under the shade of the emerald trees.

"Where are we?" asked Demming.

"On a planet where sorrow is unknown and joy supreme. While you are galivanting, I'll take a nap. Go to it," said the Propeller.

Demming walked down the silvered path towards the house. Never had he felt so free from worldly thoughts. Never had he tread so lightly.

As he reached the last of the shining, iridescent steps, the massive, trellised, golden doors were slightly opened by unseen hands. He entered a large cool room, the outlines of which he couldn't make out at first on account of the contrast of light.

"Approach!" called a sweet musical voice. But Demming was so blinded that he could only hear the voice, but could not see whence or from whom it came, and so he stood where he was.

Gradually as the curtain lifted from his eyes, things began to shape themselves and in a moment his glance took in the more apparent details of the room. It must have been about two hundred feet square. The floor was composed of squares of opalescent greenish glass which bathed the room in a peculiar wavering light. The walls were covered with a thin, delicate golden fabric, extending from the floor to the ceiling. The doomed roof, frescoed with dancing laughing angels, seemed almost to be alive. Birds of every size, color, and variety gracefully floated to and fro, sometimes resting on an angel, sometimes seeking shelter behind one of the numerous, stately, tapestried chairs or lounges which were comfortably placed about. He stepped forward a few paces until he beheld at the farthest end of the room a golden dias, approached by three carpeted steps. Seated upright and gracefully in the center of it, in a high-backed, carved ebony chair sat a women who smiled at him bewitchingly.

"You are welcome—most welcome." Again he was struck by the sweet melody of her voice. There was no doubt that she was not young, for her hair was a pure white. It had a shimmering, gauzy, ethereal quality which made it more beautiful than any hair he had ever seen and it set off her head like a halo.

Her face was exquisitely and evenly molded without a sign of a furrow. The skin was pure white and pink—eyes, deep, sweet and thoughtful, overshadowed by finely penciled brows, seemed to bore right through him and penetrate his innermost thoughts. Her lips were bowed into an engaging smile. Dressed in a pure white simple gown, which hid her hands and feet in ample folds, she looked more divine than human.

"How old am I, and what am I?" she asked Demming as he reached the steps of the dias. "I can read one's thoughts, you know. I am thousands of years old, as old as Sol himself. But I do not look it. No. You see I have no earthly cares or worries so I have not decayed. I live in the sunshine of happiness. I am Queen of the Star of Love and Gaiety. I know no master, know no care, and I rule with the hand of love."

She looked at him thoughtfully for a moment and then resumed:

"You have come here in quest of Love and Gaiety?"

"Oh, anything to make me forget the sordidness of Earth," he answered, and then added: "You see, your Majesty, the world is at war. Men are killing and maiming. It's awful. In the fighting armies we cannot think of Love. One seldom sees Gaiety. My heart craves affection, my mind seeks forgetfulness, my soul needs awakening to the pleasures of life."

"I know, I know," she said softly. And she smiled

again. "Like so many young men who have so lately been but mere boys whose lives were sexless, you are beginning to feel the want of womanly association. You must have it to live. Oh, how little one knows the fatality of life! To love freely, one must forget; to forget, one must poison the mind. Thus the soul escapes. What would you first?"

"Wine—I am very thirsty."

The Queen picked up a jeweled wand from the table at her side and waved it twice through the air. Demming, turning round saw a table and chair magically placed in the center of the room. And then there gently fell upon the table a delicate repast of fruits and herbs. Transparent, tall-necked bottles of shimmering wine sank on to webbed napery. The Queen pointed to the table and asked him to be seated.

"You are about to taste the wine of the Gods—a privilege not given to every man. Have your fill, my dear young man, and then you will forget."

Demming seated himself in a delicate golden chair. He was not hungry, but terribly thirsty and so he lifted one of the bottles and tipped it into a glass, which immediately filled with the sparkling fluid. He was about to put it to his lips, when a shadow fell before him. He hesitated.

Virginia's voice, clear and soft, reached his ears.

"Frank," she said longingly. "Do you know what you are doing? I have been proud of you. My kiss of innocence is on your lips. I trusted you. I am faithful to you. Resist the temptations set before you. The Queen of the Star of Love and Gaiety is very beautiful. So are her hand-maidens. But her beauty hides her false heart, her smile belies her soul. I am your Conscience in this transformed Devil's hole. You left me a hero unborn and unsung. Don't come back polluted and despoiled."

The shadow disappeared and Demming was very thirsty. So he sipped his wine—one glass, two glasses, three glasses. He felt his body expand; his mind became filled with wild imaginings and longings.

Unsteadily he arose, his left hand grasping the back of his fragile chair which crumbled at his touch. Swaying slightly, and with irregular, uneven steps, he approached the Queen who had been watching him. The quiet, sweet smile still parted her lips. When he reached the platform, he fell on his knees before her.

"Your Majesty," he said haltingly. "I have drunk of your ambrosial nectar which courses through my veins until my body and mind are afire. I care not for anything but Love and Gaiety."

She looked at him quietly for a moment.

"In your present condition, I cannot suffer my maidens to see you," she answered. "The table is at your service. Wine will be supplied you unceasingly until you have had your fill. Then go to yonder divan and dream of things that are to be." She waved her wand and resolved into a filmy clound which softly disappeared.

Demming found his way back to the table and satisfied his cravings. He emptied bottle after bottle, others replacing them by unseen hands. His excited mind, conjuring all sorts of fancies, began to become less active and finally when thought became almost unconscious, he stumbled over to the couch and fell into a dreamless slumber.

At the moment of awakening, his first sensation was one of nausea, and a splitting headache. Bright spots glinted before his eyes. He heard the strains of the soft music of a harp and the delicate patter of unshod feet which mingled with the quiet laughter from a hundred throats. He felt it impossible for him to open his eyes. Again the shadow seemed to cross before him and a faint voice whispered in his ear:

"Have you not had enough, Frank, dear? Come back to me, be your true self. The more you indulge the more you become disillusioned."

"I'll come," he answered and then he opened his eyes.

The scene was amazingly beautiful. The room seemed transformed. Out of the eyes of the angels delicately frescoing the vaulted room shown the light of Desire. The air in the room bubbled on the iridescent floor—a wavering, billowy, perfumed ethereal vapor passed over him. His half dreamy eyes saw a hundred barefooted maidens lightly dancing to the wierd strains of a harp. As they bent gracefully, their hair unconfined, waved from side to side; their filmy coverings, held outspread at arms' length, and shadowed by the lights above, made them look like dancing butterflies. Their bare feet, jewelled with anklets, seemed hardly to touch the floor. Laughingly they glanced shy looks at Demming, and as he half dreaming, half awake approached the throne of the Queen, they ceased their dancing and their laughter and grouped themselves closely about him.

The Queen parted her lips into her bewitching smile. Pointing to her maidens, she said:

"Take what you will. My maidens are yours for the asking. If you want Love it is here aplenty in sizes, shapes and forms to meet the whim of any mortal man. They are all beautiful, far more beautiful than any woman of earth."

"But they are all so beautiful," he said as he glanced bewilderingly around. "It is hard to make a choice."

"There is safety in their numbers but choose whom you will." With that the Queen raised her jewelled wand and immediately the soft, unseen music started again.

Demming didn't know where to turn, what to do. It was not part of his experience to have a hundred girls bid for his favor. A dozen of them separated themselves from the rest, and clasping crossed hands formed a circle around him. They pirouetted and curved until they had drawn him to the center of the floor.

"I'll take him first," cried one. She detached herself from the rest and glided silently up to him. Without waitig for any sign from him, she placed one of his arms around her light form and held the other at length. The music turned to a waltz tune. The circle opened. They danced out of it. Demming felt that he was being wafted on wings. His feet hardly touched the floor, and the girl who was in his arms felt like an angel. The delicate perfume of her body, the fine tendrils of her hair striking his face, intoxicated him. On and on they danced until he felt that he could die of sheer delight.

"Like it?" she asked.

"Wonderful," he replied.

The music suddenly stopped as they drew near the circle. Then another girl grasped him and this time they danced to the strains of an old mazurka. Then another and yet another caught him until his feet became so tired that they seemed to leave his body.

A black shadow flitted before his face as he was dancing a last dance with a girl, who, though no more beautiful than any of the others, seemed to his sentimental mind more loveable.

"Why don't you kiss her?" Conscience asked. "You kissed a cow-girl. Surely she is more to your liking."

"I guess I will," he said defiantly and suiting the deed to the word he did so. The other girls laughed.

Immediately an awful nausea attacked him and dizzily he walked over to the divan, holding the girl's hand the while. The shadow seemed to walk before him. He sat down and buried his face in his hands.

"Thought so," said Conscience. "The deed done, the pleasure over, the suffering begins. You still have time to escape."

He shuddered.

The beautiful girl stood silently beside him. He sensed her presence. For the moment his desire for Love and Gaiety had fled. But she stooped down pityingly as though she had divined he was in trouble, placed her arms around his neck and kissed him.

In the ecstacy of that kiss Conscience disappeared. The dark beauty of the girl beside him, her languorous eyes, her faintly flushed, tinted cheeks, her lustrous, silky black hair, her graceful, slim body, the outlines of which showed through her loose, filmy robe, thrilled him with a mad desire. His pulse quickened. He tinged to the roots of his hair. Never had he seen woman more beautiful, more appealing, and in the ecstacy of his love, he had thought for naught else. Conscience, everything was forgotten.

"Come with me," she said gently and grasping both of his trembling hands drew him from the couch. "Let us out of this crowd to my bower of love. You love me, don't you?"

"Madly," he replied.

In a moment they had left the room where apparently in the joy of their dance, the other girls had forgotten them. Hand in hand they walked through the trellised golden doors, walked down the steps out into the open garden. The girl guided Demming to a secluded bower enclosed by an evenly trimmed green hedge where quiet reigned supreme, except for the tinkling noise of a fountain in the center of the bower which evenly dropped its limpid water from the outstretched fingers of a stone-cut nymph into a carved basin below.

They seated themselves.

The girl caressed him. He returned her kisses rapturously and as his mind, almost insane with Desire, was about to leave him, the shadow again passed before his face.

"Beware," it said. "I have warned you before. You know the old saying, "All is not gold that glitters! Soon Desire turns into Vice. But Vice is often hidden and only makes itself felt when it is too late. The girl with you is very beautiful?"

"Yes," hissed Demming defiantly.

"No," the shadow answered.

"Yes," hissed Demming defiantly.

"No," the shadow answered.

With that the bower disappeared, and in its place was a plain, dusty country roadside. Demming had thrown his arms around a beautiful, almost angelic form, perfumed with the flowers of the gods. Now his arms clasped an unshapely maiden, dressed in a dirty, torn, blue-patterned calico dress. The aroma of the barn was in the air about him. He found himself staring into the half-intelligent, clouded eyes of the cow-girl.

"You kiss me?" she asked.

"No!" he yelled harshly as he rushed from her side.

Gropingly he found his way back to the house. Quiet reigned supreme. The massive doors were locked.

He heard a peculiar familiar noise, and turning around, he saw the aeroplane in the center of the courtyard.

"Better come along," said the Propeller. "I've had a nice long nap and am ready for earth again. Have you had your fill of Gaiety and Love? You don't look very happy. What fools ye mortals be. I am content to drone my way through life. Content to be fed with good old gasoline—60 proof, of course, while you—" The machine trembled with his laugh.

Demming hastily walked over to the machine, seemingly anxious to get away. In a moment all was ready for the descent to earth. The black shadow again lay before him.

"I am not dead yet, am I?" Conscience said. "I knew you were not bad, only thoughtless and perhaps weak. 'To thine own self be true' and to me, Virginia."

The aeroplane noiselessly began to descend and down—bump! It reached the earth, shattered into a thousand pieces, the Propeller dead.

Dreamily, Demming opened his eyes and looked up into the anxious face of his chum. His head was resting in Allen's lap. His chum was bathing his head with a wet handkerchief. Blood trickled from an open wound on Demming's brow. He felt a heavy throbbing and his thoughts wouldn't focus themselves enough for him to appreciate where he was.

"All right now, Buddy?" inquired Allen, anxiously. "Gee! you game me an awful scare."

"What happened?" asked Demming.

"Nothing to worry about now, Buddy. You'll be all right soon. Just lie there and be quiet. Must have hit your head on a rock or something when you took that deep dive."

Demming closed his eyes again. All he wanted was a long, long sleep. He mumbled a few words.

Allen put his head down to hear.

"What you saying, old man?"

"I've seen the light," Demming whispered. "I've seen the light—and Virginia."

LUCY

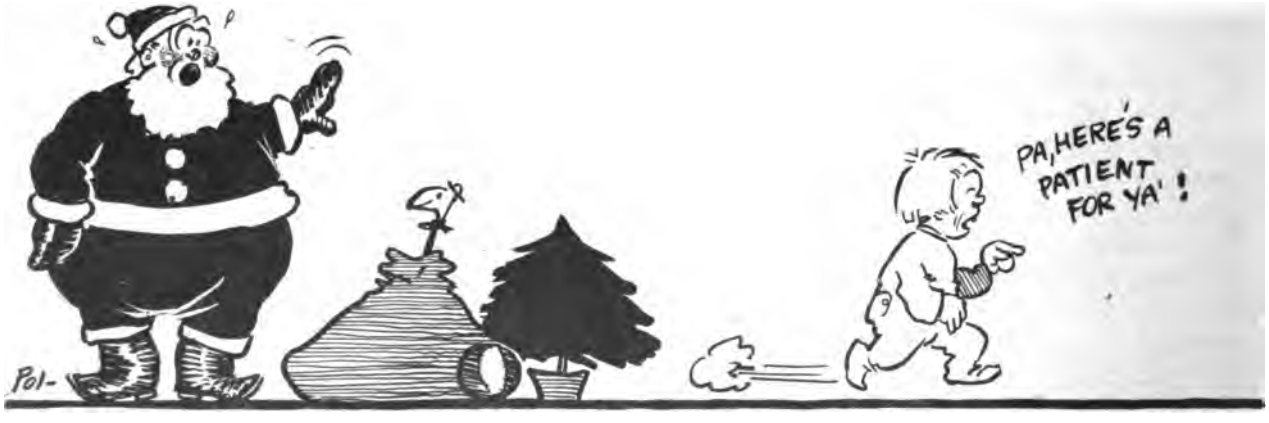
JACOB S. FASSETT, JR., Woodmere, N. Y.

A whispered word, and a glance full of appeal and wistful pleading as she turned her head toward me at the door, and she was gone. For half an hour I waited, bending every effort to become interested in what the others were saying and doing. It was useless! With a murmured excuse I stole furtively from the room and made my way, as if drawn by a subtle and irresistible power, to her bedside.

How beautiful she was in the dim light! What a picture she made, lying there in the sweet intimacy of her night things! She was waiting for me, expecting me—her blue eyes were turned toward me unafraid, dark with the Great Mystery. With a little cry she held out her arms to me. I bent over her and held her close. I could feel her heart beating, beating against mine. I covered her with kisses—her hair, her eyes, her mouth * * *

"Darling!" I cried.

"Dood night, Daddy deeah," she lisped.



THE SELF-IMPROVEMENT CLUB

By Cara B. Tower.

The ladies of the S. I. C.
Were gathered for discussion free
Of topics of importance to
The modern woman, with a view
To broadening her influence—
Her sphere enlarging, in a sense.
  Near the straight-backed chair of Jane Bitterpill
  A gray cat dozed on the window sill.

"Oh! have you heard," chirped Mrs. Byrd,
"How to reduce one's weight a third—
Make one chin grow where now are two?
Girls, listen! This is what you do
(It's just as simple as can be!)
You merely skip one meal in three,
And do some exercises light
At morn, and then again at night."
  The old gray cat on the window sill
  Yawned and blinked at Miss Bitterpill.

"That would not do for *me* at *all!*"
Cried buxom, tight-laced Mrs. Hall.
"You've no idea how weak I feel
When I'm compelled to miss a meal!
I think, with all we have to do,
We should conserve our strength, don't you?"
  The eyes of the cat on the window sill
  Met those of Miss Jane Bitterpill.

"In such advice I take no stock!"
Next spoke up Mrs. Cassie Bock.
"I cannot see a bit of good
In cutting down one's daily food;
And as to exercise, I fear
It would not do for me, my dear.
I never walk when I can ride—
My heart, you know." She gently sighed.
  Said Miss Jane Bitterpill: "How queer!
  I thought it was your *liver*, dear?"

"With Mrs. Bock I quite agree.
I *must* say that it seems to me
Reducing weight by exercise
And starving is indeed unwise.
Who wants to be a bag-o'-bones!
(Forgive me, Jane!)" purred Millie Jones.
  The green-eyed cat on the window sill
  Unwinking gazed at Miss Bitterpill.

"I think you're right," said Mrs. Hyde.
"One's appetite should be her guide.
I have massage, a Turkish bath;
I sometimes visit an osteopath—
The famous Doctor Ponzi Sell,
Who *guarantees* to make you well.
Thus tiresome exercise I shirk—
The doctor does the heavy work."
  "Let *me* wave your tail," said Miss Bitterpill
  To the purring cat on the window sill.

"I'm very sure," quoth Mrs. Grey,
"That in my grave I'd be today,
Had I continued (like a goose)
My weight by starving to reduce.
Two lunches missed made me so weak
And ill that I could hardly speak!"
  "You must, indeed, have been *very* ill!"
  Softly murmured Miss Bitterpill.

"Now, ladies, I believe that we
Upon this subject all agree,"
Spoke graciously the president
And hostess, Mrs. Corinne Kent;
"So don't you think we really ought
To lighter matters turn our thought?
Perhaps a little music might
Be restful, following the light
Refreshments, which our by-laws state
Shall be eclairs and chocolate,
(Though these to me too simple seem).
Come, Kitty! Here's your bowl of cream!"
  Avoiding the eye of Miss Bitterpill,
  The cat jumped down from the window sill.

THE VAGABOND

By Milton Hahn, M. D.

I am a rolling stone, they say,
  No mosses cling to me;
Yet I have mosses, somber and gay,
  Culled in memory.

Scarlet fringe of the Southland,
  Grey lichens of the North;
At home I had gathered riches,
  But I have gone forth

Out where the seas are lathered,
  Off where the worn track ends—
Memories I have gathered,
  And some friends.

WHIZZERINKTUMS

By Sing Lo.

A DEFINITION OF SCIENCE.

Amy Lowell, the poet of free verse fame, defines Science. Says she: "Few things are farther from proven truth than science. A book on any one of the natural or physical sciences written by an authority is surely science, but how constantly it has to be revised! The average life of any scientific theory is short, and science is being made obsolete every day."

We may agree with Miss Amy in toto. The interesting point of this paragraph is that this excellent dissertation upon the relativity of science to proven truth is given us by a poet.

EXAMPLES OF BUNK.

Tariff.

Delayed adjusted compensation for soldiers.

Senators who spill "old stuff" for the pee-pul.

The Washington economy program. Fire a Democrat and hire a Republican.

The word "Service" in the U. S. P. H. S.

What the man at the battery service station said.

What the man who does mechanical repairs said.

Apripos of nothing, Woodrow Wilson has had a good year of chuckles.

"Obscurity and darkness in the field of medicine excite the profession to research," says Levin in the *Arch. Int. Med.*, 27, 421-433, in discussing thyroid. A sort of a dark field illumination, as 't were.

Wonder what has become of all the hard-boiled second lieutenants?

Not to mention the equally hard-boiled topcutters!

They say in Washington that every time a bonus is mentioned in the hearing of Secretary Mellon he jumps out of his chair. Soldiers have been out of luck. Railroads are doing nicely, however.

A Sunday story, under a Washington date line, said that men were now using lip sticks and barbers were being asked to touch up male cheek bones with a bit of red color. We cerebrated happily, after reading of this, and decided that these so-called males much be advance members of the disarmament lobby. Washington is a little like Paris—there are all kinds of persons on F Street.

RE. WRITERS OF MAXIMS AND WHATNOT.

When a man becomes famed in his special line, makes a huge fortune, has a great deal of good luck along with his hard work, he is not permitted an easy enjoyment of the fruits of his labor. Like Henry Ford, and Edison, he is besieged by magazine prodders who obtain maxims, rules of success and other dribble and rot. Whereby, thinking people find idols wearing galoshes of clay. No man's mind is encyclopedic and it were better for Ford to discuss gas engines and Edison to speak of things electrical, phonographical. While a man may be a wizard in his line of special training it is possible for him to be shown up as an ordinary boob when he uses the grooves that are undeveloped, oiled in routine, in his brain.

Only editors are infallible! That is why they use the editorial "we," which is only a modest way of assuming assistance in logic.

Questionnaires used to measure intelligence are intellectual frauds and merely fads. Answering a set of questions never has measured knowledge.

THE ELUSIVE VITAMINE.

Considering the w. k. fact that we know not what a vitamine is, nor how it has its being, there's an astonishing lot of advertising about it. Confessing our ignorance, a thing we rarely do in public print, or elsewhere, we think (the "we" referring to the writer and his "Lydstonian" colon bacilli) that both man and animal seek vitamines. Dogs eat grass. It used to be said that they were taking a grass physic. During famine certain races have been observed making drinks, more or less alcoholic, but really compounding effective "B" and "C" vitamines, it may be supposed. Tut, tut! Yes, we know "C" is easily destroyed. No race gets along without the fat soluble "A" and we have pondered, of late, if Germany did not lose the war because of a shortage of "A" vitamine, in conjunction with terrific fighting with armies of new fighting blood, against which they could not win. What is wrong with our millions of research workers that they can only determine vitamines by biologic animal tests and have not *isolated* vitamines?

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DOCTOR'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

DOUBLE ENTRY ON DECEMBER 25.
But, then, Christmas comes but once a year.

EVER' DAY RELIGION

By C. J. Goss, M. D., Kinderhook, Ill.

I dast not tell the world
  Jus' exac'ly what it needs,
But it 'pears 'tis more religion
  In the makin' of the creeds.
If we all would take to livin'
  By the good ol' Golden Rule,
Quit backin' up an' kickin'
  An' a-actin' like a mule,
We'd jus' be growed up childern—
  Not ol' wimmen an' ol' men,
An' we'd not be sore an' fussin'
  Like a lousy, settin' hen.

They's lots of folks that's dead,
  An' a-layin' 'neath the green
For the lack of love an' frien'ship,
  'Cause we're all so cussed mean.
We're jus' too mean to face 'em,
  When their hearts is sad an' sore,
An' to tell 'em that we're sorry,
  Or to ask 'em in our door.

Why can't we be good fellers,
  An' leave some joy in our wake?
It'd do 'em good, I'll bet ye,
  If we'd grab a hand an' shake.
If 'twas left to me to tell it,
  I'd preach it, yes, indeed,
That friendship, love an' kindness
  Is mostly what we need.

PANDICULATION

By George W. E. Daniels.

I'm troubled with pandiculation,
An ailment dire and rooted deep
'Tis caused by undue hesitation
In rising from the couch of sleep.

If you've observed th' awakened cat
Or one just risen from meditation—
She'll stretch tremendously—well that
Is what is called "pandiculation."

And I'm afflicted that way, too,
And 'tis a source of tribulation—
Yet p'raps, dear reader, even you
Have suffered it in moderation?

The doctors haven't any cure,
Can only offer consolation
To one who must perforce endure—
Undignified pandiculation.

IMMODESTY

By Ralph M. Thomson.

The stylish woman of today
  Leaves naught to the imagination.
Man has no trouble to survey
  The stylish woman of today,
When she fares forth in scant array,
  To covet his investigation.
The stylish woman of today
  Leaves naught to the imagination.

THOMAS PARR, M. D.

Dr. Thomas Parr entertained an exalted opinion of the members of the medical profession. His father was a distinguished surgeon, and he himself was destined for the same profession. He used to say his father was "a man of very robust and vigorous intellect." The family was very respectable, but lost the greater part of its property, and, in some measure, its importance, by persisting in its attachment to the declining cause of the Pretender.

According to his own account, he had a very precocious intellect, and had obtained a considerable knowledge of the Latin language at the early age of four years. Once, when called from his boyish play to compound medicine, he showed his critical accuracy in pointing out to his father a mistake in the Latin prescription, which drew from the apothecary this authoritative injunction: "Sam, d—n the language of the prescription—make up the mixture."

An empty coxcomb, after having engrossed the attention of the company for some time with himself and his petty ailments, observed to Dr. Parr, that he could never go out without catching cold in his head. "No wonder," said the doctor, pettishly, "you always go out without anything in it." "I cannot exactly perceive the scope of your argument, and therefore cannot adopt your opinion," said a gentleman with whom Dr. Parr had been arguing. "Then, sir, I can only say you have the dullness of lead without its malleability."

PEBBLES OF THE OCEAN BEACHES

GEORGE M. GOULD, M. D., Atlantic City, N. J.

FOR at least a thousand years the words pebble, pebble-stones, and other variants, have been in use by our English-speaking forbears. A few of the many spellings are: *Papal-stan, popel-stan, pipple, pypple, pibple, poppel, pobble, puble, pibbil, pybble, pyble, pible, pebble, peabde, puble, peble, etc.* Of compounds the variants are also numerous.

The philological record thus demonstrates that from of old ocean pebbles have attracted the attention of dwellers near the ocean shores. This, moreover, is confirmed by history and literature which bear witness that for ages beach pebbles and stones have been carried home by visitors to make the foundations of houses, barns, etc., the floors or borders of paths, roads, streets or gardens. Sometimes the biggest were stuck on or in the front walls of the houses or barns for ornaments, or perhaps warnings; or for other reasons as ill-defined as those which moved a rich man to decorate the lawn of his summer home in the mountains with a monstrous tower, some ten or fifteen feet high, or conch shells from the far distant ocean shore! Another illustration is that of the man who found on a nearby island a dozen or two of peculiarly shaped curved marble stones, about a foot high and some six inches in diameter. He stuck them on the top of the granite pillars of his garden posts. They suggested huge white fat worms in danger of toppling to the ground!

As a rule the pebble hunter will find his chief and abiding interest in the geological history suggested and illustrated by the pebbles he gathers. This is because his treasured culls will be seen as builder's chips from the world's foundations, and the geologic story, for example, of the northeast Atlantic coast, will be evident in a hundred well-selected pebbles from its beaches. It would seem that our natural history museums of the future will take advantage of the suggestion in their collections of illustrative petrologic specimens. Their teachings would be heightened, the memory made more retentive, the science made more accurate, and the hunt would always delight and educate the hunter.

In some cases the geology will count for but a small part of the excitement of the chase, and pride in the yield, and the beautiful symmetries of his finds will justify a seemingly exaggerated evaluation. The surface textures and colorings, and often the exquisite "feel" with which they flatter the hand will also add to the pleasures of the chase, and of their friendly greetings at home. And the wonder of the mystery of their origin, final forms, and symmetries is never exhausted.

The "millrace" which produces the best pebbles of the best beaches and best collectors, demands considerable study to understand both the mechanism and the product. Perhaps all are essentially alike or similar, but the best one I know has the shape of a long, subsurface triangle. The apex at the shore line in high tides, the sides diverging seawards and also of course deepening indefinitely. The two vertical sides of the widening and deepening triangle are formed by walls of conglomerate and granitic rock masses always splintering and breaking by the wear and tear of the waves, especially in high tides, hurled up the narrowing and rising ocean floor. The constant force which for the most part energizes the mechanism of the millrace is that of the coastal waves. All waves, say the oceanographers, are made by winds. Not so! The ocean waves that have made entire states and shores are not created by winds. They are generated one may judge, by a squeeze from the bases of immense off-shore water masses. Above, and well off shore, and the streaming pushes constantly up the shallowing ocean floor until it emerges near shore above the general ocean level. With its "breakers" and their roll shoreward it becomes the coastal waves which in all the past and present come straight shoreward and die on the beaches. Strong winds directly shorewards increase somewhat the mass and velocity of coastal waves, but no off-shore winds blow them outward.

Thus since shore and sea have existed the mouth or wide entrance way of the millrace triangle has been receiving the coastal waves which gather height, power and velocity as with rising tide, they crash up the long, narrowing triangle, and then more slowly down and outward until overwhelmed by another incomer. To be remembered is the fact that during part of the time with low tides the crush up the millrace triangle is stronger or more powerful than that seaward. The result is that the crude pieces of splintered rock from the surrounding ledges of the triangle (and even from the outside ocean floor) are constantly being ground by collisions, shovings,

rollings, overturns, and knocks, hammerings, and frictions of many kinds. The results or averages of these attritions naturally beget many symmetries of form and pleasing textures and colors of surfaces. And also, of course, the greater length of time or amount of wearing down, the greater the number of small pebbles thrown out upon the beaches, and the fewer, relatively of the large and heavy ones. Noteworthy is the fact that symmetries once reached are maintained despite the reduction in dimensions by attrition. Indeed, the symmetric form is implicit or hidden in the crudest awkwardness of shape of the primary form, and attrition is necessarily of the superfluities and exaggerations of the typical form.

The beaching of the pebbles beyond and above the average water level of the apex of the triangle, by means of the millrace mechanism, is the natural result of the increased swiftness and power of the coastal wave as at high tides it mounts the narrowing and shallowing apex of the irregular triangle. It is at such times that the pebbles especially the larger and heavier ones are as it were catapulted ten or twenty, even more, feet beyond and above the low-tide levels.* The number of small pebbles will naturally exceed that of the large ones. This is the reason that the majority of pebble hunters may not find the best and largest pebbles which are imbedded below the upper layers of the small and unsymmetric, relatively useless and invaluable plebeians, and are unaware of the riches in the lower strata.

Concerning the shapes of beach pebbles, the most pleasing will naturally be those that have reached symmetry of some kind. The unsymmetric will often tell the geologic story as well as those of the most attractive shapeliness, and few of us are geologists, at least when we begin pebble hunting. My earliest motive in hunting pebble beaches was perhaps to gather paper weights for desks, for holding doors open, porch rugs down, etc. Then one learns to value and choose for other reasons, until they become unsatisfying, and others take their place, until finally there is no single definite motive uppermost, and the charm of the accidental, odd, or curious, especially of the inexplainable, spurs the imagination to search for causes and understandings. For a long time one may for instance wonder why no pebble perfectly round as a marble or a billiard ball is even found in the masses of beach pebbles. Where there have been tremendous pressures in the past history of the earth's crust there has been great heat with perfect coalescence and interfusion of two unlike kinds of strata: followed perhaps by wrenchings, bendings, and moldings which excite guessing and wonder at the histories and results of the forces at play. My little collection of typicals, illustratives and beauties now approximates a hundred, and I am still hoping to find some other collector who may have ridden the same hobby, and to compare our finds, and the conclusions reached after they have been studied for several years.

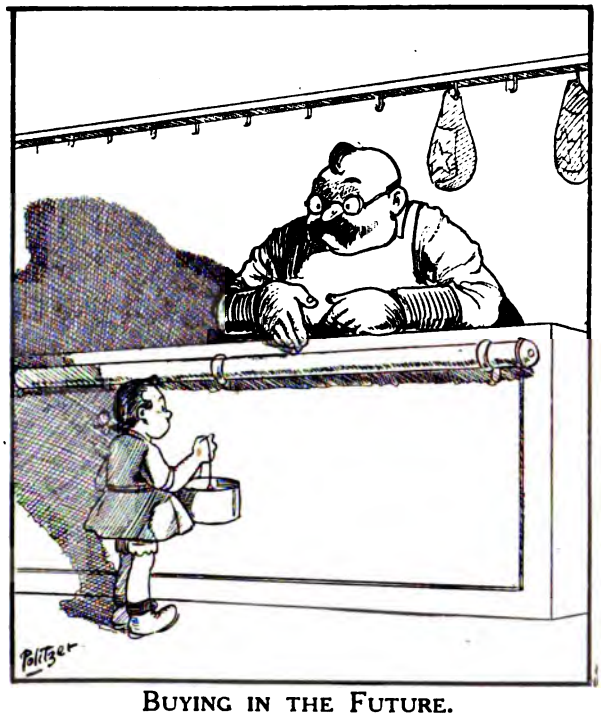
The triangular, especially "soapstones" delight because of their usual symmetry—due to the homogeneity of tissue, the flattery of the hand by their satinlike smoothness and softness, their flatness of one side, their fitness as floor stones, to anchor in place rugs and table covers, open doors, etc. The granites outnumber all others, and if with sufficiently large flat base (which is, too, rare) excite admiration. They are the most perfect in symmetry and form—oblong biconvex—each differing in color, texture and mottling, all not to be worn out in a million years of attrition. Most of the examples of the fusion, by pressure and heat, of two diverse kinds of lithic material, followed by ages of attrition and molding, show the granitic as the dominant partner.

The imagination is spurred to discover why the symmetrical granites are almost always of one kind of symmetry—quite perfectly biconvex and oblong; the less dense or heavy specimens of other rocks trend to end the race as approximate triangulars. No pebble formed by the fusion of two different kinds of stone ever attains any symmetry of form whatever. What suggested history of terrible pressure and heat! What millrace grinding and rolling!

The wrenched and contorted sheets of stratified pebbles are usually of sandstone and marble, jammed and twisted by heat and pressure into almost unrecognizable form and telling of a past world of writhing and contortion under unimaginable heat and stress. One pebble, 2x3 inches, is made up of some twenty condensed, alternate layers of marble and sandstone twisted and crushed to a confused mass of tracings. Another has at least sixty such layers, and a third, roughly 4x5 inches, has nearly a hundred misplaced and interwoven strata. The faulted pebbles are also highly unsymmetrical in shape, but the cracks are straight even if crossing each other.

A layer of marble in less dense material usually reduces the pebble to hopeless asymmetry, but one pebble an inch thick, three broad, and six long is most remarkably beautiful chiefly because of a brave dominating stratum of perfect marble, thrust as if by a master artist through the diagonal of the blue mottled soapstone. It is almost the sole example I have of beauty in a fusion of two discrete differing materials and structure.

*I have somewhere read of a rock-mass weighing several hundred pounds that was rolled or pushed by a wave up shore, some five feet, if my memory is correct.



BUYING IN THE FUTURE.

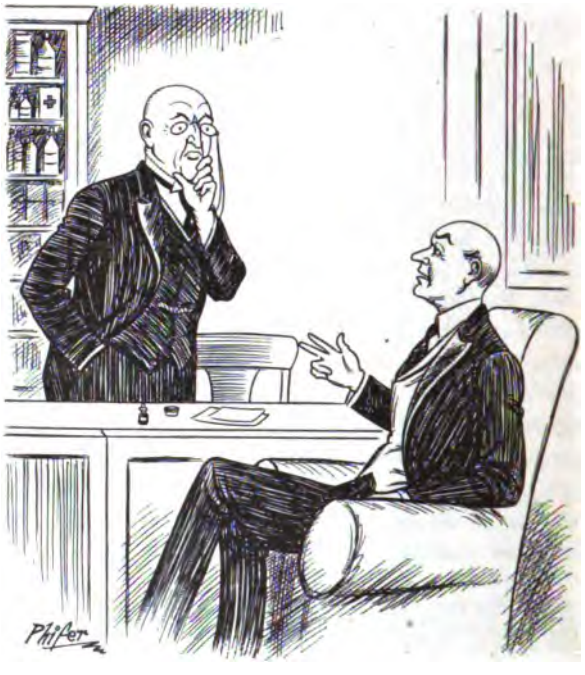
Maw said: Gimme 9 calories o' milk, 6 calories o' potatoes, 15 calories o' chopped meat an' a piece o' liver for the cat, but it shouldn't be so fat as last time 'cause it made pa sick.

Judge: You're charged with breaking into a restaurant at 4 p. m. today and stealing silverware. What have you to say?

Blithers: Well, yer worship, my doctor said fer me to take something light fer breakfast.

Young Lady (who had her appendix removed three weeks ago): Do you think the scar will show, doctor?

Doctor: "No. Not unless you go into the movies.



Patient: I wish you would prescribe something for my baldness. Just what do you use for your own hair, doctor?

SOMETHING SOUR

By F. B. WIKINGSSON, Langeloth, Pa.

DEAR MIN: You had better quit your job in the pickel factry and get one here in the hospitul where you get more out of life and deth, too, for lots of folks leave here from a differunt door from what they come in and gets packed up awful fast and if somethin' is left in the room by mistake the nurses don't dare take it cause each would be afraid of the other tattlin', so I take the risk and the teddy bears or whatever it might be. Got a swell henna georgette waist off a ded lady that way. If the relatuves come askin' for the stuff later it's hard to prove anything I've wore more than a day. Everyone tells me I am learnin' fast and I guess I am all right. I keep both my eyes and ears open and my mouth shut tite. I spill lots to you, Min, what don't get nowhere else. I have it all over the nurses in lots of ways for I get $35.00 per month and tipps and they only get $15.00 and ain't allowed no tipps unless someone gets mournful, 'cause they made 'em trot the tile to their room so often and slips 'em some vegeatubul silk hose, but jollys them along with a too small size and they can't do nuthin' with them 'cept maybe make a neck tie for their little brother. They have to walk a chalk mark and listun to long lectures on high standurds, etc., and ain't allowed to chin with no M. D.'s or nuthin, and the sisters when they is on the cent of somethin' they're doin' hold their beeds in their hands when they slink along the corridur so they don't clank like Fords. The idea must be to protect their morels for they ain't allowed to wear no jools. I wonder sometimes why they don't get melancolly and sore-indeed views of life. There is one nurse here what is food for thought and speakin' of food, Min, I don't hand the internes theirs no more, but am on a floor now and the grabbin' is not so good. Have to land it quick like a cat which maybe will have kittens. This nurse is Miss Violet Anstruther. I herd one of the other nurses, a real old and cranky one say she guessed her mother read Laura Jeen Libbey lots before she was born. Miss Violet is yung and handsum. Tall and lacadasical like Elsie Ferguson. She has 'em all going on looks. I like her fine for she has a hart for a young stomach what yearns for food and didn't yelp at me when I snitched a sausage off a tray. Miss Cole never would have left me got by. She is the old and cranky one. I must stop now and mend a hole in my stockin' which the sister told me she would give me another stockin' so I'd have a pare and charge me.

FLOSSY.

No. 2.

DEAR MIN:

If old Heinz hisself took me to and from work in his limouzine I would not have a pickel job if I could have mine here. You don't get fed there, do you? No, you bet not—no more than you can smell or carry out in a bottel. Here I get fed regular 3 X a day in the maid's dinin' room and then I have the chance to hunt for myself. Sometimes I go a full hour without nuthin, but never more than 15 minutes if I know it. Life is thrillin' here—just like a movie, somethin' doin' all the time. People comin' in the world and folks goin' out of it and then lots of the M. D.'s can't decide on till they hear from the banker of their home town. Life for you is nuthin' more than one wart on a pickel after another all slopped in vinegar and the cap screwed on tite. What you eat you bring with you or pay for it in the caffeteria. Caffeterias is O. K. Hospituls should be run on them. When a class of 100 nurses comes in and only 19 of that bunch graduates it looks kinda funny for someone, somewheres, some days—don't it? I think the time is comin' when they will scoop out a hole in the wall and have a esculatur runnin' through the rooms past the beds with drinks of water, bandages, ten o'clock nurishmunts, castur oil, etc., etc., and etc., on hand and let the pashunts help theirselves to it and save nurses. I think the time is about ripe too to cut out temprachur takin'. It only makes the pashunts more lazy and the nurses could be out fixin' 'em something to eat instead. If they had a up-to-date sistem like this Miss Violet Anstruther could get by better. As it is everybuddy is naggin' at her to get more done, etc., but she is the langwid tipe like lsie Ferguson and the speed ain't in her. If she was told to get somethin' for a dyin' man she would only arrive in time to give the undertaker the guy's address. She should hurry though 'cause her father is rich and she is only taken up nursin' to be better company evenin's for her husband who is to be and is Doc Tom Parks now. He is well fixed, too, 'cause his father ain't got no more children and is the surgen for the railroad what

Miss Anstruther's uncle is dorector of. That means yung Doc Tom Parks has a ready made practis to step into when his pa takes up golf permanent. I guess the other nurses is sore 'cause she came in there all engaged to a M. D.—and didn't have to spend part of her 3 yrs. tryin' to land one like they. She has money and swell clothes for her days off. She would have brung her bulldog and baby grand piano into trainin' with her if the sisters would have stood for it. Miss Cole just grits her teeth when she goes off on her one-half day with yung Doc Tom Parks—and ain't got all her work did. Cole gimme the divil for droppin' a begonia plant on her corn while she was tellin' what she would like to do to Anstruther.

FLOSSY.

No. 3.

DEAR MIN:

A pashunt gimme some Atlantic monthlys and Century magazines for a tipp today. I read the Police Gazette regular and don't know if I'll have time for the extra cultur what Anstruther says is in 'em—cover to cover. You see she has give me a book on nursin' called "Phyziology" for 3rd grade pupels which has mostly pichures of livers, nervis sistems and effects of alkehol on the kidnies. If janitures of M. D.'s office buildin's and fellas what drive their cars can pick up the doctor business why can't I get wise, too, what has a better look in where the dyin' is good, but I would rather be a nurse and ware a capp. Anstruther looks swell in hers O. K. She has a drag here and gets by with a lot what them what has a pull has to lay off of. Her hart is pure gold but her bean is putty when it comes to nursin'. Old Doc Parks won't stand for her being fired 'cause he is president of the bord, but no one ecer herd of him astin' for herto nurse one of his pashunts what he wanted to get well. She spends a lot of time powderin' her face and shinin' her nails when she ought to be rushin' different things to the pashunts and changin' their beds. She sits down a lot, too, which no one else would dare to 'cept someone like her whose grandfather left the hospital $100,000.00 and has operatin' rooms, etc., named after him and whose other family connexions bring in coin and pashunts. An old guy, a pashunt in 630 give me a 50c tipp today if I would get out quick and not clean his room. He is Doc Adams' pashunt and is trying to die I guess. Doc Adams and Doc Parks (the old man) hate each other like the Germans and the French. Old Doc Parks would have liked it if he knew Anstruther was sent in to nurse the old guy 'cause she would sure get Doc Adams in bad 'cause her bean is just to look purty under a capp, not to use with a sick pashunt. They will operate on the O. G. tomorrow. I herd today yung Doc Tom Parks was goin' in for throte work instead of what his pa does. Guess since the landlords won't let the wimmen have no more babies and they're all usin' Fatimas like they is, throte work will be the fashin. The landlords will not let them have no new decorations, either, so who can blame them for smokin' up the old? If landlords won't have babies they must have the other evil, smoky walls. As ye sew so shall ye reap says the Phyziology for 3rd grade pupils. My views is broad, ain't they, Min? That's 'cause I ain't soaked in pickel fumes like you.

FLOSSY.

No. 4.

DEAR MIN:

Things has been poppin' on this floor just like they do for folks who make it with raisins and stick in a aspirun tablet and then bottel too soon. Everyone is hurryin' to get their operatins did before hot weather and flies sets in and the M. D.'s want the money to send their wife to the country—and get her a fur hat in August so she will look like ready money, and that he is busy. M. D.'s would like to snitch such items offa their income tax 'cause it comes under runnin' expenses and the hats could not be give to a cook for what the M. D. paid for it. They took 3 down to the operatin' room from our floor this A. M. and the old guy in 630 went furst, Anstruther talkin' to him sweet and low like it was yung Doc Tom Parks under a tree with her. Before they take 'em down the interne goes in and writes a big sheet full of your bisiness—where were you born and why and how many hernias did your wife's aunt have and did your grandmother die with both kidnies in, etc., etc. They are foxy—they find out all about you, but no pashunt is ever allowed to see his chart with how much dope he got writ on it. When 630 come up there was Ansthruthers waitin' to help put him to bed and no one knew how she got there 'cause they never put her on a case where a good bean is needed. Cole was raisin' Cain about it, but soon as the old guy come through the ether he ast for Anstruther and Cole flopped outa the room sore as a crab. All afternoon Anstruther stayed there lollygoggin' mostly in the big chair and the O. G. just lookin' at her. I s'pose she was plannin' her bedroom decorations and sink strainer when she married yung Doc Tom Parks. That nite the O. G. pretty near died and next A. M. he was awful bad. Cole was just more than

steppin' on the gas. Then Doc Adams come and was so mad lookin' I followed him where he run down the Hed sister by the pharmascy and told her Anstruther never would make a nurse and she must be fired from trainin' and if she didn't take her off 630 at once he would transfer all his pashunts elsewhere. The sister wanted to keep peece and said Anstruther was so refined and from such a grand family, but Miss Cole would be put on 630. As I was sneakin' back to my floor I see old Doc Parks and made a run for him and told him quick what Doc Adams had said. He beat it to a examinin' room where yung Doc Tom Parks had a tonsil case lookin' in his throte. Up on the floor they were runnin' like mad in and out of 630 and was tryin' to save the O. G. from a glass of lemmingade which Cole said Anstruther had give him. Had it bin a sour look the goods would have been on Cole herself. Lemmingade for a pashunt what has just been operated on is just as bad as lemming pie. As Cole was lookin' dirtiest at Anstruther yung Doc Tom Parks comes up and whispers to Violet. She never looked so toy in her capp before. When the Hed sister broke into the film Anstruther went up to her and said she must leave trainin' at once and beat it for Europe with yung Doc Tom Parks who wanted to study throtes there. Everyone was smiling' all over 'cept they hadn't figured on the old guy who said it was goddemable and if Anstruther was not give back to him he would go to another hospitul and have another M. D. So the Hed sister told Anstruther to go in and smooth him over. She did and got kissed on her return and fixed it up so swell that the O. G. promised to send a weddin' presunt. I guess it will be a lemmingade set.

FLOSSY.

"And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."—Holy Bible.

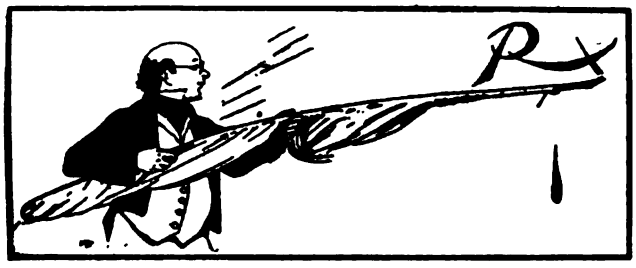
TRAMP STARR

And I stayed my feet on a city street,
In the heart of a Christmas throng,
And I bent me near to a beggar's ear,
A beggar who passed along.
And I spoke and said, "O man, ye have read
Of the Jesus of Galilee—
Of the Christ Child Babe, in the manger laid—
Does He mean anything to thee?
And the beggar's clutch, on his broken crutch,
Grew tense as he looked at me.
And he said, "Of health, and of friends and wealth,
He is all that is left to me!"

And I stayed my feet on the busy street,
In the heart of the merry throng,
And I whispered near to a lady's ear,
A lady who passed along—
And I said, "Forsooth, I but seek the truth,
Of a tale of the Christmas time—
Of a guiding star, that was seen afar,
And of treasure—would'st give of thine?"
And the laughing note, in her jeweled throat,
Was hushed, as she looked at me—
And her voice rang low, through the falling snow—
"He is keeping my lad for me!"

And I stayed my feet on the snowy street,
In the heart of the shouting throng,
And I whispered clear, in a soldier's ear,
A soldier who passed along—
And I said, "O youth, as you see the truth,
Will you tell me tonight, I pray—
Does the Christ abide—and Him crucified—
Does He live in the world today?"
And I saw the trace, on his lifted face,
Of peace, when he looked at me—
"On the Marne," he said, "I was left for dead,
And He came, and He spoke to me!"

And I stayed my feet on the wind-swept street,
In the heart of the Christmas throng,
And I tuned my ear, to its soul to hear,
God's truth, as it pulsed along—
And I cried and said—"Ye have heard and read,
Of the Babe, and the crowded inn—
Has He found a place, in the human race—
Is there room in the world for Him?"
And a cry rang out, like a mighty shout,
From the tortured souls of men—
And it mounted high—"O Father, we die,
But for Jesus of Bethlehem!"



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DECEMBER, 1921.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

THE bleakness of December gives the peoples of the colder climates an opportunity to think of the joyous warmth of Summer, while sitting in the comfortable atmosphere of an overheated dwelling. The great outdoors calls for the lover of Winter sports. The snowy mantle that covers the earth may be blackened by a sooty industrial civilization, but childhood rejoices in the fiction of the beautiful snow. The biting blasts bid fair to curb the activities of man, but he refuses to hibernate and dares to grapple with the elements. Warmly clad, large and small pursue their ways, undaunted and unafraid. Man is made of sterner stuff. Storms do not destroy his urge for triumph over the environment. Many may fall by the wayside in the struggle against the drifts and icy currents while the masses of humanity presses on.

From the depths of a snowbound community, there may arise the first indication of the deep communal spirit that has been latent in efforts. Trials, tribulations, disasters as well as triumphs and successes bring forth the sacred instincts of herd interest. "Men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things." At the core humanity is sound.

As the year approaches its end and coldness marks the season, a warm current diffuses itself through the Christian world. The spirit of Christmas evolves with certainty each year and envelopes the lives of infants and old men; it suffuses the hearts of pale lipped mothers and sunken cheeked fathers. Under its magic spell boys and girls find new happiness, far removed from the troubles of the world. Life is aglow with a candle light that might well be converted into a perpetual lamp for the illumination of the nations.

Brotherhood, love, service, and an interest in humanity that radiates friendliness give the Christmas season a rich meaning. Merry days, light hearts, heavy tables, and the gracious gifts, that bespeak thought, cast a screen of warm sunshine that, for the time, transforms the world into a semblance of what it ought to be. Misery, crime, degradation, poverty, discontent, depravity are covered up clumsily so that their horrible presence may not mar the festivities nor abate the enthusiasms of those who would contentedly sing the songs of Christmastide, without a pang of regret at the sorrows of life.

Charity is the keyword of the season and kindliness prevails. This is not the impulse that should mark visioned activity. Justice is what should be sought. Men and nations suffer from the lack of a vitally functioning sense of the inherent rights of men. If the Christmas spirit could be spread throughout the year, the race of man would be manifesting progress. If an unyielding demand and desire for Justice were constantly struggling it would eventually achieve a supremacy in the hearts of peoples who now are satisfied with the idea of charity. There is an arrogance of the charitable that interferes with the fullest recognition of the fellowship of man. Democracy is not to be fostered through charity; justice is the foundation of established government, at least in theory. The practice may not be perfect because men are not perfect. Nations or small communities cannot rise above the standards of the people constituting them. Christmas is what men make it. The world might be brighter, if men were ever what Christmas inspires them to be.

Alas, Christmas comes but once a year, but its spirit need not perish with the passing of the day. A life of the Christmas spirit is our wish for the medical profession that is constantly working for the welfare and greater happiness of all mortals. A Merry Christmas, now, and forever!

"To each his suff'rings; all are men
Condemn'd alike to groan—
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more, where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

—*Gray.*

THIS OPERATION WILL BE SUCCESSFUL, ESPECIALLY IF THE PATIENT DIES.

OBITER DICTA

AFTER THE EXPOSE.

I notice that whenever a particularly nasty abuse is exposed from the inside, the would-be reformer gets the grand bounce, and immediately becomes "a disgruntled employè whose work was so unsatisfactory that he had to be discharged." The uniformity of this reaction is one of the Mysteries of Muck-raking.

Numbers had a fascination for the Ancient mystics. Today, numbers still fascinate and impress the little mind, but not of the religious; rather of the practical, efficient, and businesslike. "How much" is the all-important thing.

Hermione, M. D., wants to know whether musical genius coming from the parent can be explained by Mandolin heredity.

Some people cannot give advice unless in the form of denunciation. It is by no means the sugar-coated pill they give, but the worm-wood is outside.

The Wife may wear the Breeches, but this usually means an Indecent Exposure of the Husband.

The tired business man isn't in it as a vulgarizer and cheapener of esthetic, dramatic standards, with the tired married man.

CATEGORIES.

There are two kinds of doctors. Those who have a most elaborate and varied apparatus for performing a lot of perfectly simple and largely routine therapeutic measures, swabbings, sprayings, applications and other petty procedudes, and those who learn to perform important and difficult operations, not all of them surgical, with a simple armamentarium but a large variety of skill, self-confidence, and special knowledge. There are two kinds of medical minds. Those who fly over or scout about a wide field without holding an inch of it, and those who take, fortify, and permanently consolidate a tiny area of the enemy's country, disease.

MEDICAL METAPHYSICS.

In vicious circles, cause and effect succeed each other or, rather, interchange, and the much despised treating of symptoms may be indicated not only logically but may we not say, pragmatically.

PHYSIOLOGIE DU MARIAGE.

A Woman who becomes a Mother to her Husband will have a Baby for her Bed-fellow.

It is all very well to radiate Charm, but it should be focussed, too.

The original Muck-raker was Hercules. but he at least escaped being pelted with rotten eggs while cleaning out the Augean stables.

In the days of old the Robber Baron, ageing and filled with the fear of Death and the Devil, gave of his Gains to the Church. Nowadays, the aged Capitalist nearing the Final Accounting, deserts Profitable Enterprises and goes in, heavily, for Altruistic Projects.

Hope deferred maketh the Heart sick. That is as old as the Hills, but it about sums up the Freudian essence of the Psycho-Neuroses.

Paternalism of the People and for the People is always called Pauperization. When exercised by successful and retired Super-Grafters it is Philanthropy.

A SENSE OF HUMOR.

"You can't take a joke," said the Clown, after throwing an ancient egg at the Philosopher.

A SENSE OF JUSTICE.

"Let's burn our books," said the Simpleton to the Scholar. "What's fair for one is fair for the other."

It Stands to Reason, a gag and a barrier, stifling scientific thought and deprecating continued study. "It stood to reason that the sun revolved about the earth; that bad air caused malaria; that children had to have growing pains. The Goddess of Reason, like some other Deities, has to stand for a lot. O Reason, what crimes are committed in thy Name. Summed up, the silly phrase means that there is no connection between two things if we do not see it. It was not the fool, the duffer or the ignoramus who was most prone, and is, to plaster this formula over the mouth of the student, but the elect, the inner shriner, the Brahmin, in a word the Pedant par Excellence, the high priest.

—*P. H. F.*

VITAMINES AND CALORIES

THERE is sadness and pathos in ignorance as well as in poverty. This note is struck in the following communication which was received by a physician practising in a Southern town. The anxious and solicitous mother lived several miles from any village.

"DEAR SIR:

Here lately I have been reading so much in the papers about these new kinds of foods: vitamines and calories. In one of the papers, a lady says that all children need lots of vitamines and calories. But we live away out in the country, and the roads are mighty bad, and we can't get to town to buy things. We are just poor country folks, and don't have much money to spend on knick-knacks. And so our children have just had to eat plain, every-day victuals, like bread and milk and butter, and eggs and vegetables and fruit.

Me and my husband was raised up mighty poor. We never saw nor heard of one of these here vitamines or calories, and so we don't know nothing about how they look, nor how they taste. But we want to give our children a fair show in the world. And so, doctor, won't you please answer this letter right away and tell us just what kind of things these vitamines and calories is, and tell us how much they cost, and where we can buy some, and so hoping that they ain't too much I am yours respectfull,

K—— G——."

MARGARET CHANDLER.

Elkton, Ky.

CLARET, NOT CLARIFY WANTED

J. B. DILLON.

I notice various articles appearing which lend either truth or jocundity to the fact that President Harding is worried because the White House cellar proved to be empty; the reason given, perhaps Mr. Wilson "cleaned up."

Is it not a fact that all wines are made in some place, and therefore are the handiwork of some nation?

Does not the word league mean an alliance, the getting together, etc.?

The world knows that Mr. Wilson is in favor of the league of nations, and the "league" is with him.

This should clarify matters.

NEMESIS

The captain of a company who was usually very considerate of his men and never very severe, at the conclusion of addressing his company one evening heard someone sing out:

"And a little child shall lead them!"

He asked for the man who made this remark to step out of line—no one responded so he quietly dismissed the company and retired.

In the morning after a brief address as to the day's doings he remarked: "Today we will take a twenty-five mile hike in full equipment instead of the usual *ten*, and a little child shall lead them, on a *damn good horse!*"

HIS FIRST CASE

CHAPTER NINETEEN.—Everything Was Well Within the Law.

JUDGE RONAURD B. ZEAY eventually found his way to the village of Astuna, without harm or particular delay, for a main line from Chicago passed through Oliva and it was not until he arrived at the county seat that he experienced any inconvenience at all. Then he had to remain all night and take the local train down the river the next morning.

He had sent a telegram from Philadelphia and another from Chicago. Both were signed "Father"—so the amazed girl did not even yet know his name, nor did she know how he had happened to come at this opportune time, and she was skeptical that something dreadful was about to happen, for she could not help but think that the blonde young man was at the bottom of this mysterious circumstance.

And so, when she and Tom Ganey met the train and introduced themselves to the solemn judge, she held herself in haughty reserve, determined that she should not be the victim of any trickery. The first thing he tried to do was to kiss her, but the rebuff that was given him left no doubts in his mind that she was not one to be trifled with.

"My dear, where's your mother?" he asked immediately.

"My mother is dead," she replied.

"Dead! Oh, I feared that."

Then Tom Ganey briefly told him of the tragedy, but did not tell him of Justina's recent trouble. They walked slowly down the street as they talked—the girl in front of the two men, and the Judge had a good opportunity to watch her, which he did, eagerly.

"You're just like your mother," he said.

"So I have been told," remarked Justina, turning her head slightly to speak to him.

"There never were two people so nearly alike," explained Tom Ganey. "I knew Mrs. Everett well when she first came here, and if there's any difference between them I can't see it."

They stopped at the house to talk to Doctor Lants who was just returning to his automobile.

"How's things?" asked Tom, after introducing the Judge, and to do that he had to ask the name of the newly-arrived stranger again.

"The same as yesterday," mumbled the Oliva physician. "It's been pneumonia from the start, and bad, too. I think he worked several days while he had the influenza without telling anybody of it. Has he been rational at all, Justina?"

"No; not since day before yesterday, the first morning after he took sick. Sometimes he tries to climb out of bed, but he'll lie down again if I'm there to tell him to. I was afraid to leave Mrs. Ganey with him while I went to the train to meet my—Mr. Zeay; for she's hardly able to be out of bed, you know."

"She didn't have any trouble with him," said Doctor Lants. "He was asleep when I came, but roused up and knew me and talked pretty straight, although he hasn't the slightest conception of time—he doesn't know the day of the week, and isn't sure about the month, nor has he any idea how long he's been sick."

"What's the prospects?" asked Tom.

"Bad. Very bad. Few cases with a constant high temperature like he's had, and with that wild delirium get well—but some of them do. I've seen three or four do it. Care's the thing that does it. He must have absolute rest and quiet, and someone who can manage him. Justina's doing it admirably well—as good as a nurse could do." He turned to her. "I expect you've not had much sleep, but try and stick it out. The next few days will tell the story. Of course, if he recovers, you must expect a slow convalescence."

The old doctor stepped into his car. "Say, I almost forgot," he said, turning to the storekeeper. "We've had so many calls from down here, and the roads are so bad that we can't make them, that I'm going to send Bonnes down and establish him temporarily in Doctor Forson's office. He can sleep on a cot in the office, if you know of someone who will board him."

"We'll do it," answered Tom hastily. "I'll cook for him myself until Alice gets strong enough. You send him along quick—today—and he don't need a cot. All of our beds are taken now, but he can sleep on the lounge."

"All right." The old doctor stepped into the car and drove off.

And so it was done as agreed.

The Judge expressed his regrets at having come at such

a time and would have left at once, but Tom insisted that he stay.

"You're the very man we need," he explained, after they had entered the house and Justina had gone to attend to Fred. "Sit down and have a cigar. I'm going to speak plainly to you, for I've had to be a father, brother, and everything else to Justina, and I'm interested in her to such an extent that I'm going to see that she gets a square deal. If that fellow upstairs was in his right mind there would be two of us, but as it is I'm alone. Now, in the first place, I'll expect you to give proof of who you are and ask you to clearly demonstrate that you're exactly who you say you are. If you're her father, well and good, but if you aren't—if you're a tool of that young Dowlee—I'm going to exert my authority as president of the board of township trustees and ask them to tar and feather you, and ride you out of town on a rail. Is that plain?"

The solemn Judge, realizing that he was in the wild West, answered in his most dignified way: "It is."

"Then tell your story—make a clean breast of it," commanded Tom.

"But I can't," protested the Judge. "I can't do that except to my own daughter."

"You're going to tell it to me first," said Tom. "Justina has had enough trouble without being worried over any more and she's got a big job on her hands now, so I'm going to act as referee. You tell it to me, and tell it all. Then, if I think she ought to hear it, I'll have you tell it to her. Anything you say won't go any further; I'll promise that. But don't hold back anything. Go ahead."

Judge Zeay was in a strange country, among strange people. He gave a half-frightened look around the room and plunged into his story. He told the whole of it, without reservation, and, being a lawyer, accompanied it with documentary evidence—an official statement of his marriage from the county clerk; a copy of Justina's birth certificate which tallied exactly with the date of birth as she celebrated it, and proving that it was registered in the name of Zeay; and with this he concluded his statement by showing a photograph of himself, across the face of which was a sworn statement from the chief of police, duly attested by a notary public, that the photograph was that of Ronaurd B. Zeay, esteemed attorney and former judge.

"It sounds all right and looks all right," declared Tom, "but I'm going to ask you to wait patiently until I send a telegram to the detective agency you mention and ask them if everything's like you say it is."

"I have no objection," said the Judge.

"Then it's all settled until I get an answer," said Tom. "In the meanwhile we'll not discuss the subject further."

The Judge was silent a moment, his eyes on the floor. Then he raised them and met the twinkling blue eyes. "You have nothing to say, then, concerning my conduct of the past years?"

"Not a word," was Tom's prompt reply. "I imagine that Justina will say all that's necessary to be said."

"Undoubtedly so," agreed the Judge, who had read her character with judicial ability and knew that she possessed her mother's qualities.

There was a knock at the door and Tom answered it. Dawkins stood silently erect. "The master's compliments, sir, and he wishes me to deliver these papers to Doctor Forson and find out if it's convenient for him to send a cheque."

"Gosh" muttered Tom to himself. "I'd forgot all about that house." Then, speaking to Dawkins, he said: "Come in, the doctor is unable to transact business, as the Colonel well knows, but I'll take the papers and give him my own cheque."

Dawkins bowed.

"I was explicitly directed to deliver them into the doctor's hands," he said sorrowfully.

The storekeeper snatched the papers from him before the surprised butler could resist. He opened them and studied them carefully. "They're all right," he said, reaching into his pocket for a cheque book and filling one out while he stood in the doorway. "Present this to your master and tell him to take it or leave it, as he sees fit, but not to try to get the papers back, for they will be recorded this afternoon."

"Yes, sir," bowed Dawkins, glad to be gone, for he could thresh out his poorly-filled mission with the Colonel easier than he could argue with the storekeeper who was so changed from usual.

* * * * * * * *

A week passed and Fred glided over the crisis and lived. He was no longer delirious, but was utterly exhausted and slept most of the time. Doctor Bonnes had arrived as scheduled and was furiously trying to keep up with the calls that still poured in, so his presence in the home was hardly noticed, except his heavy snoring at such odd times as he got a chance to occupy the lounge. Mrs. Ganey had gained sufficient strength to cook for him, so Tom spent more time at the store.

Justina slept and relaxed in her room across the hall from Fred's, and never did he call but what she awakened and was beside him. The Judge, after the telegram had arrived, listened to Tom's story of the events that had transpired and agreed with him that it would be the best plan to wait until things became more settled before discussing his relationship with Justina, but it was announced in a forcible way throughout the village that he was her legal father, though the details were left for the people to speculate on and gossip about.

But the time came when the Judge, with Tom's consent, took the girl into the front room and shut the door and told her the story of his wicked life, asking her forgiveness. It was on her lips to denounce him scathingly but, remembering her interview with Doctor Lants, the words "*false pride—false pride*" hushed her.

"Yes, I forgive you," she said, "but you can't expect me to think of you as a father, after what you've done."

"No; I realize that," said the Judge, surprised that she did not rebuke him more severely, "but time will change all that, for I intend to make amends for what I've done. I have some money."

"I will not accept your money. You withheld your love at a time when I needed it—when mamma needed it—and now you can't pay the debt with money. Please say no more about that."

She left the room and the Judge sat crumpled in his chair, and his determined chin was obscured with rolls of fat, and it seemed as if it had been pushed down into his neck, and his gray eyes were hidden under the half-closed lids. He had loved his wife in those former days, and, now, with age and the wisdom that comes with years, his folly hung heavily upon him, and he found that he loved this daughter with all the love that a father possesses. His reverie was not pleasant. He was paying the price.

In the afternoon, Tom Ganey happened to learn from Henry Bean that Bob Flinn had told him (Henry) of overhearing the talk betwen the Colonel and Mrs. Everett on that July day, and so Bob was immediately summoned. He came quickly, fully realizing the importance of his visit, and ready and willing to tell the entire story. Tom called for the Judge to come down to the store and together they listened to what Bob had to say.

"How do you know it was on the fifth of July," asked the Judge, endeavoring to make sure that Bob spoke the truth.

"Because it was the day after Colonel Darl's reception to Doc Forson. I know 'cause I woke up in the barn along about noon and I'd went over by the river bank, under a tree, next to his office, to finish my sleep."

"You're sure you wasn't dreaming?" insinuated Tom.

Bob rubbed his red, ragged mustache with his thumb knuckle and took the range of the cuspidor. "You're gol-derned right I'm sure," he said loudly. "I was awake as much as I am now, and sober, too."

"All right," said Tom, chuckling and reaching in his pocket. "Here's a little present for you—I just got it yesterday, one bottle is all I could get. Be sure you don't forget anything about the receipt."

Bob took the present and beamed gratefully on Tom. "I won't," he said, " 'cause I'm your friend. You always did know that. Why, when anybody ever says anything against old Tom Ganey I'm right there to tell them—"

"We'd better go over and see the Colonel," said Tom to the Judge.

They were received royally by the Colonel who opened his books, his records and his heart to them, and almost cried over the loss of the money. The shrewd Judge questioned him closely but kindly and examined all of the papers—everything was well within the law. Then the attitude of Judge Ronaurd B. Zeay changed. He fixed the same cold judicial stare on the Colonel that had cowered many prisoners at the bar, and told him of the evidence in their hands.

"Why, gentlemen, I'm surprised that you should even listen to the words of that degenerate reprobate," cried the Colonel, assuming an attitude of shocked innocence. Then he became angered. "But if you think you can scare me with that kind of talk I'll give you to understand that I will fight you to a finish. I believe you will have considerable difficulty in proving any such blackmailing insinuations as you infer by the use of testimony from the character whom you have listened to. He is irresponsible and it is generally known that he was so drunk the night before that his imagination might play any tricks on him the following day." The Colonel took from his pocket a folded handkerchief, unfolded it and patted each eye. "It grieves me to think that I should be suspected of treachery to the girl whom I've loved and protected as a daughter."

Tom and the Judge seeing that further argument would be of no avail, departed at once.

"What's your opinion?" asked the storekeeper.

"It's absolutely useless to try to do anything by law," advised the Judge. "He's right in what he says—no jury would consider the testimony as truthful and the case would be hooted out of court."

And so it was decided by the practical Tom Ganey and the Judge, whose word was final in legal matters, that Justina must lose her rightful inheritance. This fact was not displeasing to the Judge, for without the money Justina would be dependent on others, and he saw an opportunity to induce her to come with him and grace his lonely home with her radiant, charming presence, and thus, after the matter was explained to her, he opened the subject and asked her to return with him to the East.

"No," was her answer. "You surely know that I can't look upon you as a father. There's no childish remembrance to fall back on, and I'm too old to have a father suddenly thrust upon me now and be expected to respect him as such."

"But what do you expect to do for a living?" he inquired, insistently. "Think of the home, the clothes and other nice things I can furnish you."

"I am thinking of them," she said in such a tone that the Judge dropped his eyes to escape the look that accompanied it, "and I am also thinking of the nice things you could have given me with years past—the money, the jewels that you gave other women. Now don't force me to speak of this again. Don't you see—oh, you can't see how I remember the suffering you caused my mother? She should have had the clothes, the home and the nice things you can furnish, though she had them in her way, but I know, by looking back, the mental anguish your actions caused her, for she loved you—I know she loved you, because she taught me to love your memory, leading me to believe you dead, and now you come and spoil it all. As for a living, I can work for a living."

Her eyes filled with tears as she talked to him. "I don't want your money," she said. "I don't want to even—" But she did not finish the sentence. Her rage overcame her and she rushed upstairs to her room and shut the door, leaving the Judge standing in the middle of the room gazing after her, and when she was gone he hastily pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the mist from his eyes and blew his nose most violently and sat down to think.

* * * * * * * *

And at the same time the rural mail carrier from Oliva touched his farthest southerly point, stopped only an instant and dropped a letter into the mail box of Henry Bean. The nervous little Henry rushed out of the house to secure it, and noticing the postmark of its source, opened it and extracted the contents. He unfolded the letter quickly and was surprised to find within it a green cheque made out to him for the sum of seventeen dollars and fifty cents. His little heart pounded rapidly as he clutched it and hurried to read the letter.

MR. HENRY BEAN:

The violin you sent us is an ordinary instrument, one of the many rather poor copies of the genuine Stradivarius masterpieces with which the country is flooded.

Our experts have placed a value of $17.50 on it and enclosed you will find our cheque for same. Trusting this is satisfactory, we beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

———— & Co.

Henry was dumbfounded. He stared at the cheque and the letter, his eyes roving from one to the other. Then he stuffed the cheque in his pocket and ran to the house, waving the letter in front of his wife.

"Do you know anything about this?" he asked.

She read the letter through.

"Yes, I do. Where's that cheque? That cheque's mine."

She darted for the little man, and Henry, seeing that escape through the door was cut off, ran into the living room and obtained a position of strategy—the stand between them. Around and around they went, Henry dodging proficiently, but the space was small, and once when he dodged he slipped and collided with the ponderous Julia.

He felt a heavy hand on his collar and instinctively he reached forward and grabbed his violin which was lying on the stand. He put forth every ounce of strength into a lunge and broke her hold on him, and suddenly—*crash!* The beautiful, new, brightly-varnished violin was in splinters and Julia was standing still, holding her head in a dazed fashion.

"Don't you dare touch me," he shouted, brandishing the handle of the violin, from which fluttered the strings still connected to the tail-piece. "I've took all the scolding and beating from you that I'm going to take."

"I wasn't going to hurt you, Henry, dear," sighed Julia in a modulated voice of meek sincerity. "Look what you've done to your lovely fiddle, too."

"I don't care," declared Henry. "I'm glad it's busted—maybe I won't have to play on a screeching, tuneless, rasping fiddle any more. I want a real violin, not a damned old fiddle."

"Henry!"

"Shut up. I guess I can say what I want to. See

this cheque?"—he held it up for her observation, taking care that there was a safe distance between them.

"Yes."

"Well, I'm going to put it in the bank in my own name, and I'm going to get more and put it until I get enough to buy back that violin from Lem Hardesty."

"Ain't you going to let me pay the mortgage first?" she asked timidly.

"No, I'm not," he retorted. "You've shown what kind of a business woman you are, twice, now. I'm going to take the first twelve hundred and fifty dollars we get and buy that violin. You had your way and you could have paid the mortgage next fall with the money in the bank if you'd let my violin alone. You've got to take that money out of your name and put it in mine."

"I won't."

"You will."

"I won't."

"You will."

"I won't."

Henry raised the violin handle threateningly. "You will."

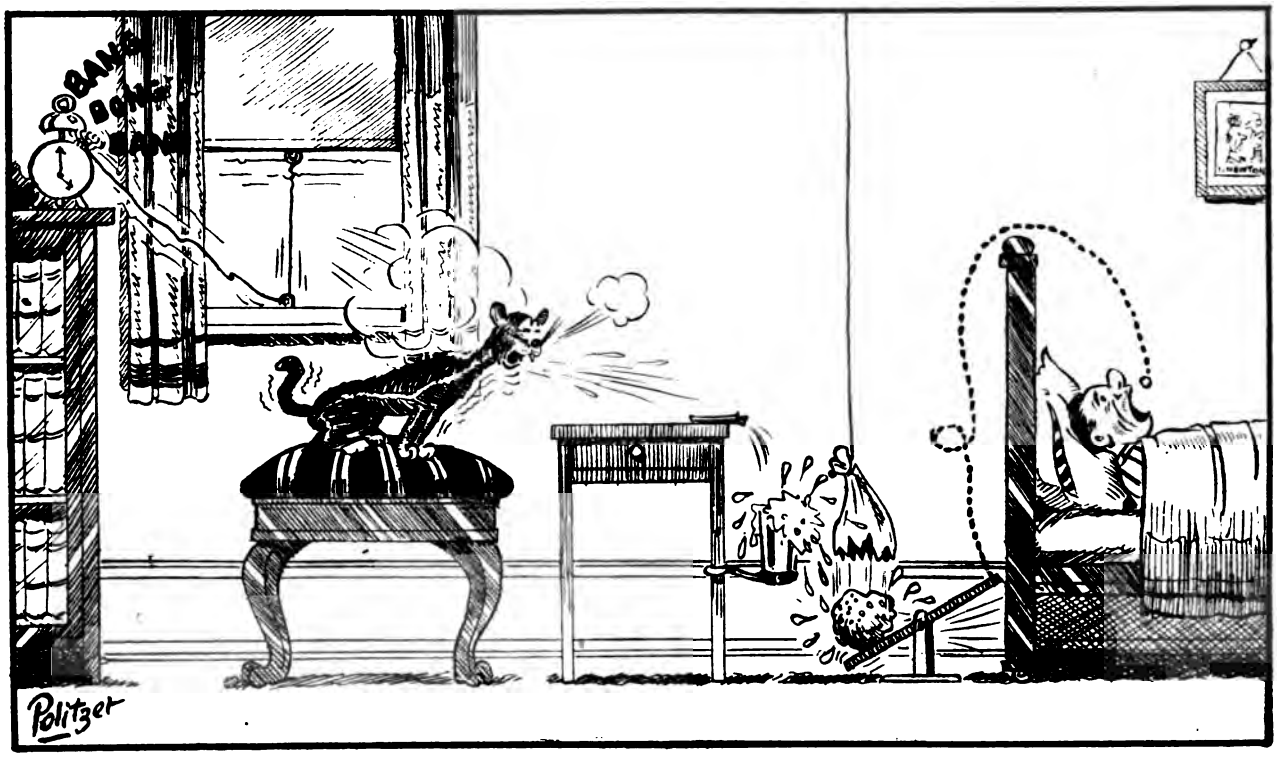
"All right, I will."

He left the house and Julia sat down and meditated. It was plain to her that her power over Henry was slipping away, and she fully realized that her disastrous business ventures in violins were responsible, to a large extent, for his lost confidence in her management.

(To be continued.)

WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D.

Ottumwa, Iowa.



MEDICAL PICKWICK WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

THE AUTOMATIC PILL SERVER.

Enables patient to take pills without any trouble whatever. Directions: Set alarm for time patient is to take pill. When alarm rings patient wakes up and opens mouth ready for the pill. The knocker on alarm tied to shade string causes shade to rise and fall causing draft. This causes cat under window to sneeze—in turn seitlitz powder on table is blown into glass of water. This "goes over the top" wetting sponge in bag suspended from ceiling. Sponge drops on see-saw, on the end of which is the pill. This is shot right into the patient's mouth.

SOCIAL SCANDINAVIA IN THE VIKING AGE. By MARY WILHELMINE WILLIAMS, Ph. D., Assoc. Prof. of History, Goucher College. The Macmillan Company, New York.

In the few pages devoted to "Medicine" the author cites a unique method employed by one physician to determine whether a deep cut had penetrated the bowels. He had the patient drink a strong broth made from leeks, then continued his investigation by sniffing at the mouth of the wound.

Even in those early days, women skilled in healing had the title "laeknir" (physician) attached to their names. Superstitious practices were the principal means for the healing of wounds, and at the present time in certain parts of Scandinavia those afflicted with boils, ringworms and similar maladies still resort to persons claiming to possess occult power.

Evelyn Cushing Campbell.

THAT BOGEY MAN, THE JEW. By G. FRANK LYDSTON, M. D. (Kansas City, Missouri). Burton Publishing Company. Price, $1.25.

In his characteristic, snappy, trenchant style, Dr. Lydston analyzes "bogeyism" as expounded through the medium of the *Dearborn Independent*. His words fall alike on friend and foe—now with the force of a bludgeon, now with the lightness of a feather.

With a strong belief in a free press he couples a desire for liberal treatment of all Americans irrespective of race or religion. With brevity and sharpness he considers politics and religion, commercial tendencies, and racial antipathies. For many, this volume will appear too "low-brow" and colloquial, and serious thinkers may resent his frivolity and want of dignity. There is, nevertheless, a crude humor in his logic of repudiation, and the appeal is to be made to the general mass of persons who are not happy in the maelstrom of concentrated, intensified living.

At least it must be said that the author challenges intolerance, possesses the courage of his convictions, and is not fettered by traditional views as to the necessary content or the manner of expression requisite for literary accomplishment.

The gist of his argument is the reductio ad absurdum of the views expounded by a hack employed by an intolerant Gentile to berate the Jews for their history and biological inheritance.

ARABIAN MEDICINE. Being the Fitzpatrick Lectures delivered at the College of Physicians in November, 1919, and November, 1920. By EDWARD G. BROWNE, M. D., F. R. C. P. (Cambridge, at the University Press, 1921).

The student of medical history will derive unusual pleasure in this scholarly volume devoted to the study of the "part played by the scholars and physicians of Islám, and especially of Persia in the transmission of medical science through the dark ages from the decline of the ancient to the rise of the modern learning." The four essays cover the period of Arabic medicine from the first to the thirteenth centuries.

The bulk of our knowledge of Arabic medicine is based upon the contributions of Rhazes, Avicenna and Haly Abbas. In addition to them there are numerous ancient students who aided in carrying the torch of civilization through a period of general darkness. It is difficult to believe that the influence of Avicenna dominated Arabic medicine as late as 1887, though possibly this is not difficult to understand when it is realized that modern medical principles were not introduced into Egypt until 1825.

The Arabic script was utilized for translating Grecian medicine, and from 850 to 1036 Arabic writing was largely concerned with saving Greek medicine from oblivion. The first great system in Persian was developed in 1111 to 1136 in the Hyrcania's "Thesaurus." The Persian literature of the 12th century down to the time of the Mongol invasion was largely devoted to medical bibliography.

In the fourth essay appear brief resumés of the Liber Regius, the Qur' án of Avicenna and the Persian Thesaurus which well indicate the immensity of these undertakings and the wide range of topics discussed, and a general content of the medical science of the era. Considerable space is devoted to a discussion of the mystic numerals 4, 7, and 12, which played a considerable part of a medicine which was compounded of world subjects as astronomy, astrology, music, mathematics, and metaphysics. As was natural, the Galenic humoral concept of medicine was exceedingly popular.

In the manner of writing the author has been singularly happy. His vast fund of information is presented in a remarkably popular manner for a subject that depends

largely upon a broad knowledge of foreign languages such as Greek, Latin, Syriac, Persian and Arabic. From a utilitarian standpoint Arabic medicine has little to offer at the present time, but in the eyes of the student it presents a remarkable opportunity for investigation and research into the evolution of medicine from the days of the Hejira to the fall of Constantinople. This carries with it a period of dominant Greek influence, the preservation of Grecian medicine through the medium of the Arabic language, a partial crystallization of Persian medicine, and the re-translation of Arabic into the Latin language.

The contribution of Rhazes and Avicenna particularly stand out as the expression of Arabian medical science whose influences have not been lost even in these modern times.

Dr. Browne has made a distinct contribution to the study of medicine during the dark ages when Greek learning was dying and medical science was languishing, until Greek literature underwent a resurrection through the studies of original sources. He has given new life to an ancient system, and through his wide knowledge, thoughtful researches, and admirable compilations has made Arabian medicine stand out as a unity in the epochs of medicine.

I. S. W.

MEN TO BE SHUNNED

(Suggested by an Article Concerning "Girls.)

By GEORGIANA CHEESEMAN, New York City.

Those who chew on cigars in the subway trains.

All of the family of Mashers.

Fat ones whose red necks bulge over their tight collars.

Winkers.

The kind that stare steadily over newspapers at the woman opposite.

The kind that use toothpicks and clean nails in public.

The kind whose heads are shaved half way up like French poodles.

The men who say "Abso-*lute*-ly."

The kind that keep their "pacifiers" ready to clap into their mouths when they leave the train.

The kind whose trousers hump at the knees.

The fiends who wear stiff collars and heavy suits in hot weather.

Light weights (in brains) who brag of the girls who threw themselves at their heads.

The kind that pooh-pooh at the single standard of morals.

The kind that go to "Shows" they "wouldn't take a girl to."

The kind that say "I laid down" and "I raised up," and who always feel "quite some" better.

The kind who on windy days rivet their eyes on girls "below the belt."

The stupid one who will call his wife "Mother" after the first child is born.

Those who listen in blank silence when told a humorous happening.

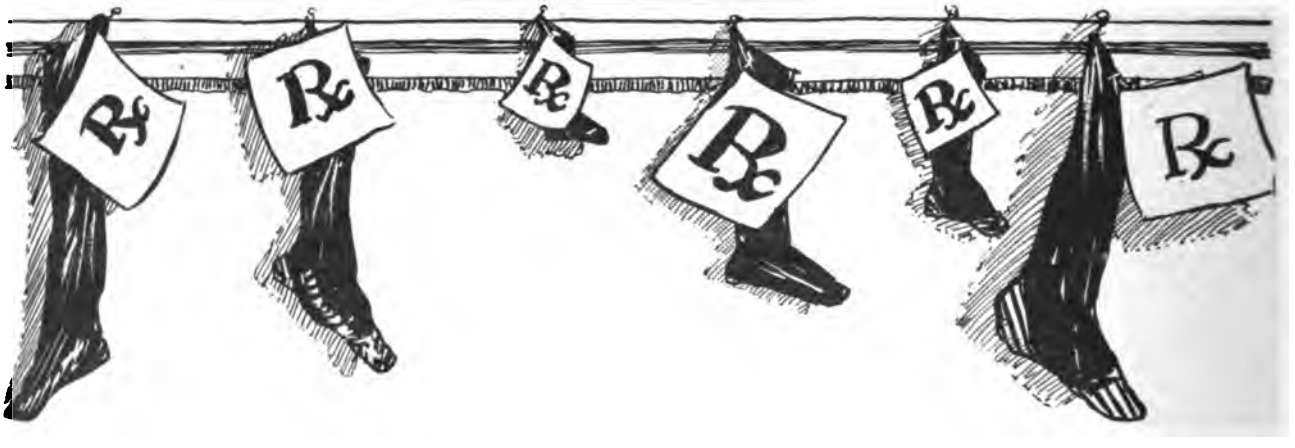
The brainless ones who can't remember to mail letters.

All those who call little children "tots."

Those who take one by the arm on the street.

Those who call a human being a "party."

Those who never heard of Leonard Merrick!



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